THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded [illegible] Benj. Franklin

MARCH 24, 1917

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DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

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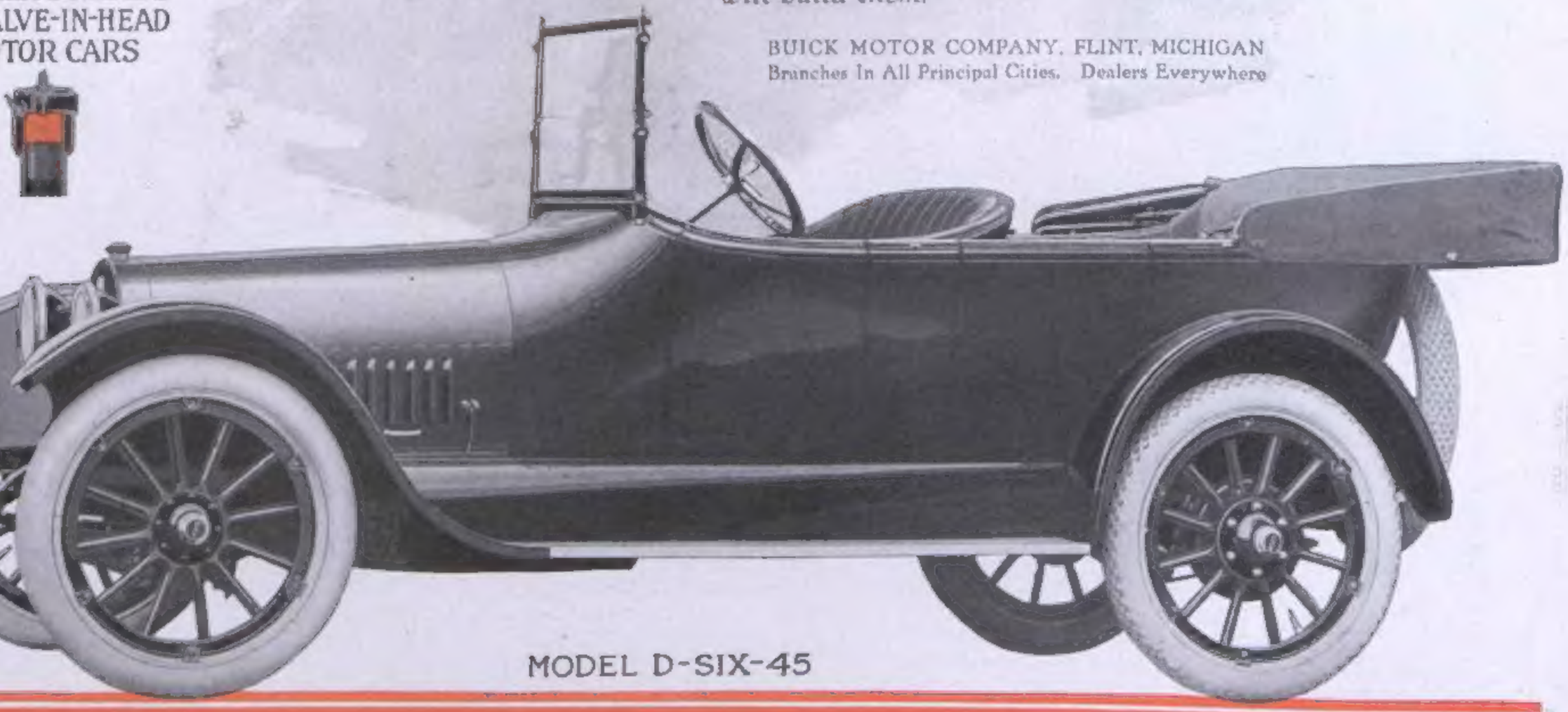

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THE FORTUNE MAKER

By WILL PAYNE

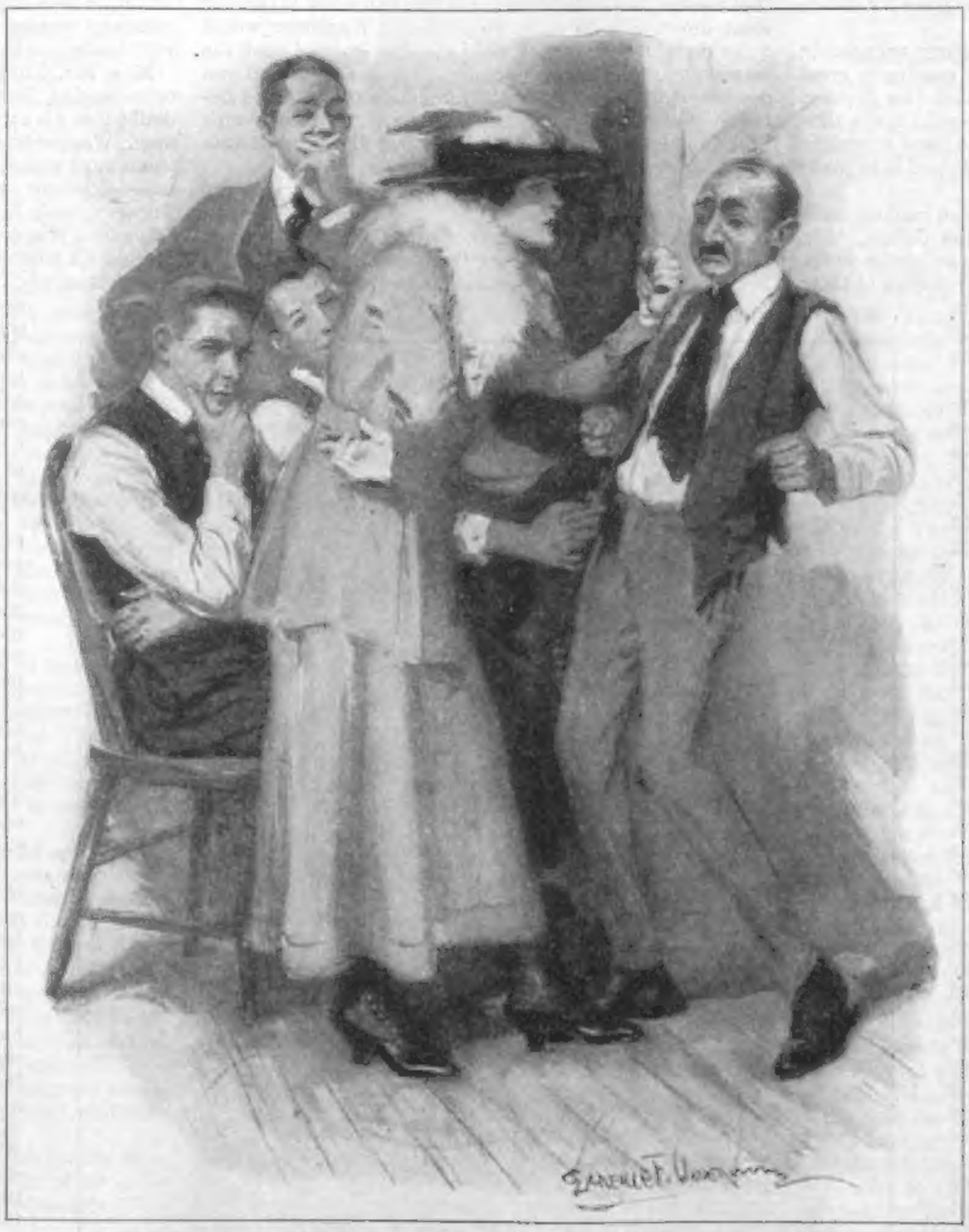
ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE fire was discovered at six minutes to five o'clock. A girl employed in the mailing department opened the door to what they called the stock room and smoke rolled out, enveloping her. She had the presence of mind to run immediately to one of the fire-alarm boxes with which the place was equipped. The alarm she turned in registered six minutes to five.

This was on the thirteenth of January, a raw, lowering day, pretty dark at that hour. The plant spread over an irregular tract of ground equivalent to three or four ordinary city blocks. About eight thousand hands were employed there. At five o'clock employees were pouring out of it—the day shift in the mechanical departments and many of the office hands quitting work for the day. A lot of them ran to look at the fire, choking up the approaches to it until they were cleared out. This hampered the firemen; but in any case the building would have gone.

It was a ramshackle, two-story frame affair, about thirty feet broad by forty long, which the old wagon company had used for its general offices. It should have been torn down long before; but there had been no time. The huge plant of the Sarum Automobile Company had sprung up round it in only nine years. They were always building something there—often rushing construction by night, under electric light, as well as by day. In the giants' race to get the necessary structures up fast enough they had let the old office building stand. The public street on which it fronted was now only one line in a complicated pattern of runways between immense new shops of concrete and steel, as fireproof as money could make them.

The mailing department, an adjunct of the company's big printing establishment, was housed in this old building. The basement was full of printing materials. A freight elevator ran from the basement to the stock room on the first floor. Smoke had come up the elevator shaft. When the firemen got a look into the basement it was all ablaze.



When She Finished With Poor Little Joe the Boys Were Almost Sorry for Him

The fire was undoubtedly incendiary. No one had any legitimate business in this basement storeroom oftener than two or three times a week. No one who had legitimate business there had been in it that day. There was an outside door—a big, two-leaved affair opening to a stairway that led up to an alley behind the building. It seemed clear that the incendiary had gone into the basement through this outside door.

John Turner, president of the Sarum Automobile Company, had been through part of the plant that afternoon. He had a habit of doing that every now and then—striding through one shop after another, perhaps nodding to a workman here and there, or stopping to speak if he saw any occasion. So he went through several shops that afternoon, returning to his office about twenty minutes to five.

His office was in the second story of the company's main office building—a comparatively new structure directly down the street about the distance of a city block from the old frame mailing department. The presidential suite comprised four rooms. First there was the anteroom, the windows of which looked down the street toward the mailing department. Back of that was a somewhat smaller room called the library, containing letter files, reports, and like matter, which the president might wish to consult. The room behind that, of about the same size as the library, was occupied usually by Whipple, the president's private secretary. It contained a desk also for Wade Waggoner, who was a sort of personal attaché of the president, with no very strictly defined duties. Last of all was the president's own room. These four rooms were flanked by a hall, on the other side of which was a blank wall, which served no purpose except giving access to the rooms of the presidential suite.

The situation in the presidential suite at the time of the fire has been checked up in every detail. It was as follows:

Returning from his round of the shops at about twenty minutes to five, President Turner entered the anteroom and walked straight through the suite to his own room, where a couple of reports and the outgoing mail—important letters to be signed by his own hand—lay on his desk.

He was busy with them when the fire was discovered.

At that time Miss Weston, a stenographer; a youth named Timmons, who was a sort of superior office boy; and a young man named Arthur Weeks, an assistant to the secretary of the company, were in the anteroom. They saw the fire and ran to the windows to look at it. Wade Waggoner was in the library. He heard the exclamations in the anteroom and joined the group at the windows to watch the fire.

Whipple, the president's secretary, had gone downtown on a business errand. There was nobody else in the suite.

The doors between the several rooms were open and Mr. Turner evidently heard the commotion in the anteroom, for he came striding in there, with a pen in his hand, and stood for a moment with the others looking at the fire. He said:

"Glad the old shed's burning up!"—or something like that.

Then he turned on his heel, spoke to Waggoner, and walked back to his own room, Waggoner following, as Mr. Turner had bidden him do. On the way back he said over his shoulder to Waggoner: "Shut the doors!"

Evidently he wanted to shut out the noise in the anteroom that had distracted his attention from the work in hand.

In his own room he seated himself at his desk and rapidly signed the last of the two letters that lay before him. Then he handed Waggoner a wire basket containing all the signed letters, looked at his watch and said, rather impatiently:

"Send Stimson up here right away."

Waggoner understood, as a matter of course, that he was to carry the basket of letters to Miss Weston, the stenographer, in the anteroom, who would fold and mail them. This he did. Stimson had been employed by the company several years in the financial department and recently had been elected treasurer. To reach his office Waggoner had only to pass on through the anteroom, after handing Miss Weston the letters, step into the hall, go directly down the stairs and walk perhaps thirty feet along

the lower hall to the treasurer's office. He acknowledges frankly that he didn't go so directly as he might have done. When he reached the anteroom flames were bursting from the old frame mailing department and the whole tindery structure was burning. It made an exciting spectacle in the dark. He thinks he may have lingered two or even three minutes looking at it.

But between the time Waggoner left the president's room and the time Stimson entered it certainly not more than ten minutes elapsed—probably not more than five or six. Stimson, entering the president's room, found Mr. Turner stone dead at his desk, with a bullet wound through his heart.

This was the time of the great war in Europe. Mr. Turner had been decidedly pro-Ally. He was the aggressive, positive sort of man who wouldn't have halfway opinions on any subject, or any opinions without expressing them boldly and acting on them if occasion came. His sympathies had been with France and England from the first. Then one of the company's young men, for whom Mr. Turner had a great regard, went to England on the company's business, sailing on the Lusitania and going down with her.

The hot-blooded president took that a good deal as though the young man had been deliberately assassinated. It was not in his nature to take it out in talk, either. He was already making military trucks for the Allies, though he declared there was more money in making automobiles for the home market. The Allies were having difficulty then in getting a sufficient supply of time fuses for shrapnel shells. Mr. Turner took that up.

Near the automobile plant was a factory engaged in turning out cheap typewriters, but not making a great success of it. Mr. Turner discovered that this factory, with some rather expensive alterations, could make time fuses. In his headlong way he bought the plant overnight for a quarter of a million dollars, and equipped it to make fuses. It was his reply to the Lusitania.

Then a commission of English and French bankers came over here to borrow five hundred million dollars. Mr. Turner influenced the banks at Sarum to subscribe to the bonds and bought two and a half million dollars of them himself—telling the newspapers about it; in fact, he acted all through as though he wanted the Kaiser to know just what he was doing.

There was a good deal of bitter war feeling then. Newspapers were full of stories of plots by German sympathizers to burn or blow up plants that made munitions for the Allies and to cause strikes in them. Mr. Morgan, the New York banker, had been shot by a crazy man for his part in buying war supplies.

Naturally, then, the immediate theory was that a German sympathizer had assassinated Mr. Turner. That the fire was incendiary seemed quite beyond doubt. That the fire and the assassination were planned together looked highly probable. In these circumstances the murder stirred the whole country; for several days, in fact, it overshadowed all other events. Newspapers in every state printed pages about it. At that time John Turner was a national figure, with a name familiar to newspaper readers everywhere. If such a man had been shot down in his own office for making war munitions it was a national affair.

I was then in the United States Secret Service and I arrived in Sarum the day after the murder. The usual points had been covered by capable detective talent before I got there. However, I hope I knew enough of my trade not to jump at conclusions, and I went at the mystery quite as though there were no plausible theories in sight. The first point was the character of the chief witnesses.

Stimson, the treasurer, who discovered the murder, was plainly a man to bank on—stocky, middle-aged, partly bald, rather phlegmatic, cool, clear-headed, quick to think; certainly not a man to lose his wits for a moment or let his emotions play any tricks on his brain; nor yet a man, when an emergency of that kind exploded in front of him, to take anything for granted. He knew in a moment there'd been murder and every instinct in him bristled against it. While others ran and telephoned and exclaimed, he stayed right there, never budging from the president's room until there had been a thorough examination of the premises.

In the first place, then, there was no firearm and no weapon of any sort in the president's room. There wasn't the least trace of a struggle. Mr. Turner, when Stimson entered, sat upright in his chair, dead. The bullet had pierced his vest, but not his coat, the latter having been thrown or brushed back at the time, as often happens with a man at work over a desk. Microscopic examination showed no trace of powder on the vest, as there would have been if the shot had been fired at close range. Evidently it had been fired across the desk. No one had heard a shot, but there had been the commotion of the fire and three closed doors between the president's room and the persons in the anteroom.

There was a door from the president's room to the hall. For a good while, as far as anybody knew, this door had invariably been locked, Mr. Turner entering and leaving through the other rooms of the suite. A key to this door was found on the key ring in his pocket. But another key was found sticking in the lock on the outside. Where this key came from no one could say. Two keys to the lock had been furnished by the builders. No one about the place had ever seen the second key until it was found sticking in the lock. That the assassin had used it to enter the president's room from the hall seemed clear enough. Where he got the key was a mystery.

There was another difficult point: The hall from which the assassin must have entered was brightly lighted at the time. As I have said, it served no purpose except giving access to the rooms of the presidential suite, its opposite wall being blank; and it contained no object behind which a man could conceal himself. If a stranger, or anyone for that matter, had been standing in this hall when Waggoner went downstairs to summon Stimson, Waggoner would quite certainly have noticed him. This implied that the assassin must have run upstairs, done his work and run down again in the two or three minutes that elapsed between Waggoner's going downstairs and his return with Stimson. But how could he have known the exact minute when the coast would be clear?

That, like the duplicate key, hinted at treachery on the inside. Even with treachery, the feat was difficult enough. How could the traitor have known just the minute when the coast was clear and given the assassin a signal? The fire was discovered at six minutes to five. The murder could hardly have been later than ten minutes after five. In the intervening quarter of an hour the lower hall was unusually busy—clerks going home or running to look at the fire. How could a stranger, or anybody else, have rushed up the stairs and down again without somebody having seen him?

Altogether it was the most improbable assumption I had ever been called upon to accept. But every other assumption was still more improbable. So we had to take the hypothesis that the assassin, lurking below somewhere, somehow knew just the minute when the coast was clear, went upstairs, did the murder and got away.

Now if there was treachery on the inside the most obvious object of suspicion would be the man Wade Waggoner, who had gone downstairs to summon Stimson and who knew that Mr. Turner was then alone in his room.

Waggoner gave his age as forty-one. He was a tall, spare man, somewhat round-shouldered, his head commonly hanging forward a little on his lean neck. His face was thin and sharp, his eyes greenish gray, his complexion a dead ashen hue. His right leg was stiff at the knee; so he walked with a slight limp, usually using a cane.

Several years before this he had been employed as a mechanic in the plant and one day had happened to attract Mr. Turner's attention. Waggoner made what had every appearance of being a candid statement. He said when he attracted Mr. Turner's notice he was in bad health—inclined to tuberculosis he himself thought at the time. He really wasn't fit physically to do the work at which he was engaged—grinding crank shafts. But the company wanted men very badly and he wanted a job very badly; so there he was, doing his best.

Now Mr. Turner, by every account, was a generous, open-handed, impulsive kind of man. There seems no doubt that his compassion was moved by this ailing workman. Waggoner, except when on this very serious subject, was a most amusing fellow to talk to—with a lively, native sense of humor and a talent for mimicry. No doubt Mr. Turner quickly found this amusing trait in him, the result being that Waggoner was transferred from the shop to the president's anteroom, where he had an easy job as a kind of doorman and valet. Mr. Turner evidently liked him and presently made of him a sort of personal, confidential attaché, with no very clearly defined duties. Mr. Turner frequently had him to dinner, took him along as a companion on his trips of business and pleasure, had him elected to the Country Club and the Sarum Club in town—made of him, in short, a social equal; but with some implied reservations, no doubt.

At the time of the murder Waggoner received a salary of ten thousand dollars a year—and about managed to keep out of debt, as he expressed it. As it happened, the peculiar relationship between these two men was fully illustrated only three days before the murder. At that time Mr. Turner insured his life in Waggoner's favor for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, payable not in a lump sum but in an annuity as long as Waggoner should live.

This was somewhat unusual, and Mr. Turner's explanation to the life-insurance agent, as repeated by the agent to me, was substantially as follows:

"I am fond of Waggoner. I consider him a dependent on me. I want to make sure that he will be comfortably provided for as long as he lives. Of course, so long as I live there will be no trouble about that, and I might leave him a competence by my will. But he has no business sense. If he had a competence to-day very likely he'd make ducks and drakes of it within a year. No doubt I could leave a sum in trust for him, only the income to be paid him; but wills are sometimes thrown into litigation. Who knows what my estate will be worth when I die, which I'm hoping will be sometime in the next century! It strikes me that the simplest and surest way is just to insure my life in his favor, the benefit to be paid him, if he outlives me, not in a lump sum but in an annuity."

That was entirely reasonable and the companies wrote the insurance without hesitation. This illustrated the relations between the two men. Incidentally it showed that Mr. Turner was in perfect health only a few days before his death. That Waggoner betrayed his benefactor to an assassin seemed quite incredible. He was generally regarded, I found, as an amusing fellow—rather biting and malicious at times with his funny tongue and his mimicry, yet with no real harm in him. None of those who knew Mr. Turner best could suggest personal

The Wabbling Old Man Wanted to Fight or to Wrestle

enmity as a motive for the assassination. He had been an aggressive, confident, imperious kind of man. There had been business clashes, and all that; but that any enmity thus engendered could have risen to the point of murder was regarded as absurd.

As to the town's general attitude toward him, it was clear that all the more solid, responsible citizens regarded his death as a public calamity, and with good reasons. The common expression was:

"Why, John Turner made Sarum! He put us on the map!"

When he came there, nine years before—with very little capital, it appeared—and took over the bankrupt automobile business of the old Sarum Wagon Company the town had about fifty thousand inhabitants. At the time of the murder it had a hundred and fifty thousand. The great automobile business which Turner built up, and the accessories that sprang into being round it, were the cause. If the assassin had been discovered the day after the murder I believe the business population of the place would have turned out cheerfully to lynch him.

And Mr. Turner gave liberally to local improvements, bearing nearly the whole expense of the handsome Country Club, a fine club building in town, putting up a splendid hotel, and so on. He gave the city a considerable tract for a public park.

The dead man had been a bachelor. Quite naturally Breyfogle and I, and probably some of the other detectives—with the cynicism born of our trade—looked for the trail of a petticoat. But we did not find one. Mr. Turner lived in a large, open-handed, free sort of way. He made money royally, spent it royally, projected his business on a royal scale. The gossip was that formerly he had been somewhat royally inclined in the petticoat line too; but there had never been any open scandal about him.

Whatever basis there might be for the town's gossip of amorous adventures elsewhere, it did not seem worth while to inquire, for of late he appeared to have adopted a decidedly conservative mode of living; in fact, the whole country—or as much of it as took any interest in such affairs—knew he was engaged to marry Mrs. Wyndham, of New York, and the wedding was only three weeks off. The engagement had been announced in the fall, attracting about as much attention because of the lady's social vogue as on account of the gentleman's eminent business position. Even somewhat before that Mr. Turner had begun to lay out a whole new residence district for the wealth that had accumulated in Sarum these last nine years.

The district was called Hillcrest, lying along the gently rolling wooded slopes, some three miles beyond the city limits. His own place was to comprise over a hundred parked acres, with a splendid mansion; the foundations were already going up. Breyfogle and I drove out there one afternoon from a curiosity merely personal and not professional.

Though it was dead of winter, an army of men was still at work, with teams, cutting out small trees and underbrush, and even doing grading, for the season had been mild and there was little frost in the ground. Nobody as yet had got round to stop them. That, by all accounts, would have been John Turner's way—having made up his mind to do it, not to wait for time or tide or seasons, but to rush at it headlong and get it done.

With a very little looking round we could see what the plan was. The foundations of Turner's house suggested a palace. There was to be here a miniature Versailles, springing up out of the cow pastures overnight at the fiat of this imperious American millionaire, even as the other one sprang up at the fiat of the Grand Monarch. Of course there were to be all the palatial accompaniments of pictures, tapestries, servants. In this splendid setting he was to sun himself and take his ease, and display his opulence to the world, in company with a lady who apparently was everything the mistress of such an establishment should be—just turned thirty, beautiful, accomplished, and experienced in all the social graces.

Looking down on the foundations with beady eyes, Breyfogle tipped his derby hat to the back of his bullet head, jammed his pudgy hands into the pockets of his baggy trousers and moralized thus:

"Just a little over forty, in perfect health, handsome, famous, worth forty million dollars and getting richer every minute, duke of a city, engaged to a beautiful woman, building this—then along comes a greasy scoundrel with a five-dollar pistol—biff!—and there's nothing left but just a hundred and seventy-five pounds of mud to be tucked underground. I'm damn' glad I'm homely and broke, and got a lot of bad habits! What's the use, anyhow?"

There was no trail of a petticoat, but another barely possible motive immediately turned up. Mr. Turner had been a good employer, paying high wages, giving short hours where the work was hardest, as at the drop forges, building a clubhouse for the hands, putting up some model cottages, establishing the well-known Turner Fund for

Madeline Seized Her Coat and Made Tracks for the Station

workmen's benefit, and so on; but he did not propose to have any interference in the plant. Men had been discharged for taking part in unionizing movements. With the swift increase of Sarum's industrial population, labor agitators and socialists had come in.

That fall there had been a bitterly contested local election, which turned principally on the office of prosecuting attorney for the county. The socialist candidate—though I believe the word "socialist" was not used on the ticket—was a man named Hiram Dent, whom respectable citizens described by such terms as socialist, anarchist, professional labor agitator, demagogue, blackguard, blatherskite. He had attacked Mr. Turner venomously, saying that he bossed the town, evaded his taxes, seized public alleys and streets that ran through his plant, tyrannized over his employees, and a whole lot more of the same sort. Mr. Turner had undoubtedly resented all this very deeply. Presumably he had exerted himself as best he could to defeat Dent.

Yet Dent had won by a narrow margin, and on taking office the first of January he had charged his opponents with bribing voters. So far as I looked into this thing, it did seem pretty clear that considerable money had been used to bribe voters. A grand jury of Dent's choosing had indicted several men for bribery—among them Walter Hayes, who had been associated with Mr. Turner in the automobile business from the beginning, being treasurer of the company at the time of the election.

Directly after the election Mr. Hayes had resigned from the automobile company to become president of the Arcum Company, which made electric lighting and starting appliances, and some other automobile accessories. Dent's charge was that Walter Hayes had drawn fifty thousand dollars in cash out of two banks the day before election and that this money, or some of it, had been traced to the pockets of bribed voters. It isn't necessary to go into this very extensively, as Dent himself did not charge Mr. Turner with personal responsibility for the bribing.

A theory was advanced that the heat engendered by this election might have furnished a motive for the assassination; but that hardly bore examination. In the first place, everybody knows that American people get up a great excitement now and then over an election, but it doesn't last after the votes are counted. They take the result and go about their business. In the next place, Dent had won. His followers were not disappointed. Some half-cracked, unbalanced fellow might have been wrought up by Dent's denunciation to the point of murder, but this wasn't the work of that lunatic type of assassin.

The war motive seemed the most plausible one. Of course that was the only motive in which the Government was interested. We set out to look for a pro-German, sane or otherwise. I had been four days in Sarum and was as much in the dark as ever when Hiram Dent telephoned me, in my room at the Inn—as the fine hotel Turner had built was named—saying he had something important to communicate to me if I cared to step round to his office and hear him. I had never met the man, but my presence in town was well known by that time. I judged I might as well hear what he had to say; so I went round to his office in the County Building, a new and handsome structure.

He looked oddly out of place in the fine office, for he was a big, shambling, carelessly dressed man, and one of the ugliest I have ever seen—with beetling brows, a straight gash of a mouth, and a nose pinched into a wad in the middle of his face. I hadn't been there two minutes before I understood why conservative citizens hated him. He hated them. He spoke in a high-pitched voice and made the most violent statements with a grin.

"I asked you to come over here," he said, "because I thought you might really want to know who killed John Turner. I was taking a chance that you were square." He laughed over that agreeable statement. "These other detectives are all crooks and grafters. I see they've got the great Breyfogle working on the case. I know the great Breyfogle like a book. He's worked on some labor cases where I was interested on the other side. If he'd been in town on the thirteenth I'd think he shot Turner himself in order to get a fat case. There'd be no use my telling those fellows what I know. They'd just use it to shake down the murderer and then frame up some evidence against a janitor or a teamster.

"I can't do much with it myself, either," Dent went on, with his peculiar style of sociability. "I've got only a little appropriation for detective work and I've used that all up on my bribery investigation. There's no use in my going to the city police force. They're against me, and rotten anyway. Besides, the people who elected me to this office aren't worrying much over who shot our gasoline duke. They've got real troubles to worry over. This murder spoils a lot of my work by knocking the stuffing out of my bribery case, which is more important than fifty John Turners; but, the way I'm situated, I can't do anything about it, so I sent for you.

"Walter Hayes killed John Turner. He was a sort of tail to the Turner kite. Seems, from what I hear, they grew up together; boyhood friends, college chums, and so on. Anyway, Hayes came here with Turner and did all a good, industrious tail could do to help get this vast automobile graft going. He made a lot of money out of it too. But the men split up. A woman came between them. They tell me Turner tried to get the girl Hayes married. Whether he got her or not I don't know. Understand, I'm not insinuating anything against the lady, because I don't know anything. I don't care anything, either. That's one of their little class amusements that's no affair of mine.

"But this wasn't any woman case—at least that was only part of it. If John Turner had lived two weeks longer his testimony would have sent Walter Hayes to the penitentiary. Get that? I've got the testimony right here in my office. But, of course, Turner is dead now and Hayes will swear it off on the dead man. Now that Turner's dead the other big guns up there at the motor company will help Hayes do it. They'll trot out records and vouchers and all sorts of things to prove it. What's the use of their wasting anything on a man that's dead when one that's alive, and worth ten millions or more, and can do a lot of nice favors for them, wants their help?"

Pausing to grin over that proposition, he went on:

"Walter Hayes drew fifty thousand dollars out of two banks here the day before election and charged it on the motor company's books to what they call the president's account, which seems to be an account they charge all their dirty work to. Some of that money can be identified. The numbers on the bills are known. I've got the evidence. And some of that same identical money was used next day to bribe voters with. And John Turner swore before the grand jury he never saw that money or knew anything about it. That left it square up to Walter Hayes to show where the money went and why he drew it on the president's account without the president's authorization.

"And Walter Hayes couldn't show, because he used the money to bribe. I tell you, with the evidence I've got here and John Turner on the witness stand, I'd have sent Walter Hayes to the penitentiary as sure as the sun rises."

He drew his face into a scowl and banged the arm of his chair with a big fist.

"It was as sure as sunrise," he repeated, "and Walter Hayes knew it. Now, mind you, I'm not drawing any lily-white conclusions about John Turner. I'd just as

(Continued on Page 74)

FIRST AID TO AMERICA

How Civilians Must Get Together and Get Behind Strong Leaders

By WILL IRWIN

THIS interview I give anonymously. It is with a man in official position who knows, better perhaps than any other American, the larger situation in Europe, having studied it in many nations and with exceptional facilities for observation. Moreover, he has had wide experience in industry. He understands, as most Americans do not—in their bones—that modern war is a matter of organizing a whole nation back of an army; and he is more interested in civilian organization than in the military or naval aspects of war. Though our Defense Boards and our Preparedness Societies have studied this question in spots, he is the first man I know to offer with authority a general constructive program.

It was a chance remark of Jones'—as I shall call him—dropped at a dinner party which set me on the trail. He said:

"A war of any size in this country would strain our respected old Constitution until it creaked. When it was adopted the convention, realizing that a period of warfare must be a period of dictatorship, provided that the President should be commander in chief of the army and navy in time of war. They did not foresee—almost no one except the Germans foresaw before 1914—that the army and navy might not be of first importance. Modern warfare is about one part army, one part navy, two parts economics, one or two parts moral forces, and one part finance. Further, they made the Constitution very hard to amend—it can't be done in a hurry. We might have a hard time in getting round the laws that would stand in the way of national efficiency. And aside from the law, we are very imperfectly organized to meet this crisis."

All this, heard under that seal of secrecy which general society imposes on any journalist who does not want to be a pariah, caused me to visit Jones and ask him for publication what, in view of his experience, had to be done, and how we might do it.

The Needs of Wartime Governments

"I HAD better hang out my flag at the beginning," he said. "I am a pacifist, but not a peace-at-any-price pacifist. I believe that war should be the last resort, but that sometimes it is better than the alternative—national extinction or lowering of national respect, for example. The ultimate goal of the world is perpetual peace and disarmament; but we may not reach it for a long time, and meantime we sometimes have to face the possibility of war—as now.

"Democracy is a form of government born of peace, constructed for peace and maintainable only in peace. To carry on war successfully requires a dictatorship of some kind or another. A democracy must submerge itself temporarily in the hands of an able man or an able group of men. No other way has ever been found. Lincoln was virtually a dictator in the Civil War. France, the most democratic nation in the world, is under a system of central committees which makes her government almost as much a dictatorship as that of Germany.

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

X-Ray Machine at the Philadelphia Red Cross Headquarters

"The actual work of day-by-day government in most modern nations is done by a bureaucracy. This serves very well in time of peace, when government, in the ideals of democracy, is after all not the most necessary function of a nation. The experience of all European countries in this war has shown that the old bureaucracies will not do at all. Not one of the belligerent nations got even partial efficiency until it put in control of the extramilitary activities, so supremely important in this war, the best brains of the country—which means its industrial brains. Germany, well as she was prepared for this war, had to call her industrial brains into government positions in the autumn of 1914; France did the same thing when she formed her War Cabinet; England never began to get out of the muddle until she adopted this idea.

"A bureaucracy tends toward mediocrity. Industry does not. There are two reasons for this: In the first place, the attractions of bureaucratic positions in a democracy are not such as generally to attract first-class talent. The pay is secured, but comparatively small. Outside the army and navy no great prestige attaches in most democracies to government appointments. In the second place, promotion in a bureaucracy must generally be by seniority. It is the only way to prevent corruption and undue 'pull.' The men at the head, then, are there simply because they have been in the service a long time, and because they have made no mistakes. In consequence the aspiration of bureaucracy is to commit no error, and, it follows, to take no initiative or responsibility.

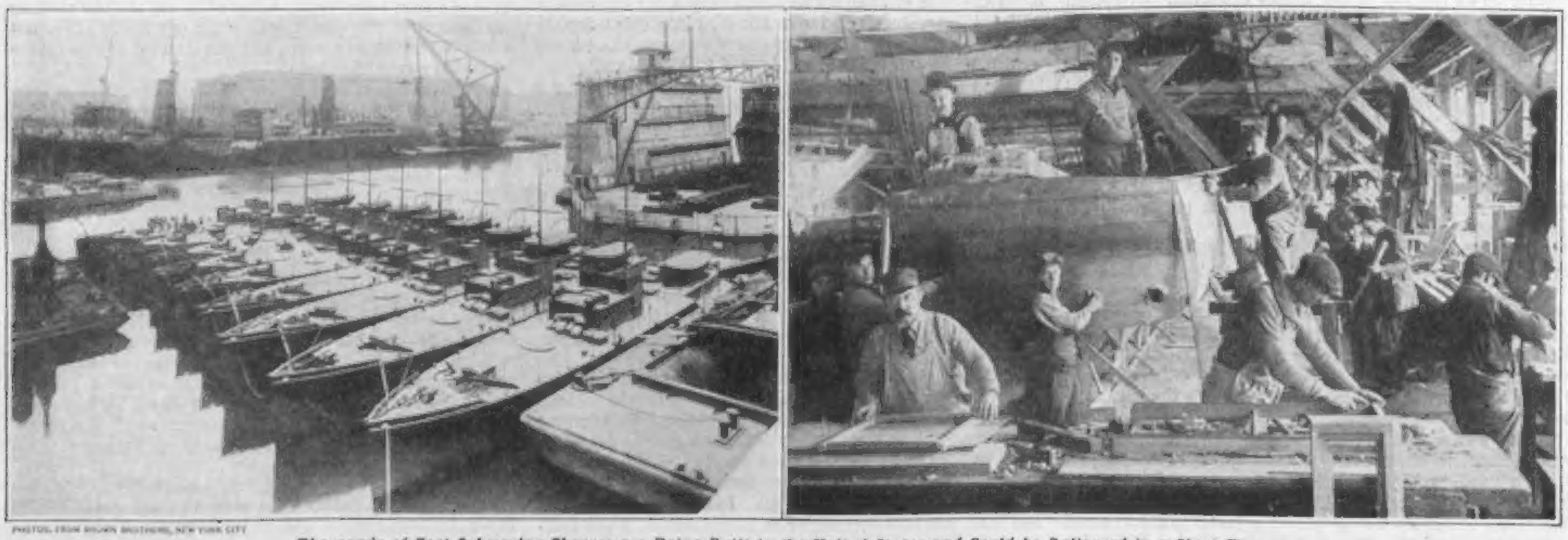
"Industry—I use that term in the broadest sense to include commerce, manufacture and finance—allows full play to the struggle for existence, and tends to get better men in the first place and to shove the ablest men forward. Promotion, there, is not by seniority, but by the hard law of merit. The aspiration of industrial organization is power, initiative and responsibility. A really efficient head of a bureaucracy finds it very difficult to make any subordinate take responsibility or display initiative; whereas the problem of an industrial leader in a live concern is most often to keep his rising, ambitious young heads of departments from taking too much responsibility, displaying too much initiative. Another factor bearing on the inefficiency of bureaucracies in time of war is the undue percentage of lawyers in their personnel. Law produces a qualitative mind. War is a quantitative thing and requires a quantitative mind."

Lessons From England

"IN TIME of peace you cannot draw such men into the government. It is not necessary. In time of war patriotism makes them available. The first difficulty of democracy at war is to transfer the direction from the hands of the bureaucracy to their hands—to make them available.

"How hard this is the experience of England proves. Her management of munitions, railroads, transport, finance, control of the civilian population, are very efficient now; but she was the last of the Western belligerent nations to get that efficiency. The trouble was that in the beginning she took half measures. Realizing dimly this principle, the British drafted some of their best industrial heads into the service of the government. These men made little headway. Everywhere they ran against the immobility of bureaucracies. The two elements could in instinct, mind and method mix no more than oil and water. The bureaucrats spent half their time rendering ineffective the efforts of these men to do the work they knew better than anyone else in England. The bureaucrats were not unpatriotic in this matter. They really believed that their way was the only way to save the nation.

"Things did not go forward under this system. They couldn't. England never got her supply services on a real war footing until Lloyd George went to the Premier and asked for a new Department of Munitions, with an office and a force all its own, and with powers independent of the army and navy. Having a clean slate, he installed a



PHOTOS FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Thousands of Fast Submarine Chasers are Being Built in the United States and Could be Delivered in a Short Time

personnel composed of those industrial leaders and specialists who would have been unavailable in time of peace, but were available now. In short, he put the industrial activities of the country on the only efficient war basis, as France and Germany had done before.

"Lloyd George is not an industrial expert, but he is open-minded. He called together the big men in every department of industry that touched the war, and asked them to name the most efficient experts they knew in their own trades. From these he picked his chairmen of departments and committees, who usually picked their own staffs. Then he gave these men their heads. And England began to emerge from the muddle.

"We should have such a department. If we don't prepare its skeleton, ready to clothe the instant war breaks out, then it will have to come after war—and muddle. And if this be neglected, any government that attempts war will fall, regardless of fixity of tenure; for the wrath of a nation at war is abnormal and terrible.

"It should stand as a link between the army and navy departments, with officers of the two arms represented in its councils, but independent. It is enough, in all conscience, for the army and navy to run a modern war. Moreover, army and navy officers, especially in this country, have no experience of industrial organization. How could they? All this mobilization of a country back of an army is a new thing. The ratio of munitions used in the war to the amount used in any previous war is about a hundred to one. An army officer handed in at Washington last month an estimate of the supplies needed for a million five hundred thousand men. No one in this country has any idea how this quantity of supplies could be found; nor should anyone be expected to know.

"It is not the business of an army officer to know, in any event. He should merely tell what the army wants and let somebody else find the ways and means to get it. That is the business of the Munitions Department—if you wish to name it after the British institution."

A Beginning

"THAT," I broke in, "was the trouble with the early régime in England. When Kitchener made his Sudan campaign, for example, he wired: 'Send fifty locomotives'; and it was only necessary for Parliament to vote the money. The fifty locomotives were already in being. When they had to create industrial machinery to make the fifty locomotives, and a million things more, they were at sea."

"Exactly. Fortunately, we have made a start, as England hadn't at the beginning of the war. Our Council for National Defense is doing a lot of the rough, preliminary work. The canvass of the nation's manufacturers to find just what and how much each can do in time of war is invaluable. It is a good beginning, but no more.

"Understand, in any contingency I can at present foresee, the United States will incur no such strain as England. She has drawn into the army and navy probably one-ninth of the population. We should probably draw in no more than one-fiftieth—two million men. But we are even less prepared than they, even if we have made a few preliminary plans. We think a great deal about shells, because that need of a modern army has been widely advertised. But we shall need a thousand things, from canteens to cannon, from buttons for uniforms to motor trucks, and in enormous quantities.

"However, shells and what shoots them, guns and what goes into them, are the first consideration. Let us take the subject of shells: Gauges by which they are tested, and automatic 'jigs' by which they are weighed and passed or thrown out, according to whether they meet the tests, are of prime importance. Most of the other tools necessary for shell making our manufacturers have in sufficient quantities for actual needs. These are tools peculiar to shell manufacture; and they take time to make. It takes time, also, to draw and distribute the designs to the manufacturers who make the separate parts. This is the first thing. It will cost comparatively little; it can be done before we begin open preparation; and it will clear the way. The designs should be sent to the manufacturers listed by the Council for National Defense, so that they and their directing subordinates can acquaint themselves with the job."

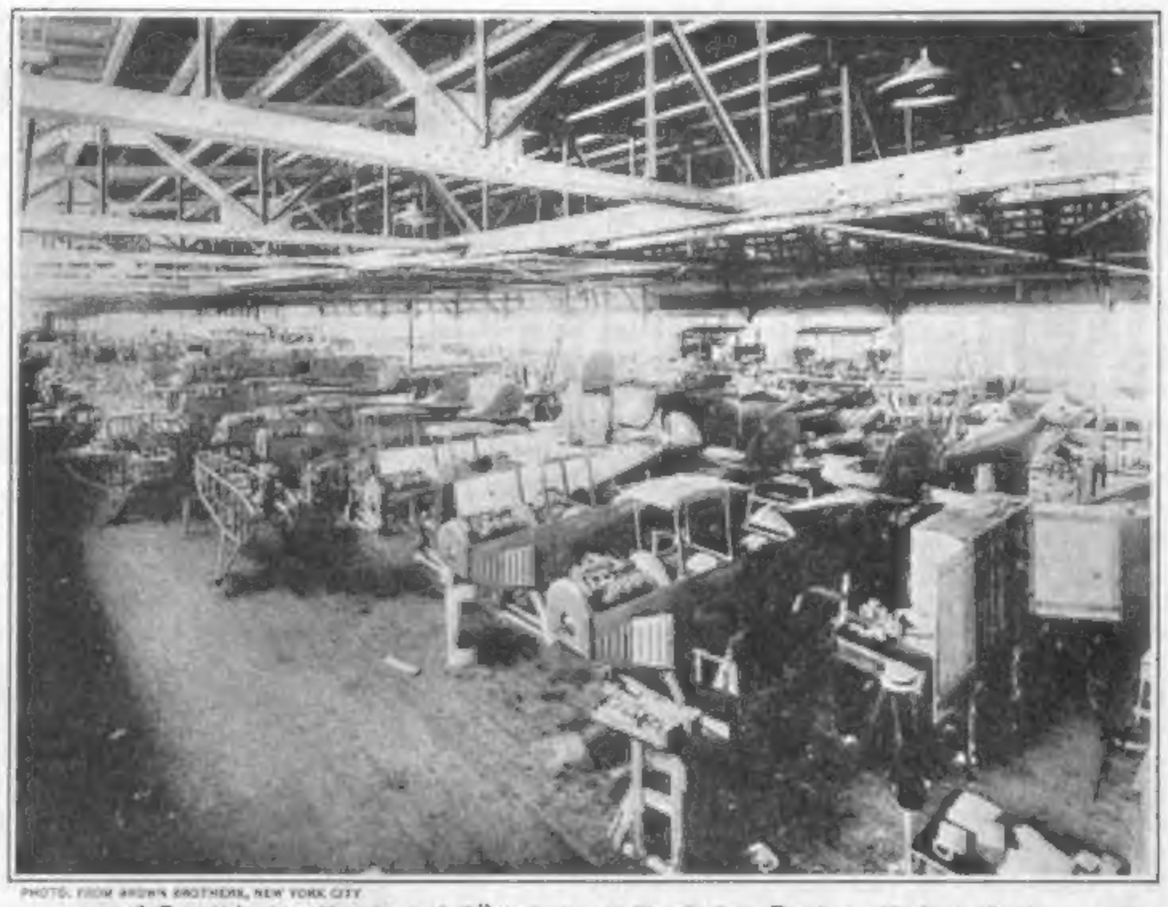


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Bewildering Number of Aëroplanes is Needed to Equip a Modern Army

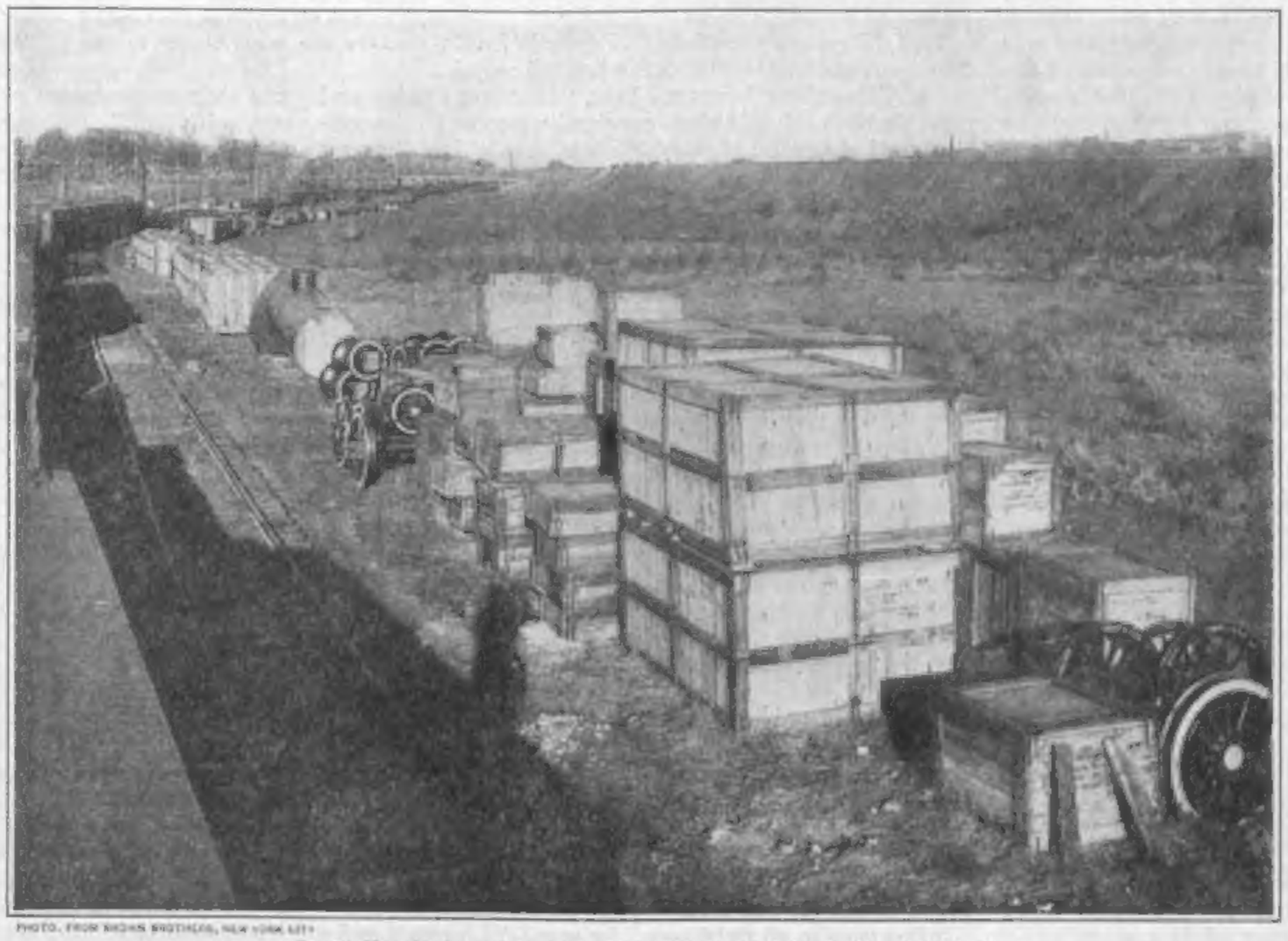


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Great Numbers of Cars Unloading Their Freight on the Meadows

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

These Shops Can Turn Out Many of the Arms Needed in War

Two Methods

"IT'S all very well to talk about handing plans and specifications to these manufacturers," I said; "but how can we make them work?"

"I'll get to that indirectly," said Jones. "Roughly, there are two ways of mobilizing the resources of a country for making munitions and equipments. The first I'll call the British method; and the second, the French.

"The British, under the Defense of the Realm Act—a blanket law that gives the government the right to do almost anything—took control of industrial establishments which could make articles for military and naval use. They put the workmen under government control—half-mobilized them, as it were. Then they said to the manufacturer: 'We'll attend to your workmen, seeing on their behalf that they are not paid too little and on ours that they are not paid too much. Go ahead and manufacture, and we'll pay you a profit of so much per cent—no more, no less.' Of course that fixed percentage isn't clear profit, owing to the war tax. As a general rule, the British try to have each article—a shell, say, a gun carriage, a rifle or a belt—turned out complete in one factory.

"The French applied a different system. They found what parts each shop in France, from a huge automobile factory to a little country blacksmith shop, was capable of making. They furnished these establishments with plans and arranged depots where the parts could be assembled into a complete whole. The government had eminent right to commandeer these shops, but it was not necessary to do that. The Munitions Department simply told the manufacturer where he could find the raw materials, and then said in effect: 'We'll pay you such-and-such a price; we think you can make a fair profit at the figure. If, when the goods are delivered, general experience with the making of this part shows that the price is too low, we may adjust it upward; we reserve the right, in the contrary case, to revise it downward.'

(Continued on Page 109)

THE HOLD-OUT

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THREE people, not countin' myself, think I'm the greatest guy in the world. One o' them's my first and last wife, another's Mr. Edwards, and the other's Bill Hagedorn.

It'd be hard to pick three that I'd rather have cordial. If a person is livin' with their wife, it makes it kind o' pleasant to have her like you. Mr. Edwards, o' course, is the man I'm workin' for, so it don't hurt me at all to be his hero. And I'm glad to have Bill added to the list, because it means he'll play the bag better for me this year than he's done yet, and with a little pep on first base we're liable to be bad news to George Stallin's, Wilbert Robinson and John J. McGraw.

But listen: If Mr. Edwards ever got hold o' the truth o' the Hagedorn business, him and I'd be just as clubby as Lord George and the Kaiser. If he didn't drop dead when he found it out, he'd slip me the tinware, contract or no contract, and I wouldn't have the heart to fight it in the courts, because I admit I gave him a raw deal. My only alibi is that I left my feelin's get the best o' me, and that excuse wouldn't be worth a dime with him; they's no excuse that would be, where his pocketbook's concerned, like in this case. He just simply hates money!

The worst of it is that Hagedorn didn't deserve no consideration. I like to see a fella get all that's comin' to him, provided he goes after it in the right way and puts up a real fight. Hagedorn made a hog of himself and was tremblin' all the time he did it. If he was as yellow on the ball field as when he's makin' a play for more dough, I'd take away his uniform and suspend him for life; he wouldn't be no more use to me than a set of adenoids.

He's just as game a ball player, though, as you'll find. The minute he trots out there in the old orchard he's a different guy, afraid o' nothin'. All he's lacked so far is ambish, and I figure he'll show some o' that this year. He'll give me his best out o' gratitude. If he don't, it'll mean his finish on the big time, family or no family.

It's part o' my agreement with Mr. Edwards that I stick on the job all the year round, goin' to the league meetin's with him in winter, helpin' him sign up the boys, and so forth. Well, after we was through last fall, he called me up in the office and begin crabbin' about finances.

"Frank," he says, "we lost $18,000 this season. I pretty near wish I didn't have no ball club."

"You've pretty near got your wish," I says. "If some o' those bushers don't come through next spring, or if we don't swing a couple o' deals between now and then, the clubs that play against us won't even get good practice."

"Bad as we are," he says, "I bet we got the biggest salary list in the big leagues. It looks to me like not only one or two, but several of our men were bein' overpaid."

"Yes, sir," I says; "and on their showin' the last few months some o' them would be overpaid if they drawed a dollar a day."

"Well," he says, "I'm goin' to do some trimmin'. The boys'll kick, I suppose, but I'm dependin' on you to show 'em they deserve cuts."

"That's a nice little job for me," I says. "It's just as easy to convince a ball player that his pay ought to be trimmed as it is to score twelve runs off Alexander."

"I'd just as leave pay good prices for good work," he says, "but I'm not goin' to maintain no pension bureau. These ridic'lous Federal League contracts have all run out, thank heavens, and from now on my ball club'll be run on a sane basis. Look at Lefty Grant!" he says. "He got $7000 and pitched pretty near eleven full games, winnin' three o' them. And look at Hagedorn! A $6000 contract and no more life in him than a wet rag! What do you suppose ailed him?"

"Federalitis," I says. "He was gettin' soft money in the Federal, with no incentive to win and nobody to try and make him hustle."

"A $6000 salary," says Mr. Edwards, "for a man that hit round .220 and played first base like he was bettin' against us! Maybe we'd better just let loose of him."

"If I was you," I says, "I'd see what the recruits is like before gettin' rid o' Hagedorn. I'll admit he's been loafin', but he's a mighty good ball player when he tries."

"Maybe it'll wake him up to cut him," says he. "I'm goin' to send him a contract for $4000."

"Suit yourself," says I. "He'll holler like an Indian, but if he sees you're in earnest I guess he'll come round."

"He lives here in town," says Mr. Edwards. "I'll have the girl call him up sometime and tell him I want to see him."

So we discussed a few others that was gettin' way more than they earned, and the boss says he wouldn't play no favorites, but would cut 'em all from ten to forty per cent. I knew they'd be plenty o' trouble, but I didn't care a whole lot. I figured that if everybody on the pay roll quit the game and went to work it'd strengthen the team.

Well, Hagedorn accepted Mr. Edwards' invitation to call and I was in the office when Bill come in.

"Mr. Hagedorn," says the boss, "Manager Conley and myself's been talkin' things over and we come to the conclusion that several o' you boys was earnin' less than we paid you. What do you think about it?"

"Well," says Hagedorn, "some o' the boys maybe deserve cuts. But I don't see how I come in on it."

"Why not?" says Mr. Edwards. "The unofficial averages gives you a battin' percentage o' .220."

"I can't help what them dam scorers do to me," says Bill. "I never did get fair treatment from the reporters."

"But when you was in the league before," says the boss, "you always hit up round .280, and it's a cinch the scorers didn't cheat you out o' sixty points."

"They'd cheat me out o' my shirt if they had a chance," Bill says. "But even if I did have a bad year with the wood, that ain't no sign I won't do all right next season."

"That's true enough," says Mr. Edwards. "Anybody's liable to have a battin' slump. But Manager Conley and myself wasn't thinkin' about your hittin' alone. We kind o' thought that your work all round was below the standard; that you was sort o' layin' down on the job."

Hagedorn began to whine.

"Mr. Edwards," he says, "you got me entirely wrong. I wouldn't lay down on nobody. I've give you my best every minute, and if I haven't it was because things broke bad for me."

"What things?" I ast him.

"Well," he says, "for one thing, I felt rotten all summer. My legs was bad."

"Well," I says, "you can't expect Mr. Edwards to pay $3000 apiece for bad legs."

"But they're all right now," he says. "I haven't had a bit o' trouble with 'em all fall. And I'm takin' grand care o' myself and next spring I'll be as good as ever."

"Why didn't you tell me about your legs?" I ast him. "I'd of let you lay off. You certainly wasn't helpin' us much."

"I'd of told you only I don't like to quit," he says. "And besides, my legs wasn't the whole trouble."

"What else was it?" I says.

"Well," he says, "the Missus was sick and in the hospital, and I had to pay out a lot o' money and it kept me worried."

"When was she sick?" I ast him.

He Was Down to the Station to See Us Off, and He Looked Like He Was Ready to Cry

"Let's see," he says, "it was while we was on our last Eastern trip."

"You never ast me to let you come home," I says.

"No," he says, "I didn't know nothin' at all about it till we got back."

"That's why you worried, I suppose," says I, "and I guess your wife's illness in September was what worried you in June and July."

"She was sick on and off all season," he says.

"I noticed," says I, "that she done most of her sufferin' in a grandstand seat. Her ailment," I says, "was probably brought on by watchin' you perform."

"She's full o' nerve," he says. "She wouldn't miss a ball game if she was dyin'. And besides, her sickness wasn't all of it."

"Let's hear the whole story at once," I says. "The suspense is fierce."

"Her folks kept botherin' us," says Hagedorn. "They live in Louisville, and they're gettin' old and they wanted that she should come down there and stay with 'em."

"Couldn't they come up here?" I ast him.

"No," he says, "they got their own home and their own friends and everything down there."

"Well," I says, "that'd probably be the square thing for you to do, just pack up and move to Louisville and live with 'em."

"We'd only be there in the winter," he says.

"No," says I, "I'll fix it so's you can be there all the year round."

"What do you mean?" he says.

"I mean that if you don't want to sign at our figures Louisville'd be the ideal spot for you," says I.

"What's your figures?" he ast.

"I'm willin' to give you $4000," says Mr. Edwards.

Hagedorn swelled up.

"If you think I'll take a $2000 cut, you got me wrong," he says.

"All right," says I, "and I hope the Kentucky climate agrees with your legs."

We sent Lefty Grant a contract for $5000 and after a little crabbin' by mail he signed. Joe Marsh stood for a $1000 cut, and Bones McChesney, shaved from $3500 to $3000, refused to sign and got himself sold to Toronto. I didn't cry over losin' him; he'd always been fat from his neck up, and in the last two seasons the epidemic had spread all over his body.

Now it don't often happen that a seventh-place club begins lookin' like a pennant contender between October and February. But that's what come off with us. Our worst weakness last year was at shortstop and third base and back o' the bat. Well, I talked to a lot of Association men durin' the fall, and they told me that I had a second Schalk in this young Stremmle from Indianapolis. And I got swell reports on Berner, the shortstop we drew from Dayton. Both these guys, I was told, were ready. They wouldn't need no more seasonin'.

And then along come the league meetin' in New York, and I happened to catch the St. Louis gang when they were thinkin' about somethin' else, and they traded me Johnny Gould for Hype Corliss and Jack Moran, two guys that I'd kept down in the bull pen all summer so's the bugs couldn't get a good look at 'em. There was my third base hole plugged up and the ball club was bound to be a hundred per cent better, provided Hagedorn signed and give us his best work, or that young Lahey, the first sacker we bought from Davenport, made good. I wasn't worryin' much about him, as I figured right along that Hagedorn would take his $4000 when he seen we were in earnest.

O' course he had a little bit the best of us in the argument—that is, he would of had if he'd knew enough. Him and Lahey was the only candidates for first base, and no matter if he played the position in a hammock, he'd be better than an inexperienced kid from the Three Eye. Even if he wasn't never worth a nickel over $4000, here was a

"Mr. Edwards," He Says, "You Got Me Entirely Wrong. I Wouldn't Lay Down on Nobody"

grand chance for him to hold us up. All he had to do was lay quiet at home, and when it come time for us to go South we'd of looked him up and met his demands. But no, he didn't have the nerve or sense to go at it the right way.

Instead o' keepin' us guessin', what does he do but hunt up excuses to come and hang round the office and try and get a hint o' whether we were goin' to stand pat or back down. I was alone the first time he showed.

"Hello, Bill," I says. "Did you bring your fountain pen?"

"What for?" he says.

"To sign that $4000 contract," says I.

"Oh, no," he says, "I wasn't thinkin' nothin' about the contract. I come up to see if they was any mail for me."

"Not now," I says, "but you may be hearin' from the Louisville club in a few days."

"What would they be writin' me about?" he says.

"Maybe they'll hear about you wantin' to move there," I says, "and they'll probably be askin' you if you'd care to take a job with 'em."

"Well," says Bill, "you won't catch me playin' ball with Louisville."

"Who was you thinkin' about playin' with?" I ast him.

"Nobody," he says. "I've decided to quit."

"That's fine, Bill!" I says. "Somebody left you money?"

"No," he says, "but I got some o' my own saved up."

"How much?" I ast him.

"Close to $2000," says Bill.

"Fine work!" says I. "You must of lived pretty simple to save $2000 in seven years."

"I never skimped," says Bill.

"Well," I says, "I don't know how you managed. But it's nice to feel that you won't never have to skimp again. If you can get six per cent for your money, that'll mean $120 a year or $10 a month. That puts you on Easy Street. All you'll have to get along without is food, clothes, heat and a place to live."

He paid us another visit Christmas week, thinkin', maybe, that Mr. Edwards would be runnin' over with holiday spirits.

This was a bum guess. The old man's got more relatives than a perch, and when he was through buyin' presents for all o' them he wouldn't of paid a telephone slug for the release o' Ty Cobb.

"No mail yet," I says to Bill when he come in.

"I wasn't expectin' no mail," he says. "I was just wonderin' if I left a pair o' gloves here last time."

"A pair o' tan gloves?" I says.

"Yes," says Hagedorn.

"I didn't see 'em," I says. "I found some gray ones."

"How is everything?" he says.

"Fine!" says I. "It looks like we're goin' to have a regular ball club."

"Well, I hope you do," Bill says.

"Gould's goin' to help us a lot," says I, "and they tell me Stremmle and Berner's both good enough for anybody's team. And then, o' course, we got young Lahey."

"Who's young Lahey?" ast Bill.

"Can't be you never heard of him," I says. "He's the first sacker from Davenport that everybody was after. They say you can't hardly tell him from Hal Chase when he's in action. And he cracked the marble for about .340 last season."

"Hittin' .340 in the sticks and hittin' it up here is two different things," says Hagedorn.

"Not so different," I says. "A bird that can hit .340 anywhere can hit pretty good."

That's right, too. But the truth was that Lahey's figure had been eighty points shy o' what I credited him with. And from what I'd learned from some o' the Three Eye boys, Lahey was the eighth best first baseman in their league.

"Well," says Hagedorn, "if he makes good, you won't have no use for me."

"No," I says, "but I'd hate to see you go back in the bushes."

"Don't worry!" he says. "I'm goin' to stick right here in town."

"And live on your savin's?" I says.

"No," says Bill. "I'm just about signed up to play with the Acmes in the semi-pro league."

"How much are they givin' you?" I ast him.

"Fifty a game, and they only play Sundays," he says.

"Yes," says I, "and they're doin' well if they play twenty games a season. That nets you $1000, and you'll have somethin' like six days a week to spend it in."

"I can work at somethin' durin' the week," he says. "Maybe sell automobiles or somethin'."

When They'd Come to Me for the Dope, I'd Rave to 'Em About What a World-Beater Young Lahey Was, and They Ate It Up

"You could do that in the winter, too," I says, "if you didn't waste so much o' your time comin' for your mail and lookin' for your gloves."

"How's Mr. Edwards?" says Bill.

"Fine and dandy!" I says. "Want to see him?"

"What would I want to see him about?" says Bill.

"You might be able to sell him a car," says I. "He's right in the spendin' mood now. His nieces and nephews and Mr. Wilson's peace note has relieved him o' the few hundreds he had left after last season. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd reconsider cuttin' your contract—maybe give you a bonus just for the devil of it."

While we was talkin' Mr. Edwards come out from his private office.

"Hello, Hagedorn," he says. "Ready to sign?"

"At my own figure," says Bill.

"That's good," says Mr. Edwards. "Conley and myself was afraid you might accept the cut, and we couldn't hardly afford to keep an extra first baseman at $4000 a year."

"It's best all round," I says. "Bill's goin' to make more dough than we could possibly give him; he's goin' to sell cars durin' the week and play semi-pro ball Sundays. And maybe he can master the barber trade and pick up a few extra hundreds Saturday nights. But even if he don't make a nickel, he's got $2000 hoarded up."

"That's fine!" says the boss. "I like to see thrift in a young man. And it always seems like a pity that so many boys squander their earnin's and have to keep on slavin' as ball players till they're thirty years old and past the prime o' life."

For three or four days early in January they was an epidemic o' lockjaw in Washin'ton, and the market come up enough for Mr. Edwards to take a trip to New Orleans. He left me in charge o' things, and my job consisted o' makin' up stories for the newspaper boys and entertainin' Hagedorn about once a week.

Once he dropped in to find out Joe Marsh's address; it'd of been impossible, o' course, to inquire by telephone. Another time he just happened to be passin', and happened to remember that he was carryin' a letter that his wife had ast him to mail, and wanted to know if I had a stamp.

I entertained him every time with dope on Lahey and what a whale of a man he was goin' to make us. But one day he come up loaded with some real facts about the guy I'd been boostin'.

"I thought you told me Lahey hit .340 with Davenport," he says.

"I did tell you that," says I.

"Well," says Bill, "somebody was stringin' you. I seen the Three Eye records the other day and they give Lahey .262."

"That don't mean nothin'," I says. "The scorers probably had it in for him."

"And he made more boots than any first baseman in the league," says Bill.

"That shows he was hustlin'," I says. "The more ground you cover, the more you're liable to kick 'em round. Besides," I says, "he was so perfect that the scorers probably thought he'd ought to make plays that would be impossible for a common first sacker."

"Another thing," says Hagedorn: "I happened to run acrost Jack Wells that played in the league with him, and he tells me Lahey's a left-hand hitter. Well, Gould's a left-hand hitter and so's young Berner, and you already had two left-hand hitters amongst the regulars. Your club's goin' to be balanced like a stew on a wild broncho. McGraw and them'll left hand you to death."

"What do you care!" I says.

"It's nothin' to me," says Bill.

"Well, what do you suppose we better do about it?" I ast him.

"If I was you," he says, "I'd try and get myself a first baseman that hits right-handed."

"It's too late to get anybody," says I. "I guess we're just plain up against it. I wisht you hadn't made up your mind to retire."

"I'd play for you," says Bill, "if you'd meet my price."

"That's up to the old man," I says, "but I know he won't back down. He wouldn't give in to one man when he's stood pat on all the rest o' them."

"It won't be just one man," says Bill.

"What do you mean?" I ast him.

"He'll be lucky if he's got anybody when the showdown comes," says Bill. "The fraternity's give orders that nobody's to sign till you hear from them, and you won't hear from them till the leagues meets its demands."

"That don't affect our club," I says. "We got every man already signed up except yourself."

"Yes," says Hagedorn, "but signed up or not signed up, they won't report till the fraternity tells 'em to."

"You've been playin' long enough to know better'n that," says I. "If you think any ball player's goin' without his prunes to help out some other ball player, you got even less brains than I figured."

"They'll have to strike if the fraternity says so," says Bill. "They're goin' into the Federation o' Labor and be like any other union. And if they don't strike when they're ordered to they'll be canned out o' the fraternity."

"Well," I says, "suppose you was Ty Cobb, draggin' down a measly $16,000 a year, or whatever he's gettin'. Which would you do if the choice come up, go without the $16,000 or go without the fraternity?"

"I'd certainly stick with the fraternity," says Hagedorn. "If I didn't, I'd be a traitor."

"If I make you out a contract for $6000, will you sign it?" I ast him.

"Sure," he says. "I always told you I'd sign for my price."

"Well, Bill," I says, "I won't give you the contract. I'd hate to think I'd made a traitor out o' you."

"I don't want no contract anyway," says Bill. "I'm through. I'm goin' into business."

"What business?" I says.

"Somethin' pretty good," he says. "I and a friend o' mine's goin' in partners in a garage."

"That's a great idear!" says I. "You won't have no competition, and it won't cost nothin' to start, and besides that, it's a game you know more about than any other, unless it's dressmakin'."

"My friend knows all about it," says Bill, "and I can pick it up from him."

"You better stick to pickin' up low throws," I says. "It takes years to learn the mechanism of a car when you don't know nothin' to start, not even what makes the front wheels run. But o' course you won't be the only one in the garage business that has to learn, and so long as it's other people's cars you wreck while you're learnin', why what's the difference!"

"They's good money in a garage," says Bill.

"I know it, and a whole lot of it's mine," I says. "They's good money in any business like that—smugglin' or counterfeitin' or snatchin' purses. But it must be hell on a man's conscience, even worse'n drawin' $6000 per annum for takin' a six months' nap on the old ball field."

The first thing Mr. Edwards ast me when he got back from the South was what was the latest dope on Hagedorn.

"He's surprised me," I says. "I thought he'd give in long before this. But nothin' doin'."

"What will we do about it?" says the boss.

"Mr. Edwards," I says, "you're the man that's payin' me my money, and it's my business to look out for your interests. If Hagedorn had of kept away from here all winter, if we hadn't heard nothin' from him from the day he first turned down the contract, I'd say give him his $6000. But him comin' round here once a week shows that he needs us as much as we need him, and that he'll stand for the cut if he's got to. Besides, he's showed a mighty poor opinion o' me by expectin' me to believe all that junk about him goin' into business, and so on—stuff that was old in the Noah's Ark League. He couldn't earn a dime a day in anything outside o' baseball. If he had a factory that made shells out o' lake water, he'd be bankrupt in a month. Now they's probably four better first basemen than him in the league, but I doubt if more'n one o' them's drawin' $6000. O' course with him on the ball club it looks like we'd be somewheres up in the race, and we ain't got a chance with a busher playin' the position.

"If it was a case o' givin' him his dough or gettin' along without him, I'd rather see him get the money even if it's a holdup. But if I'm any judge of a ball player, he'll come round here on his hands and knees the day before we start for the Springs, and he'll sign at whatever price you offer him."

"It's a shame," says Mr. Edwards, "when everything else looks so good for us, to have to be worryin' about a man like him, that loafed on us all last summer and that I'd get rid of in a minute if I had somebody in his place. I suppose they's no chance o' tradin' for a first baseman at this stage."

"Oh, yes, they's a chance," I says. "I suppose Matty'd let us have Chase if we'd give up our pitchin' staff and half a dozen infielders and $40,000 or $50,000 in cash. Then we'd have Chase and nothin' with him."

"Maybe young Lahey'll surprise us," says the boss.

"It won't hurt us to hope," I says, "but from what I can learn Bill Doyle was mad at you when he recommended him. And besides," I says, "Lahey's a left-hand hitter, and that'd mean five o' them in the game every day. We'd be a set-up for fellas like Schupp and Smith and Tyler. Take Hagedorn, and he can murder a left-hander even when he ain't hittin' his weight against a regular pitcher."

"Well, all we can do is wait," says Mr. Edwards.

"And I don't think it'll be long," I says.

But when the night come for us to start South, Hagedorn was still a hold-out, though he did show one more sign o' weakenin'. He was down to the station to shake hands with the boys and see us off, and he looked like he was ready to cry. I called him off to one side.

"Would you like to be goin' along, Bill?" I ast him.

"Oh, I don't know," he says.

"Why don't you take your medicine and hop aboard?" I says. "Your missus can pack up your stuff and send it after you."

"I'll go if you say the word," he says.

"You're the one that must do the talkin'," says I.

"Why couldn't I go along without signin'?" he says. "Maybe the old man would meet my figure when he seen how hard I'd work to get in shape."

"No," says I; "this ain't no charity excursion we're runnin'. We pay nobody's fare that ain't signed up and a member o' this ball club. If you want to sign at $4000, they's a contract right there in my grip. If you don't, why you can spend the rest o' the winter countin' snowflakes and cussin' the coal trust."

"Well," he says, "I'll freeze to death before I'll be robbed; starve to death, too, before I'll let old Edwards bull me out o' what's comin' to me."

"I'm sorry, Bill," I says. "But anyway, good luck to you."

"Good luck to you too," says Bill. "You'll need it."

"Oh, I don't know," I says. "I got a hunch that it's goin' to be a great year for everybody in baseball."

"Well," says Hagedorn, "I know some fellas that'll have a great year."

"Who do you mean, Bill?" I ast him.

"All the left-handers that pitches against your ball club," he says.

About half the baseball reporters on our papers know somethin' about the game. The other half's kids that can write cute stories, but don't know a wild pitch from a hit and run sign. This was the half that went on the spring trip with us. The old heads was sent with the Americans, because they'd made a fight for the pennant last year and the public was strong for 'em.

Well, I took advantage of our gang bein' green and made 'em perjure themself to their papers every day. When they'd come to me for the dope, I'd rave to 'em about what a world-beater young Lahey was, and how he'd burn up the league as soon as I'd learned him a few o' the fine points o' first-base play. If they'd been wise they could of told with one look that Mr. Lahey wouldn't do. But they were just kids and they ate it up. I bet if any o' the fellas that had played with Lahey read what I was sayin' about him in the papers they must of thought I was crazy.

Lahey Found Out Where First Base Was by Trippin' Over It

My idear, o' course, was to worry Hagedorn. I knew he'd be readin' everything he could find about us, and I didn't want him to get the impression that the ball club was goin' to bust up without him.

I thought Mr. Edwards would have sense enough to get this. But no; he fell just as hard as the reporters. And when he joined us after we'd been at the Springs two weeks, he was all smiles.

"Well," he says, "I been readin' some mighty encouragin' news."

"What news?" I says.

"About Lahey," says he. "I told you he might surprise us."

"He's surprised me in one way," I says. "I'm surprised that he ever had the nerve to come on this trainin' trip. I always thought pretty well o' the Three Eye League till I seen him," I says.

"You're jokin'," says Mr. Edwards. "I've read nothin' but good reports of him."

"I'm responsible for the reports," I says, "but I thought you'd guess that I was fakin' for Hagedorn's benefit."

"Well, if you've fooled Hagedorn, he's got company," says Mr. Edwards. "I thought our troubles was all over."

"Our troubles won't never be over if Hagedorn don't give in," I says.

"But Lahey must be some good, the way he was recommended," says the boss.

"Doyle probably seen him just once," I says, "and that must of been the one good day he had. But even at that, Doyle couldn't of never watched him handle his feet and thought he was a ball player."

"Is it just his feet that's the trouble?" ast Mr. Edwards.

"No," I says, "but they'd be plenty without outside help. We've had infield practice about nine times since we been here, and that means he's got nine hundred self-inflicted spike wounds. And they must of kept first base in a different place down to Davenport. Anyway he can't find it here. And when he does happen to stumble onto it, it's always with the wrong foot. Besides that, every time Gould or Berner makes a low peg Lahey loses a tooth. Gould ast him one day why he didn't wear a mask. But you ought to see him field bunts! If experience counts for anything, he'd ought to be the most accurate thrower in the world, from a sittin' posture."

"How about his hittin'?" the boss ast me.

"He's a consistent hitter," I says. "They's a party from Kansas City stoppin' at the hotel. They come out to every practice and always set in the same place, right back o' the plate, behind the grandstand screen. Well, every ball Lahey's hit so far has made 'em duck."

"Does he act like he had stage fright?" says the boss.

"Not him!" says I. "Nobody but the gamest guy in the world could cut off a few toes every day and come out the next day for more. And nobody without a whole lot o' nerve could keep diggin' after low throws when he knows that they're goin' to uppercut him in the jaw. No, sir! You can't scare Charley!"

"Charley!" says Mr. Edwards. "I thought his name was Mike."

"Gould's nicknamed him Charley," I says, "after Charley Chaplin."

Well, the boss wasn't what you could call tickled to death with my dope on Lahey, but he cheered up a little when I told him about Gould and the rest o' them. Gould was goin' even better than when he was with St. Louis. He was hustlin' like a colt and hittin' everything they throwed up there. And he kept coachin' young Berner like he'd been hired for that job. He put real pep in the infield, and I knew it was tough for him to keep it up when Lahey gummed pretty near every play that was pulled.

Berner cinched his job the first day out. He's the kind of a kid that just won't stay on the bench, as lively and full o' fight as little Bush, at Detroit, or Buck Weaver, or Rabbit Maranville. And Stremmle come up to everything they said about him. Then Joe Marsh seemed to of got over the Federal League and acted five years younger than he is. And our outfield was workin' hard. O' course this young Sheppard showin' up so good helped a lot and made the rest o' them hustle.

I told Mr. Edwards, I says:

"Outside o' first base, I wouldn't trade this ball club for McGraw's. These boys have got more spirit than any team I ever managed. They're the kind that's liable to upset the whole league. If we only just had a good reliable man on that bag, I'd almost guarantee to finish one-two-three."

"And do you still think Hagedorn's goin' to join us?" the boss ast me.

"I certainly do," I says. "I wouldn't be surprised to get a wire from him any day."

But we went along another week without hearin' from Bill. Mr. Edwards kept gettin' more and more nervous. And I guess I was beginnin' to get nervous too.

About the second day o' the third week down there, a letter come to me from Hagedorn's wife. It hit me right in the eye.

Bill, she told me, didn't know she was writin' and would probably kill her if he found it out. She'd been beggin' and beggin' him all winter to take what we offered, and she'd just about had him coaxed when the papers begin printin' the swell reports about Lahey. Those reports had took all the zip out o' Bill. Instead o' frightenin' him into signin' at our figure, they'd convinced him that he wasn't wanted on our club. And Bill was worse than broke. He was over three months behind with the rent and the meat bill and so forth, and coal was a hundred dollars a ton, and they wasn't no coal even at that price, and she was afraid he'd do somethin' desperate. And she thought if I'd just send Bill a wire and tell him that we'd carry him as an extra man, or if I'd try and trade him somewheres where he could make some kind of a salary, he'd be so tickled that he'd come to us or go wherever we sent him at whatever price he could get. And she begged me to not tell anybody that she'd wrote.

Mr. Edwards had just left us to run down to Dallas for a few days. O' course I wouldn't of let him know about the letter anyway. But him bein' away give me the idear o' keepin' Bill's comin' a secret. I was goin' to surprise him by havin' Bill blow in unexpected, because it was a cinch the old man'd be back before Bill could get there. So I didn't wire Dallas, but just sent a telegram to Bill, sayin', "If you'll sign for $4000, first-base job is yours. Answer."

The answer come the same night. It said all right, that he'd join us the followin' Thursday.

On Wednesday Mr. Edwards come back to the Springs. And that afternoon Charles C. Lahey give the funniest exhibition I ever seen on a ball field. The whole practice was a joke, because Gould and Berner and Marsh and the rest o' them was laughin' so hard they couldn't do nothin'. But the wind-up come near not bein' a joke. It'd of been a tragedy if Lahey wasn't the awkwardest guy in the world.

We was tryin' the double play, first base to second base and back. I hit a ball pretty close to the bag and it took a nice hop, so they wasn't no chance for Charley to boot it. He pegged down to Berner, and then turned round and started lookin' for his own bag. Berner took the throw and sent it back as fast as I ever seen a ball pegged. Well, sir, Lahey found out where first base was by trippin' over it. But just before he tripped he turned his head to look for the throw. If he hadn't tripped and went sprawlin', that ball would of cracked him right in the temple, and if it had, good night! To show you how much Berner had on it, it hit the grandstand on the short hop and made a noise like somewheres in France.

(Continued on Page 49)

NEVER AGAIN!

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON DINGWALL

IT IS the height of folly, m'sieu, to act the part of a Good Samaritan. That way lie pitfalls and the suspicion of your fellowmen. I know, for I have had experience. When a man of feeling starts out to aid those in distress he will, like as not, end up in suits for damages and with a painted eye. As Madame Patsy aptly phrases it, the Good Samaritan always gets it in the neck.

You have doubtless read in the papers of what befell me? The notoriety is sufficiently galling to a sensitive nature; still, it is as nothing to the misunderstanding that has arisen in my home. As though the derision of a ribald press and the coarse jests of one's friends were not enough, Madame Giraud has seen fit to misinterpret my actions. Yes; she affects to believe that there was more to the affair than the innocent aspect my version gave to it, and the sinister innuendos so plentifully besprinkled throughout the newspaper accounts have found ready lodgment in her heart.

"Because you see a hussy powdering her nose, it's a good excuse for going up and offering to help her, I suppose?" she demanded to-day.

Therefore, m'sieu, I am going to narrate to you the whole terrible episode, in order that you may judge for yourself of the guilt or blamelessness of my intentions. And when you shall have heard all—when I have fully recited every happening—I desire that you shall go straightway to Madame Giraud and tell her exactly what you have heard, as though you had been a spectator of it. Only in that way will harmony be restored in our household. You will do that for me, m'sieu? You will not fail a friend? Ah, I thank you! A thousand times I thank you!

"What Seems to be the Trouble, M'sieu?" I Inquired Politely. "You Appear Agitated"

Eh bien! I had been down the street to purchase a bottle of paregoric for the twins, and was standing on a corner when who should come along but a young lady in a machine. Just as she arrived opposite me an expression of frozen horror mantled her flowerlike face and she leaned back, with all her lithe body taut, to put on the brakes. But the urchin on the crossing, for whose safety she had displayed such poignant concern, remained seemingly indifferent to his danger; in fact, he did not even deign to hurry, but placidly watched the car slide, with locked wheels, and then remarked:

"Don't get scared, lady. I won't hurt your little flivver."

The fair driver gave a gasp of relief and relaxed. And the engine promptly went dead. Yes, m'sieu; the machine bucked a couple of times, sighed, and then came to a stop.

"Damn!" said the charming creature, with the fervor of an ardent spirit, and proceeded reluctantly to alight.

Under the pretense of studying a display of hot-water bottles in a shop window, I delayed to watch. She stepped out into the roadway and walked round to the front of the car in order to crank it.

I now had ample opportunity to observe her. She was truly charming. Have you ever seen a young blue quail, m'sieu? It is an extremely beautiful bird, proud and alert and tender. The young lady reminded me of a blue quail. She was of medium height and plump, but adorably so; her skin was of a delicate freshness; she had long brown lashes, and deep blue eyes that seemed ever to beckon. Her nose was delightfully short and retroussé, and the sheen of her hair was like sunlight on bronze.

Eh bien! The adorable young thing moved slowly to the front of the car, where she paused to powder her nose. Then she glanced up and down the street with a hopeful and expectant air, meantime trifling with the crank.

I could feel that she was keenly alive to my presence. It would have been strange indeed were she not.

Though my duty as a married man and the father of two noble boys prompts me to maintain a studious indifference to feminine charms, I could not be blind to either the lure of her features or the grace of her form. The dress she wore set it off to perfection. It was of blue serge, and yellow China silk with a dragon in it; and on top of her head was a small yellow hat.

She took hold of the crank then, with a daintily gloved hand, and gave a half-hearted turn. Of course there was no response, inasmuch as the lady had completed about an eighth of one revolution.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured with a bewildering pout.

At this opportune moment a gentleman came bowling along in a big touring car.

"How do you do, Mr. Moore?" she exclaimed, bowing eagerly.

To my stupefaction he ignored her. I am positive, m'sieu, that he saw the lady; but for some mysterious reason he chose to pretend that he did not. Instead of responding, he affected to be busy in an inspection of his air pump, and went whirling past without so much as a glance.

The enchanting creature watched him out of sight with a peculiar gleam in her starry eyes. Then she bent down and made a feeble attempt to spin the crank. It was so faint that I was moved to pity. Evidently she was little accustomed to such heavy tasks.

"Pardon me, madame," I said, hastening forward with my best manner. "Could I be of any assistance to you?"

"Yes, you could," she admitted. "Thank you so much!"

Her voice was indescribably soft and appealing. It was more like a coo than human speech. Involuntarily I concealed the bottle of paregoric in an inside pocket of my coat. Somehow it seemed out of place.

"It is a pleasure to be of service," I replied gallantly, and grasped the crank.

Heavens! What a weight it was! The engine was so stiff, my friend, that it required my utmost strength to turn it over. As for spinning the thing, it was out of the question.

"A—new—car, is it—not, madame?" I panted.

"Sometimes it doesn't give so easily as others," she gayly confessed.

I tried again.

"This, unfortunately," I remarked, "is one of the times."

As she did not answer, I resumed the task. I pulled and tugged and heaved; the result was a few slow revolutions of the implement. Then suddenly it gave easily to my hand, and I spun with right good will. M'sieu, I might have spared myself the effort. There was not the faintest pop—not even a gurgle.

"You have no gasoline," I said, straightening my cramped back.

"I bought five gallons just an hour ago!"

Satisfied on this point, I took a deep breath and grappled with the devilish contrivance again. It had limbered up considerably. I whirled and whirled the crank until my arm ached.

"Is your spark right? And the throttle?" I inquired.

She seemed to resent my tone.

"Take a look and see for yourself," she suggested; and I found that both were as they should be.

Several persons now arrived from nowhere in particular and gathered round us. You are a busy nation, m'sieu, but I have noticed there are always people with ample time to watch a breakdown, or a new building in course of construction, or a gentleman in a shop window, whittling rocks with a razor.

They eyed my efforts with a lively interest, nobody saying a word. And I went on cranking. At last I could stand it no longer. My head was reeling.

"Madame," I said, stopping for breath, "did M'sieu Moore—the gentleman who went by a few minutes ago—did he ever have occasion to start this car?"

"Only once. Why?"

And then, in a flash, the explanation of his conduct was revealed to me. The scoundrel had pretended not to see her on purpose.

"It must be so nice to be a man," she cooed. "They're so strong!"

Her words stimulated me to renewed courage. Never shall it be said of Henri Giraud that he was deaf to a woman's plea. Turning sternly on the machine again, I seized the crank in an iron grasp and spun it with the fury of despair.

There was a muffled explosion and the car started forward, knocking me down. The spectators scattered in all directions, but not rapidly enough to prevent the fender from grazing an individual who had been sweeping the pavement with a broom and a pan. I am positive, m'sieu, that it did no more than touch his leg. Yet guess what the unprincipled rascal subsequently did! He entered suit against me for nineteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents damages, alleging that my wanton carelessness had been responsible for serious injury to him. Also, a lady, who was present out of curiosity, filed a claim for one thousand dollars, for nervous shock sustained in being a witness of the accident.

Luckily for all concerned, the engine quickly stopped. Yes; a few snorts and it grew silent again, the car bringing up against the curb.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" cried the beautiful owner. "I must have forgotten and left it in gear. You have to be so careful about these things."

While I was dusting my clothes and endeavoring to put as cheerful a countenance on the situation as I could contrive, a person with a notebook moved about among the bystanders, taking names and addresses. He demanded mine and obtained it.

"What," I inquired, "is the purpose of all this?"

"I am acting for the injured party," was the brisk reply; and he went on collecting witnesses.

At the moment I was totally ignorant of the significance of his words, m'sieu, else I would have assuredly taken prompt action to dispossess him of his memoranda. Had I suspected in the slightest degree, I would have fallen upon the fellow in righteous wrath and given him the chastisement his conduct so richly merited, thereby obtaining a measure of recompense for the money it cost me later. However, I did not know; and so I said nothing.

Blissfully unaware of his perfidious intent, my whole concern was for the lovely creature who owned the flivver. She seemed now almost overcome with despair, and drooped like a broken lily.

"I guess we'll have to let the darn thing stay where it is," she said. "This is one of its bad days, and there's no use in fooling with it."

But she did not know Henri Giraud! Opposition and difficulties serve only to whet my fighting spirit. It might humiliate me—it might even lay me prostrate—but no flivver on earth could conquer my invincible determination. I gritted my teeth and advanced upon it once more.

"Do be careful!" she entreated. "I'm so afraid for you."

The tone, the look in her eyes, set my blood to racing. Impervious though I am to such things, there could be no mistaking the note in her voice. I would not go so far as to assert that it was yearning, but certainly it manifested

a warm interest in my welfare. And that is reward enough for a gallant man.

With confidence restored I took hold with both hands and whirled the crank. It kicked with tremendous power and had I not sprung backward in the nick of time must have broken my arm.

"I swan!" ejaculated a young lady in the crowd who was industriously chewing gum. "That's the meanest one I ever did see."

Suggestions as to what I should do now came thick and fast. Apparently the spectators were unanimously of opinion that the flivver belonged to me and that the lady was my wife, though some of the older and more thoughtful seemed frankly puzzled by the courtesy with which I treated her.

In the forefront, clinging tenaciously to his position through every shift of the throng, was a colored boy of about six years of age.

"Boss, I got a idea, sure enough!" he whispered hoarsely.

The chance of a respite was too attractive to be overlooked, for I was rapidly tiring, m'sieu.

"Let us have it, by all means."

"When our ol' Jinnie mule does us this way," he piped, "Pa up and lights a fire under her, and then she goes fine! Maybe that would start her, boss"

"It would be apt to start something," I conceded, and bestowed a nickel on him for his manifest desire to be of assistance.

Then I walked all round the flivver for the twentieth time, the crowd at my elbow. They peered into the engine when I did; they stooped to peep underneath when I did. In the midst of our reconnoitering I heard the blast of a siren, and here came M'sieu Sam Field in his new roadster. He pulled up in front of us.

"Why, Henree," he cried in astonishment, "what're you doing here? Oh, I see! Maybe I'd better move along—what? Naughty! Naughty!"

His arrival, and especially his cynical air, vexed me to a degree.

"Not at all, my friend," I assured him crisply. "Nothing could be more fortunate. A lady has had the misfortune to break down, and you can aid me in getting her off again."

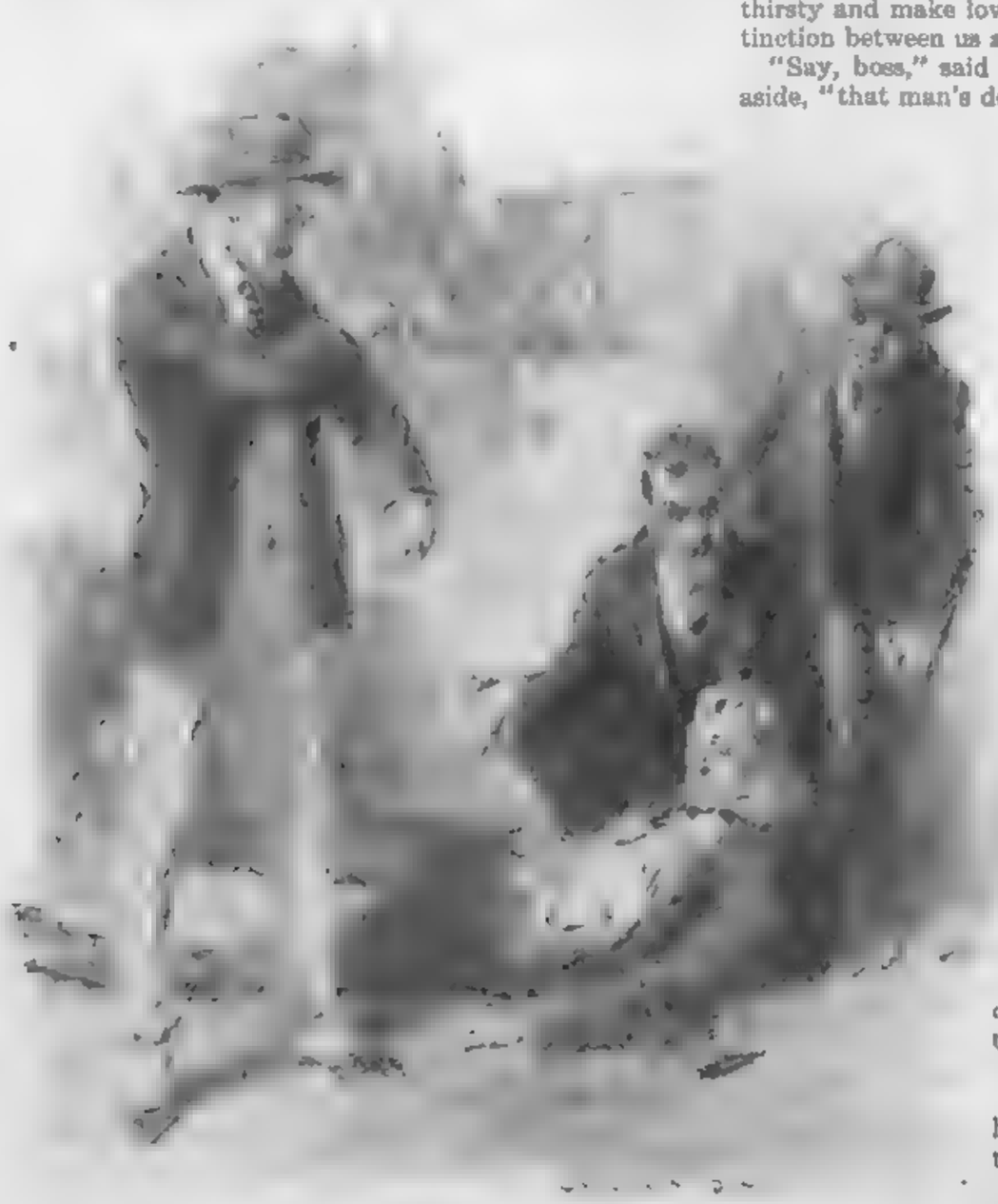
"The original little fixer!" he exclaimed, alighting leisurely. "Always on the job!" Approaching closer, he added in a lower key:

"I got to hand it to you, Ol' Settler! As a poultry fancier ——"

"Enough, m'sieu!" I returned, nettled at the sinister import of his words. "If you desire to help, do so without further joking. Wits have a place in good society, doubtless—but it is the lowest."

Probably the reproof was far over his head, because he did not resent it, but strode to the machine and pushed me aside.

"Got a balky Lizzie, hey? Here," he said in a loud voice and with a killing glance toward madame, "let a man try it."



"Charlie's Knocked Off Work for the Day!" Said the Druggist. "Some Wallop! Believe Me!"

The implication was humiliating, to say the least; but I reflected that I should soon be amply avenged, and accordingly stood aside without protest. M'sieu Field grabbed the crank, braced himself with his feet wide apart, and gave a heave that shook a grunt out of him; but the Lizzie, my friend, did not grunt. It remained passive under his mightiest assault. He took hold again and spun the thing with the velocity of a flywheel. All to no avail; there was not the slightest indication of movement. Perceiving which, M'sieu Sam paused and mopped his brow.

"This one's a female," he announced with conviction.

"A female!" I echoed. "What do you mean, m'sieu?"

"Sure Mike! Didn't you know that? They've males and females in this species. You can tell 'em by their dispositions."

Of course I was aware that he but jested; still, the notion was decidedly diverting.

He now turned and inquired of the drug-store proprietor, who had come out to the sidewalk:

"Got any highlife? No? Then I'll have to take a shot in the arm. This is no job for an invalid."

All the while he was grinning amiably at madame; and madame, I regret to say, m'sieu, was not indifferent to him. Probably she could not help smiling. M'sieu Field's appearance is sufficiently ludicrous, and he can assume a naïveté that disarms suspicion.

Perceiving, with the promptitude of his kind, that the lady was not displeased by these pleasantries, M'sieu Sam instantly took advantage of it. He advanced toward her, hat in hand, and said, with a sort of manly frankness:

"This is mighty hot work, isn't it? What do you say if we go in and get a chocolate ice-cream soda?"

"I'm just dying for one!" she assented. "And I feel so useless standing round here."

"Do you mind if I leave you?" she added, turning to me.

What could I say, m'sieu? She was smiling softly; and, after all, she could accomplish nothing by her presence. Consequently it only remained for me to accept the situation with good grace. So they went, babbling like two old friends just met after a long separation, and I was left alone to wrestle with the flivver.

It was like him. Without any principles of fair play, M'sieu Field was only living up to his character. I might have expected as much; and I could not help murmuring, as they disappeared inside the store:

"*Boire sans soif et faire l'amour à tout temps; il n'y a que ça qui nous distingue des autres bêtes*"—it is an old saying, but it fits the fellow, my friend—"We drink without being thirsty and make love at any time; that is the only distinction between us and the other animals."

"Say, boss," said the colored urchin in a confidential aside, "that man's done gone off wif your wife!"

Nothing would be served by assuring him he was mistaken, so I proceeded about my self-imposed task. It now loomed gigantic. Having baffled my utmost endeavors, the flivver stood supinely against the curb, with a look of quiet stubbornness on its face.

"Won't she start?" inquired a fellow just arrived to swell the crowd of onlookers. Dolt! Simpleton!

"If she would," I rejoined bitterly, "why should I be here, sir, instead of at home with my family? Do you suppose I am engaged in this exercise for pleasure? Your query is ill-timed."

"Well, I was only askin'! So you needn't roar. Why don't you jack up the hind wheels? Sometimes you can coax 'em that way."

It was about the hundredth suggestion that had been advanced, none of which had proved of the least value. Still, there could be no harm in trying. When a man is desperate he will grasp at any chance. Aided by a couple of zealous volunteers, I jacked up the hind wheels.

"Still, she doesn't start," I said.

"Of course not! You can't make her go by just lookin' at her! Give that wheel a spin."

This was more easily said than done. The only method by which it could be accomplished was by standing on

"Are You Aware, Madame, That Your Companion is Married?"

a spoke and imparting a vigorous shove, a feat attended by considerable peril, as I speedily ascertained.

Indeed, had it not been for the friendly arms of the bystanders I must inevitably have been propelled across the sidewalk and possibly through a shop window; for the treacherous Lizzie, m'sieu, did not appreciate our excellent intentions. No sooner did she feel the pressure than she back-fired, and the whir of the wheel hurled me through the air.

"She'll do that now and agin," remarked the fellow who had incited me to it. "Better luck next time. All you got to do is keep your eye peeled and jump when you feel it's coming."

But I was firm.

"There'll be no next time, sir," I told him. "If that is the only way to persuade this accursed contrivance to perform its functions somebody else may try his hand. I have had enough!"

"Shucks! You ain't quittin', are you? You surely don't aim to go home and leave a one-candle-power flivver git the best of you?"

Deaf to his insidious argument, I now bethought me of the duty the fair owner owed in this crisis. I could see her through the window of the drug store, comfortably seated opposite M'sieu Field at a table. The spectacle stung me to rage.

Why should they remain in happy communion while I toiled and perspired in her service?

Abandoning the crowd, I entered the store. So engrossed were both in their conversation that neither noticed my approach until I stood over them. M'sieu Sam was leaning forward in the act of telling a story, and the captivating owner of the flivver held a handkerchief to her mouth, half convulsed with enjoyment.

"Pardon me," I cut in sternly, "but I have an idea."

M'sieu Field broke off his narrative as though thunderstruck.

"Anything gone wrong, Henree?" he inquired anxiously.

"No, my friend. But it has occurred to me that this lady can easily obviate a repetition of this painful experience."

"How?" she inquired.

"If you would use a limousine, madame, instead of the flivver outside, you would be spared the trouble and risk you have run this morning."

It required a minute or two for my idea to sink in, but when it did I could see she was impressed.

"Do you think so?" she asked seriously.

"I am positive of it, madame. M'sieu Sam here will tell you the same. We both own such machines, and our drivers have never been tormented by the maddening obstinacy your car has displayed. Is it not the truth, m'sieu?"

"Surest thing you know, Henree! The only thing that occurs to me is, Which of us shall give Bertine this limousine?"

"Bertine!" I repeated, no little amazed.

"Sam, you're a case!" giggled madame. "Just because I told you my name is no reason you should use it. I'll never tell you another thing!"

Here was a fine state of affairs! Sam! Bertine! And they had known each other about ten minutes! I leaned forward and asked, slowly and distinctly:

"Are you aware, madame, that your companion is married?"

"I haven't got anything on the rest of you, at that!" cried M'sieu Field with a derisive chuckle.

Madame blushed prettily.

"Now don't get mad!" she pleaded. "What's the matter with you anyhow, Henree? Sit down and be clubby."

"The car is not yet going."

"Well, let it wait a while."

"Sure!" agreed M'sieu Field heartily. "Let the bunch outside do the worrying."

But I was not to be beguiled.

"If you have no immediate need of me, then, madame," I replied with dignity, "I'll bid you adieu."

"Got to hike home with the paregoric?" guffawed M'sieu Field, and his beautiful companion went into a paroxysm.

For some reason the thrust angered me out of all proportion to its insolence. Why, I cannot explain, since it was an explicit statement of my purpose; but somehow, m'sieu, I resented his dragging my family affairs into the conversation.

"He will have his little joke, madame. *Eh bien!* I must be going. Perhaps M'sieu Field will come to the rescue when you wish to start."

She got halfway out of her chair in dismay.

"Oh, please don't leave me all alone!" she begged. "You're the only one I can rely on; and if you go I just know I'll be stalled here all day."

I could not repress a look of triumph at M'sieu Sam. She had urged me to remain; she had plainly stated that my departure would leave her alone and helpless! It was a stab at him; but so thick was the fellow's hide that he did not even wince. No, my friend; M'sieu Sam grinned good-naturedly and pulled out a cigar.

At this juncture a hulking person issued from the crowd engaged in tinkering with the flivver and shoved his head inside the doorway.

"Say!" he boomed. "Who owns this roadster out here?"

"I do, Pansy," responded M'sieu Field. "Why?"

"Because we want you to come out and give us a pull. Get me? Hitch on and drag me a little ways. Maybe if I throw her in gear she'll start."

Though abandoning such agreeable company cost him a woeful pang, M'sieu Field could not well refuse; and so he followed him reluctantly into the street.

No sooner had he turned his back than the beautiful Bertine motioned me to the vacant chair.

"I'm so glad he's gone!" she whispered with a sigh of relief. "Now we can talk. Mr. Sam's a dear old man, but ——"

"But when you've said that, you've said everything—eh, madame?"

She did not deny it, and greatly encouraged by so propitious a start I accepted the proffered seat.

"Ah, madame," I went on meaningly, "the young sometimes flatter old people, but they never love them. Is it not so? And then, his figure—his embonpoint!"

"I never thought of it like that. You mean—below his chest? I got you, Henree! Sam's a little too far forward—that's a fact. Sort of Gothic style."

The proprietor now interposed by thrusting his long arm between us to remove the empty glasses. His mien was surly in the extreme. Had he been the lady's accepted lover, my friend, he could not have regarded me with more menace.

"What'll you have?" he growled.

"The same," answered madame. "And don't be so stingy with it next time, Mister Kern."

"There's worse things than bein' stingy, Miz Thomas!" he retorted with a highly significant glance. "If some people was a little bit stingier it'd be better for 'em—better for everybody, ma'am."

And with this dark statement he stalked away to prepare the drinks.

"What does he mean?" I asked.

"Search me!" said madame with a careless shrug. "He always was a sorehead. He's one of those guys who don't know what it is to live and let live. He sure had his nerve too. The idea of him saying that!"

I could see that the druggist's remark had some special application that distressed her, but I was very far from guessing the truth. Had I done so—had I suspected for an instant what his attitude denoted—I would then and there have taken my departure. Yes, my friend; Henri Giraud is no coward, but neither is he foolish enough to place his neck in the noose.

All unsuspecting I moved my chair a trifle nearer that of madame in order that we should not be overheard.

"Now that the ogre has gone we can be cheerful again," I whispered. "Who is this fellow, madame? His face displeases me. I do not like it at all."

"Oh, he's just a friend of the family. Let's talk about something else."

"With all my heart! What shall it be?"

"Was you in earnest when you said that about my getting a limousine? Did you really mean it?"

"Most assuredly I did. You would never be bothered again, I give you my word."

"Oh, I'm So Sorry!" Cried the Beautiful Owner. "I Must Have Forgotten and Left It in Gear"

"Yes; but ——"

"You want one, do you not, madame? Think how much more comfortable you would be."

"Say, are you trying to kid me? Of course I want one! I want a million things. But it isn't what you want in this world; it's what you get."

"Indeed! Explain yourself. I don't understand."

"Usually you get what you don't want. Ain't it so? A woman never gets the kind of man she wants for a husband, for one thing. She may like him, but the sort she picked out in her mind is always a million miles different from the boob she ties to."

Imagine my consternation, m'sieu, on hearing such words fall from sweetly curving lips! I was inexpressibly shocked. However, I held my peace.

"Take poor old Uncle Andy," continued my charming companion. "If ever anybody proved my argument it was Uncle Andy."

"What did Uncle Andy do?" I inquired with no small interest.

"Why, all his life Uncle Andy liked to take it easy. He hated to see many people; and he was terrible fond of going slow—always said to go slow was to be sure. So he up and moved to Boston."

"And what befell him there?"

"Why, when he died," she said, "they went and give him a great big funeral; and the whole procession was pinched on the way to the cemetery for speeding. Yes, sir; it's a fact! Forty miles an hour they were going."

"Extraordinary! Pray proceed, madame."

But before she could impart more of the sad life history of Uncle Andy, the door of the drug shop flew open with a bang and a square-built man of about thirty years strode in. No sooner did he descry the newcomer than the proprietor ran from behind the soda fountain and endeavored to arrest his progress.

"Now, Charlie," he begged—"not here! Go outside! If you start a fight here it'll hurt my business."

"Leave me go, Rance! Turn me loose, I tell you!" the other shouted, making violent efforts to free himself.

Judge of my dismay, m'sieu, on hearing these words! And mingled with it was a vague presentiment of impending trouble. I did not know the person at all; but a threat was revealed in every line of him, and intuition told me that it was directed toward us.

Had I doubted it madame's alarm would have quickly dispelled every delusion. She rose abruptly from her chair, staring at the intruder with terror written on every lineament.

"Charlie!" she exclaimed. "Charlie!"

And then I guessed the awful truth: it was the indignant husband!

Yet I flatter myself, m'sieu, that Henri Giraud did not quail in the crisis. If ever I had need of the sang-froid that is the hallmark of the brave man in danger, it was now. It is true that this Charlie's demeanor was terrifying, but I permitted no qualms to show on the surface. No; he struggled in the firm grasp of the druggist, his eyes bulging and his horny fists clenched, but if he thought to awe Henri Giraud he was very much deluded. I smiled encouragingly at madame, as though to assure her there was no cause for fear, and advanced boldly toward him.

"What seems to be the trouble, m'sieu?" I inquired politely. "You appear agitated."

"I'll show you what the trouble is!" he bellowed. "Leave me go, Rance, so I can soak him one."

Aha! His motive was plain. He had me in mind; there could be no doubt of it.

"You are vexed with me, m'sieu? What is wrong? In what way have I offended you?"

He answered in a furious roar:

"You'll flirt with my wife, will you? I'll show you! I'll learn you whether you can break up my home or not!"

"Flirt with your wife? Break up your home? M'sieu, this is absurd. I have no such intention. I have a home of my own. You have been grossly misinformed. And as for your wife, I never saw the lady until this morning."

"Worse and more of it!" he cried, flinging the druggist from him. And with that he advanced threateningly upon me. It was patent that he planned to deliver a *coup de poing;* and I instantly put myself in a posture of defense. Yes, my friend; it is a source of gratification and pride to me that I did not falter in that supreme moment. It is true that a tremor in my lower limbs apprised me of a desire on their part to cease their functions. But it was not fear, m'sieu—I can see that now very clearly; rather was it an excess of courage, arising from a lively sense of the perils into which my daring spirit was about to hurry me. For I did not give ground an inch. My intrepid spirit prevailed and I set myself for the shock.

M'sieu Charlie covered the space between us in one jump and, emitting a hoarse cry, swung his powerful arm in a wide semicircle, aiming a blow of the fist at my head. But he little knew his antagonist if he calculated on my remaining tamely on the spot to receive it. I leaped back from his onslaught with the agility of an athlete. The stratagem, however, brought me into violent collision with a chair, and I fell prone on the floor.

My enemy let out a cry of triumph.

My predicament was now desperate. But in this emergency I received unexpected succor. The fearless Bertine rushed in between us, and throwing both arms round her angry mate besought him to be calm, to listen to reason, to remember he was a gentleman and cut out the roughhouse.

He would not listen to her pitiful plea. The brutal fellow, maddened by his fancied injuries, tore away the clinging embrace and pushed her from him.

(Concluded on Page 47)

PROTECTING AMERICA FROM ESPIONAGE—By Melville Davisson Post

A NATION of divided powers cannot act with the swiftness and secrecy of a central despotism. A republic is not the equal of an empire as a fighting device. Its scattered authority must be solidified. France is the example.

In order to give their republic the efficiency of the German Empire the whole people were willing, for the period of the war, to centralize the civil authority and to deny themselves the large democratic privileges to which they had been accustomed.

In the face of a war situation the divided authority of a democracy ought to be temporarily put together. In the American Republic this authority must be assembled in the President. We must trust somebody to act with swiftness and secrecy. And we must give him the same authority over the internal affairs of the nation that he has over its naval and military activities.

Looking to this end, the Administration has asked the Congress to enlarge the powers of the President in order to permit him to protect the country against the perils of espionage.

This authority in some of its features seems inconsistent with the ideals and traditional liberties of a republic. But it is the part of no wisdom to be slowly pressed into an unavoidable position by disaster. If we have a war to meet we may as well do in the beginning what we must inevitably do in the end—clothe the Executive with full authority to meet the situation.

The secret agents of the Department of Justice believe the country to be sown over with alien spies. The Department has sufficient information to enable it to make a rough estimate of at least one hundred thousand persons who might, in case of war, prove actively dangerous to the public safety.

Against this menace the Executive must be equipped with authority enough to enable him to use the safeguards that the experience of England and France has shown to be imperative. A modern war, it seems, cannot be fought except under a censorship system, rigid and autocratic. The government not only must have sufficient authority to censor every communication going in or out of the country and through the medium of the post office, but it must be able to say what shall and shall not be published with respect to the national defense.

No authority less than this is sufficient.

Any less authority would merely mean temporizing with a dangerous factor, which must be presently met with decision. France learned this lesson in the Franco-Prussian War. At a critical time a newspaper in Paris printed an article showing that the division of the army under Marshal MacMahon had changed its line of march. The information contained in this article was telegraphed to London and was there printed. It came to the attention of the German ambassador, who at once telegraphed it to the German authorities. It is said that this information enabled Von Moltke to undertake a military maneuver that finally resulted in the surrender of the MacMahon Division.

The French authorities in the present war did not propose to be endangered by this menace. The war correspondent was eliminated and the newspapers were restricted to the publication of authorized statements.

Penalties for Spies

WITH the large liberty of expression to which we are accustomed in this country, we should greatly feel so rigid a censorship; but if it should be deemed necessary for the public safety the President ought to have the authority to enforce it. The Congress has been asked for authority in the following terms:

"Whoever in time of war, in violation of regulations to be prescribed by the President, which he is hereby authorized to make and promulgate, shall collect, record, publish or communicate, or attempt to elicit any information with respect to the movement, numbers, description, condition or disposition of any of the armed forces, ships, aeroplanes or war materials of the United States, or with respect to the plans or conduct, or supposed plans or conduct of any naval or military operations, or with respect to any works or measures undertaken for or connected with or intended for the fortification or defense of any place, or any other information relating to the public defense or calculated to be or which might be useful to the enemy, shall be punished by a fine of not more than ten thousand dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than three years, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

It will be seen that such a law gives the President of the United States authority to control what should be published with respect to war operations, precisely as the French Government has found it necessary to do.

The American Government has also recognized that, with the great number of resident alien spies scattered over the country, there will be an organized effort to influence public sentiment and to embarrass the nation in its foreign policy. The Congress has been asked for authority to deal with this situation as follows:

"Whoever, in time of war, shall by any means or in any manner spread or make reports or statements, or convey any information, with intent to cause disaffection in or to interfere with the operations or success of the military or naval forces of the United States, or shall willfully spread or make false reports or statements, or convey any false information calculated to cause such disaffection or interference, shall be punished by a fine of not more than ten thousand dollars, and by imprisonment for life or any period less than thirty years."

It must be recognized that we are not dealing with antiquated spy methods. Both France and England warn us that it is a prime factor in the German foreign policy to build up internal resistance, through domestic channels, in countries hostile to it. There must be adequate authority in a nation at controversy with the German Empire to deal with internal propaganda designed to embarrass it in its foreign policy.

An Astonishing Prohibition

AT THE very opening of hostilities the English Government found it necessary to establish both a cable and postal censorship in order to deal with correspondence intended for Germany and Austria. This censorship was almost immediately extended to cover correspondence with neutral countries.

It may be proper to point out, as significant to us, that the whole elaborate censorship system of Great Britain was found practically useless so far as it was intended to prevent communications by alien resident enemies acting as spies in England. The system weeded out all the indiscretions of the people, but it was of little service against the resident alien system of espionage. The Home Office practically admitted this significant fact.

"It has not," it said, "except in a few instances, produced material for the detection of espionage."

The reason is apparent.

All spy messages now sent under the resident alien system are made to resemble private and business communications so closely that no censorship would be effective against them unless it practically closed the mails and cables to the whole people.

The American Government must be made to comprehend this important fact.

From one provision of the espionage bill, as introduced in the Senate, it seems evident that the modern system of spy communication is not entirely realized by the authorities. The bill prohibits the sending by post, or otherwise, any letter or other document containing any matter written in any medium that is not visible unless subjected to heat, chemicals, or some other treatment.

This paragraph fills one with astonishment.

To undertake to protect the country against the secret communications of resident alien spies by this provision is like undertaking to protect our coast with the cannon of 1776. No modern espionage system contemplates the antiquated devices against which this provision is directed. Writings in invisible mediums are the spy devices of our grandfathers. They belong with the flintlock and the ox wagon. The writer has already called the attention of the country to modern spy methods, and especially modern spy ciphers, in more than one article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Jules Lanoir, in France, pointed out how these secret communications are always written to resemble the ordinary personal or business letter, or telegram, and the cases of Lody and Ernest, tried in England, disclosed the same fact to the British Government. Lody endeavored to notify the German Government that the British Fleet would leave the Firth of Forth in four days by the following cablegram, which he undertook to send from Edinburgh:

"Must cancel. Johnson very ill last four days. Shall leave shortly."

Lody was pretending to be an American; but he was, in fact, a spy for the German Government. He was directed to travel over England and to keep Germany informed about naval movements, especially about the loss of ships and what provisions the English Government was taking for the purpose of making good these naval losses. He was directed "not to spy round." He admitted at his trial that his "principal instructions" were to remain in England until the first engagement had taken place between the two Powers and advise the German Government about the actual losses of the British Fleet. After that he would be permitted to return to America.

It is significant at this time for us to remember that Carl Hans Lody had married an American woman and had been accustomed to conduct tours for a transatlantic steamship line in America. He said that he tried to avoid this espionage commission for the German Government, but that he was pressed to do it. He was fitted out with the passport of Mr. Charles A. Inglis, an American. Mr. Inglis had left this passport with the American Embassy in Berlin for registration with the German Foreign Office, or some Department having that authority. After the passport was sent in by the American Embassy it was never heard of again until it turned up in England in possession of Lody.

It may also be useful to remember that Lody's innocent looking messages were sent to a man named Burchard, in Stockholm—that is to say, to an individual in a neutral country. If he had adhered to this precaution it is probable he would never have been apprehended. It was his great hurry to get the information about the British Fleet out of Edinburgh that caused his arrest. When he was taken into custody a copy of the Johnson telegram was found in his possession, together with full particulars of the British military losses in battle and the naval losses in the North Sea, and copies of four communications to Burchard in Stockholm.

All the communications that were sent out of England by resident alien enemies through the German Secret Service Headquarters, in Caledonia Road, under the naturalized foreigner, Carl Gustav Ernest, were wholly innocent on their faces.

If the American Government imagines that it will prevent the transmission of messages by resident alien spies by the provisions of the espionage bill, it will be decidedly misled. The spy communications going out of this country will likely follow the stencil cipher the writer explained in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of March tenth, or they will follow the innocent-appearing communications explained by Lanoir and brought out in England in the cases of Ernest and Lody.

Clever Pictorial Ciphers

IN ADDITION to this, all pictorial ciphers would circumvent such a law. Pictorial ciphers are legion. Gulls flying, in a water sketch of the sea; a tree in leaf or fruit; the bricks in a photograph of a house—and, in fact, almost any sort of picture—may be worked into a pictorial cipher. Everything connected with the cipher would be perfectly visible and so not come within this law. Stencil ciphers would evade it; and these ciphers are to-day among the most dangerous of devices employed by spy organizations. Codes after the plan of Heidel's cipher would escape this law. These ciphers are written in two paragraphs. The first paragraph contains the words of the secret message; and the second paragraph, by the relative position of a certain letter agreed on, indicates the words in the first paragraph that make up the secret message. Complete plans and maps of our defenses could be sent through the mails in the form of sketches, which would appear to be harmless landscapes, but which could be interpreted by an agreed code; as, for example, trees for batteries, clumps of bushes for fortifications, and the like.

The American Government is familiar with the fact that its passport regulations have been grossly taken advantage of. The Department of Justice is asking Congress for authority to require applications for passports to be under oath, and to authorize the Secretary of State, by regulation, to require proof by affidavit of such facts as he may deem desirable. It also asks that false statements in an application for a passport be considered as perjury, and that it be made criminal fraudulently to obtain, transfer or use a passport, and to alter or forge a passport already issued.

It can be seen that in time of war a dangerous resident alien spy, after having obtained the information he required, might be able to go out of the country to some neutral port by means of a false or fraudulent passport. It is also

certain that during the present European war there has been an active traffic in false American passports. English authorities say that some two hundred passports issued by the United States and Great Britain to their own subjects, when they were turned in to the German authorities in Berlin for registration, were never returned to their owners.

The German explanation in the Inglis case was that the passport had been mislaid. We have seen no statement of the American Government with respect to this matter. The British statement is: "It has come to the notice of the Foreign Secretary that some passports belonging to British subjects leaving Germany have been retained by the German authorities." Certain English authorities maintain that the German Government deliberately held these passports in order to furnish them to its foreign spies.

The Administration is asking Congress to give the President full authority over all wireless stations in the United States, and the right to censor wireless messages and cablegrams. The Radio Act of August 13, 1912, gave the President, in time of war or public peril or disaster, the right to close any station for radio communication, and to remove any radio apparatus; and the right to use any station or apparatus by any Department of the Government upon compensation to the owners.

It is from wireless stations that resident alien spies will undertake to communicate with enemy war craft; and here the American authorities would find themselves very much in the position of the English Government.

Wireless

AT THE opening of hostilities the British Postal Department, under the authority of the Wireless Telegraphy Act, set about to close all private wireless stations. Very great pains were taken along this line and everything in the nature of a wireless station was dismantled.

The military authorities had every reason to fear wireless communication with the enemy. When Russia was at war with Japan an enterprising London newspaper had fitted out a boat with a wireless system and sent it out to follow the movements of the fleets. The thing was so dangerous that the Russian authorities were compelled to seize the vessel and to inform neutral governments that any craft so fitted would be taken over as a prize of war, and newspaper correspondents found on it would be treated as spies.

These wireless stations that the English authorities were endeavoring to locate were often concealed with great ingenuity; hollow trees, abandoned factory chimneys, and so on, were used. In some instances old lofts were found strung with wires; private houses were fitted up. The police discovered that what had the appearance of being a wire mattress on an ordinary bed was a part of a wireless plant. Fixed wireless stations were readily located by a modern device with which an expert is able to get a pretty fair idea of the distance, direction and point of origin of any wireless message he receives.

But portable stations gave the government no end of trouble.

The German military authorities have invented a wireless system that can be carried about, packed into a limited space. This station can be mounted on a truck or motor car. Early in the war the English Government had good reason to believe that a motor car thus fitted out was being used by German agents in order to communicate with enemy submarines in the North Sea. The car was using the coast roads in the east and northeast districts. It was shown that the apparatus, when not in use, could be concealed within the body of the car, which would have no appearance other than that of an ordinary touring car of large size, not to be distinguished from any other on the road.

It was certain that, from some private wireless stations or by means of some portable station, resident spies in England were signaling the German submarines in the North Sea; in fact, the German fleet was kept informed of the limit and position of mine fields, and especially the exact location of buoys on the east coast. The English authorities were certain of this for the reason that when the Germans made their attack on Yarmouth their first shells fell short. This was explained upon the theory that the Germans had taken their range from the position of the buoys in the harbor. It happened that the day before the raid these buoys had been moved a mile farther out to sea.

It was also certain that the success with which German submarines made sudden raids in certain English harbors was entirely due to information signaled out to them by resident spies. It was thought that these signals were principally given by some radio device.

It is worth while to remember that some English authorities considered it a mistake to close all the private wireless stations. They believed that it would have been more advantageous to leave the private stations open, under proper supervision, when in the hands of reliable persons. These private stations would be of great advantage in detecting hostile messages and the messages of concealed enemy stations. This is a point that our authorities may do well to consider. However, the consensus of the best opinion in England was to close every wireless station and to permit the operation of no station that was not directly under government supervision.

The experience of the government since the opening of the European war has caused the Administration to ask for authority to meet spy activities in new and unexpected directions.

Vessels lying in American ports have been found to be a resort for persons acting in the service of belligerent nations. These vessels, being under foreign flags, cannot be effectively policed by American authorities. In the absence of a state of actual hostilities they are entitled to a certain immunity.

In time of war such vessels would undoubtedly become the chief headquarters for spy activities directed against the United States. Neutral vessels, entirely without the knowledge of neutral governments, might be active centers for such organizations. This would be especially true if the line were owned in part by individuals of the nation with which the United States was at war; or the vessel might be secretly purchased from its owners by resident alien spy organizations, or leased, or the like. One can readily see the advantage of such spy headquarters and the embarrassment and difficulty the government would have in dealing with it.

In anticipation of this peril the Administration asked the Congress to make it a crime to allow vessels in our ports to be used as a place of resort for persons conspiring or preparing the means to commit any violations of the laws of the United States. Such authority gives the government not only power to control such spy headquarters in time of war but also to protect its obligations as a neutral nation.

The country has been pretty well informed about the scope of resident alien activities on certain neutral vessels in our harbors, and it requires no imagination to realize how dangerous any neutral vessel might be if the government had not adequate power to prevent its being used as a center for spy activities.

The Administration is justified in the belief that, in case of war, it might be embarrassed by the activity of spies who pretended to be connected with the diplomatic or consular service of a foreign government. It was greatly hampered in dealing with certain officials credited to the German and Austrian Governments during the present war.

Helpless

IT FOUND itself compelled to request the deportation of a number of persons.

In addition to this, very frequently, when resident alien activities were disclosed the individuals arrested pretended to be connected with a foreign embassy, and pretended that their offices were related to a foreign embassy, and that documents seized in their possession could not be held as evidence in the courts of the United States. This put upon the government the necessity of an elaborate inquiry; and, if the pretensions proved to be false or doubtful, or could not be precisely established, the government seemed to be without an adequate remedy against the alien.

With this situation in view, the Administration has asked the Congress to make it a crime, within the jurisdiction of the United States, for any person falsely to assume or pretend to be a diplomat or consular or other official of a foreign government duly credited to the government

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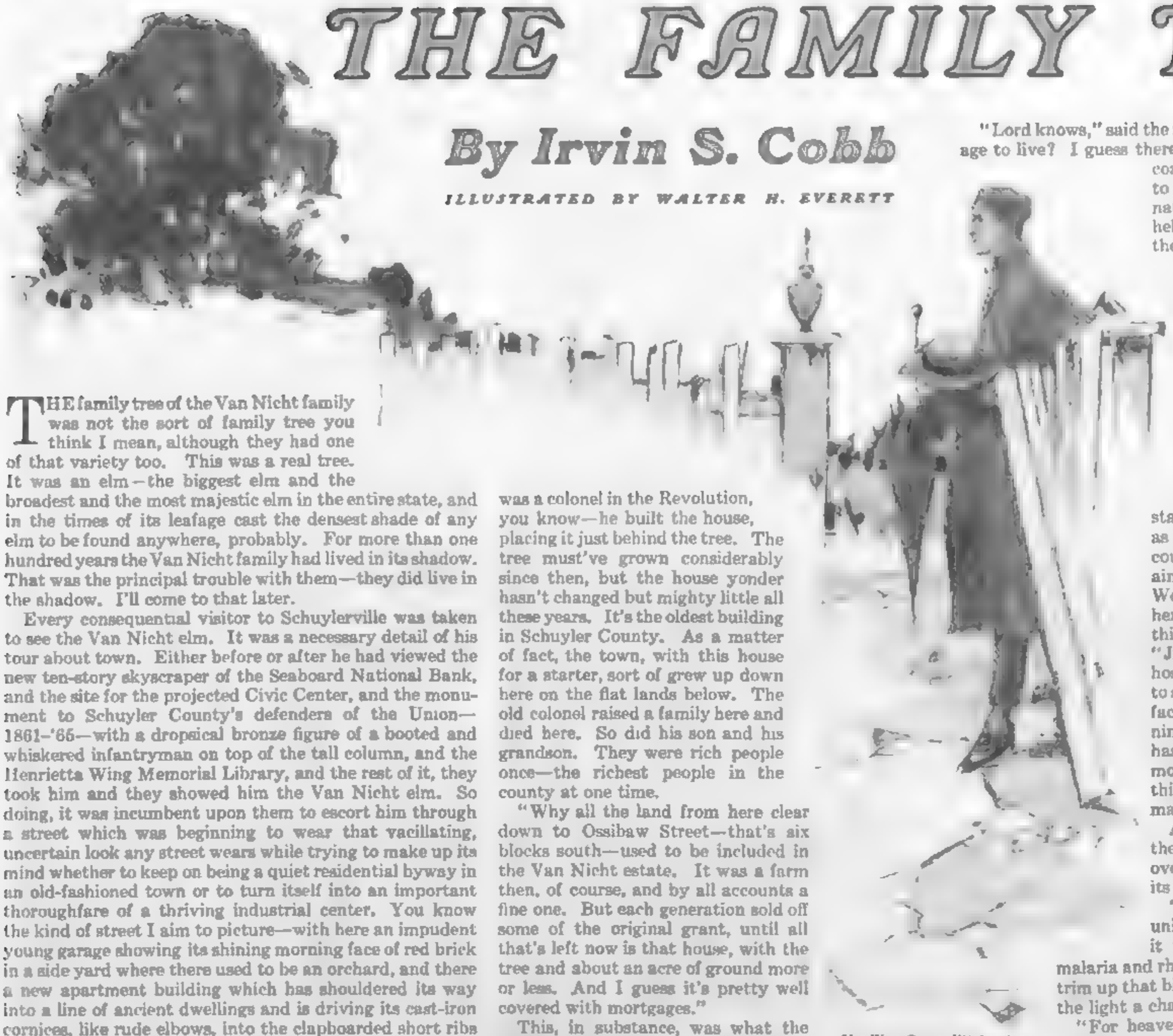
THE FAMILY TREE

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT



THE family tree of the Van Nicht family was not the sort of family tree you think I mean, although they had one of that variety too. This was a real tree. It was an elm—the biggest elm and the broadest and the most majestic elm in the entire state, and in the times of its leafage cast the densest shade of any elm to be found anywhere, probably. For more than one hundred years the Van Nicht family had lived in its shadow. That was the principal trouble with them—they did live in the shadow. I'll come to that later.

Every consequential visitor to Schuylerville was taken to see the Van Nicht elm. It was a necessary detail of his tour about town. Either before or after he had viewed the new ten-story skyscraper of the Seaboard National Bank, and the site for the projected Civic Center, and the monument to Schuyler County's defenders of the Union—1861–'65—with a dropsical bronze figure of a booted and whiskered infantryman on top of the tall column, and the Henrietta Wing Memorial Library, and the rest of it, they took him and they showed him the Van Nicht elm. So doing, it was incumbent upon them to escort him through a street which was beginning to wear that vacillating, uncertain look any street wears while trying to make up its mind whether to keep on being a quiet residential byway in an old-fashioned town or to turn itself into an important thoroughfare of a thriving industrial center. You know the kind of street I aim to picture—with here an impudent young garage showing its shining morning face of red brick in a side yard where there used to be an orchard, and there a new apartment building which has shouldered its way into a line of ancient dwellings and is driving its cast-iron cornices, like rude elbows, into the clapboarded short ribs of its neighbors upon either side.

At the far, upper end of that street, upon the poll of a gentle eminence, uplifted the Van Nicht elm. It was for sundry months of the year a splendid vast umbrella, green in the spring and summer and yellow in the fall; and in the winter presented itself against the sky line as a great skeleton shape, without a blemish upon it, except for a scar in the bark close down to the earth to show where once there might have been a fissure in its mighty bole. No grass, or at least mighty little grass, grew within the circle of its brandishing limbs. It was as though the roots of the tree sucked up all the nourishment that the soil might hold, leaving none for the humble grass to thrive upon.

It was in the winter that the house, which stood almost directly under the tree, was most clearly revealed as a square, ugly domicile of gray stone, a story and a half in height, lidded over by a hip roof of weathered shingles; with a deeply recessed front door, like a pursed and proper mouth, and, above it, a row of queer little longitudinal windows, half hidden below the overhang of the gables and suggesting so many slitted eyes peering out from beneath a lowering brow. You saw, too, the mold that had formed in streaky splotches upon the stonework of the walls and the green rime of age and dampness that had overspread the curled shingles and the peeling paint, turning to minute scales upon the woodwork of the window casings and the door frames. Also you saw one great crooked bough which stretched across the roof like a menacing black arm, forever threatening to descend and crush its rafters in. This was in winter; in summertime the leaves almost completely hid the house, so that one who halted outside the decrepit fence, with its snaggled and broken panels, must needs stoop low to perceive its outlines at all.

The carriage or the automobile bearing the prominent guest and the chairman of the local reception committee would halt at the end of the street.

"That," the chairman would say, pointing up grade, "is the Van Nicht elm. Possibly you've heard about it? Round here we call it the Van Nicht family tree. It is said to be the largest elm in this part of the country. In fact, I doubt whether there are any larger than this one, even up in New England. And that's the famous old Van Nicht homestead there, just back of it.

"It's got a history. When Colonel Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht came here right after the Revolutionary War he was a colonel in the Revolution, you know—he built the house, placing it just behind the tree. The tree must've grown considerably since then, but the house yonder hasn't changed but mighty little all these years. It's the oldest building in Schuyler County. As a matter of fact, the town, with this house for a starter, sort of grew up down here on the flat lands below. The old colonel raised a family here and died here. So did his son and his grandson. They were rich people once—the richest people in the county at one time.

"Why all the land from here clear down to Ossibaw Street—that's six blocks south—used to be included in the Van Nicht estate. It was a farm then, of course, and by all accounts a fine one. But each generation sold off some of the original grant, until all that's left now is that house, with the tree and about an acre of ground more or less. And I guess it's pretty well covered with mortgages."

This, in substance, was what the guide would tell the distinguished stranger. This, in substance, was what was told to young Olcott on the day after he arrived in Schuylerville to take over the editorial management of the Schuylerville News-Ledger. Mayor T. J. McGlynn was showing him the principal points of interest—so the mayor had put it, when he called that morning with his own car at the Hotel Brainard, where Olcott was stopping, and invited the young man to go for a tour of inspection of the city, as a sort of introductory and preparatory course in local education prior to his assuming his new duties.

While the worthy mayor was uttering his descriptive remarks Olcott bent his head and squinted past the thick shield of limbs and leaves. He saw that the door of the house, which was closed, somehow had the look of about always being closed, and that most of the windows were barred with thick shutters.

"Appears rather deserted, doesn't it?" said the newcomer, striving to show a proper appreciation of the courtesy that was being visited upon him. "There isn't anyone living there at present, is there?"

"Sure there is," said Mayor McGlynn. "Old Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th, who's the present head of the family, and his two old-maid sisters, Miss Rachael and Miss Harriet—they all live there together. Miss Rachael is considerably older than Miss Harriet, but they're both regular old maids—guess they always will be. The brother never married, either—couldn't find anybody good enough to share the name, I suppose. Anyhow he's never married. And besides I guess it keeps him pretty busy living up to the job of being the head of the oldest family in this end of the state. That's about all he ever has done."

"Then he isn't in any regular business or any profession?"

"Business!" Mayor McGlynn snorted. "I should say not! All any one of the Van Nichts has ever done since anybody can remember was just to keep on being a Van Nicht and upholding the traditions and the honors of the Van Nichts—and this one is like all his breed. The poorer he gets the more pompous and the more important acting he gets—that's the funny part of it."

"Apparently not a very lucrative calling, judging by the general aspect of the ancestral manor," said Olcott, who was beginning now to be interested. "How do they manage to live?"

She Was Gone, Without a Backward Look to Where He Stood, Puzzled and Decidedly Taken Aback

"Lord knows," said the mayor. "How do the sparrows manage to live? I guess there're times when they need a load of coal and a market basket full of victuals to help tide 'em over a hard spell, but naturally nobody would dare to offer to help them. They're proud as Lucifer themselves, and the town is kind of proud of 'em. They're institutions with us, as you might say."

McGlynn, who, as Olcott was to learn later, was a product of new industrial and new political conditions in the community, spoke with the half-begrudged admiration which the self-made so often have for the ancestor-made.

"We ain't got so very many of the real aristocrats in this section any more, what with all this new blood pouring in since our boom started up; and even if they are as poor as Job's turkey, these Van Nichts still count for a good deal round here. Money ain't everything anyway, is it? . . . Well, Mr. Olcott, if you've seen enough here, we'll turn round and go see something else." He addressed his chauffeur: "Jim, suppose you take us by the new hosiery mills next. I want Mr. Olcott to see one of the most prosperous manufacturing plants in the state. Employs nine hundred hands, Mr. Olcott, and hasn't been in operation but a little more than three years. That's the way this town is humping itself. You didn't make any mistake, coming here."

As the car swung about, Olcott gave the Van Nicht place a backward scrutiny over his shoulder and was impressed by its appearance into saying this:

"It strikes me as having a mighty unhealthy air about it. I'd say offhand it was a first-rate breeding spot for malaria and rheumatism. I wonder why they don't trim up that big old tree and give the sunshine and the light a chance to get in under it."

"For heaven's sake and your own, don't you suggest that to the old boy when you meet him," said McGlynn with a grin. "He'd as soon think of cutting off his own leg as to touch a leaf on the family tree. It's sacred to him. It represents all the glory of his breed and he venerates it, the same as some people venerate an altar in a church."

"Then you think I will be likely to meet him? I'd like to—from what you tell me, he must be rather a unique personality."

"Yes, he's all of that—unique, I mean. And you're pretty sure to meet him before you've been in town many months. He seems to regard it as his duty to call on certain people, after they've been here a given length of time, and extend to them the freedom of the town that his illustrious great-granddaddy founded. If you're specially lucky—or specially unlucky—he may even invite you to call on him, although that's an honor that doesn't come to very many, even among the older residents. The Van Nichts are mighty exclusive and it isn't often that anybody sees what the inside of their house looks like—let alone a stranger. . . . Say, Jim, after we've seen the hosiery mills, run us on out past the County Feeble-Minded and Insane Asylum. Mr. Olcott will enjoy that!"

Within a month's time from this time, Mayor McGlynn's prophecy was to come true. On a morning in the early part of the summer Olcott sat behind his desk in his office adjoining the city room on the second floor of the News-Ledger building, when his office boy announced a gentleman calling to see Mr. Olcott personally.

"See who it is, will you, please, Morgan?" said Olcott to his assistant. Morgan had arrived less than a week before, having been sent on by the syndicate which owned a chain of papers, the News-Ledger included, to serve under the new managing editor. The syndicate had a cheery little way of shuffling the cards at frequent intervals and dealing out fresh executives for the six or eight dailies under its control and ownership.

"I'm busy as the dickens," added Olcott as Morgan got up to obey; "so if it's a pest that's outside, give him the soft answer and steer him off!"

In a minute Morgan was back with a cryptic grin on his face.

"You'd better see him—he's worth seeing, all right," said Morgan.

"Who is it?" asked Olcott.

"It's somebody right out of a book," answered Morgan; "somebody giving the name of Something Something Van Nicht. I didn't catch all the first name—I was too busy sizing up its proprietor. Says he must see you privately and in person. I gather from his manner that if you don't see him this paper will never be quite the same again. And honestly, Olcott, he's worth seeing."

"I think I know who it is," said Olcott, "and I'll see him. Boy, show the gentleman in!"

"I'll go myself," said Morgan. "This is a thing that ought to be done in style."

Olcott reared back in his chair, waiting. The door opened and Morgan's voice was heard making formal and sonorous announcement: "Mr. Van Nicht." And Olcott, looking over his desk top, saw, framed in the doorway, a figure at once picturesque and pitiable.

The first thing, almost, to catch his eye was a broad black stock collar—the first stock collar Olcott had ever seen worn by a man in daytime. Above it was a long, close-shaven, old face, with a bloodless and unwholesome pallor to it, framed in long, white hair, and surmounted by a broad-brimmed, tall-crowned soft hat which had once been black and now was gangrenous with age. Below it a pair of sloping shoulders merging into a thin, meager body tightly cased in a rusty frock coat, and below the coat skirts in turn a pair of amazingly thin and rickety legs, ending in slender, well-polished boots with high heels. In an instantaneous appraisal of the queer figure Olcott comprehended these details and, in that same flicker of time, noted that the triangle of limp linen showing in the V of the close-buttoned lapels had a fragile, yellowish look like old ivory, that all the outer garments were threadbare and shiny in the seams, and that the stock collar was decayed to a greenish tinge along its edges. Although the weather was warm, the stranger wore a pair of gray cotton gloves.

"Good morning," said Olcott, mechanically putting a ceremonious and formal emphasis into the words and getting on his feet.

"Good morning, sir, to you," returned the visitor in a voice of surprising volume, considering that it issued from so slight a frame. "You are Mr. Olcott?"

"Yes, that's my name." And Olcott took a step forward, extending his hand.

"Mine, sir, is Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th." The speaker paused midway of the floor to remove one glove and to shift it and his cane to the left hand. Advancing, with a slight limp, he gave to Olcott a set of fingers that were dry and chilly and fleshless. Almost it was like clasping the articulated bones of a skeleton's hand.

"I have come personally, sir, to pay my respects and, as one representing the—ah—the old régime of our people, to bid you welcome to our midst."

"Thank you very much," said Olcott, a bit amused inwardly, and a bit impressed also by the air of moldy grandeur which the other diffused. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Van Nicht?"

"I shall be able to tarry but a short while." The big voice boomed out of the little dried-up body as the old man took the chair which Olcott had indicated. He took only part of it. He poised himself on the forward edge of its seat, holding his spine very erect and dramatizing his posture with a stiff and stately investiture.

Olcott caught himself telling himself Morgan had been right: This personage was not really flesh and blood, but something out of a book—an embodied bit of fiction. Why even his language had the stilted shaping of the characters in most of these old-timey classical novels.

"He wasn't really born at all," Olcott thought. "Dickens wrote him and then Cruikshank drew him and now here he is, miraculously preserved to posterity. But Charlotte Brontë endowed him with his conversation." What Olcott said—aloud—was something fatuous and commonplace touching on the state of the weather.

"I have yet other motives in presenting myself to-day, in this, your sanctum," stated Mr. Van Nicht. "First of all, I wish to congratulate you upon what to me appears to be a very gratifying stroke of journalistic enterprise which has come to light in the columns of your valued organ since your advent into the community and for which, therefore, I assume you are responsible."

"Well," said Olcott, "we try to get out a reasonably live sheet."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Van Nicht, "but I do not refer to the aspect of your news columns. I am speaking with reference to a feature lately appearing in your Sunday edition, in what I believe is known as your magazine section. I have observed that, beginning two weeks ago, you inaugurated a department devoted to the genealogies of divers of our older and more distinguished American families. As I recall, the subjects of your first two articles were the Adams family, of Massachusetts, and the Lee family, of Virginia. It may interest you to know, sir—I trust indeed that it may please you to know—that I, personally, am most highly pleased that you should seek to inculcate in the minds of our people, through the medium of your columns, a knowledge of those strains of blood to which our nation is particularly indebted for much of its culture, much of its social development, many of its gentler and more graceful influences. It is a most worthy movement indeed, a most commendable undertaking. I repeat, sir, that I congratulate you upon it."

"Thank you," said Olcott. "This coming Sunday we are going to run a yarn about the Gordon family, of Georgia, and after that I believe come the Clays, of Kentucky."

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Van Nicht. "The names you have mentioned are names that are permanently embalmed in the written annals of our national life. But may I ask, sir, whether you have taken any steps as yet to incorporate into your series an epitome of the achievements of the family of which I have the honor to be the head—the Van Nicht family?"

"Well, you see," explained Olcott apologetically, "these articles are not written here in the office. They are sent to us in proof sheets as a part of our regular feature service, and we run 'em just as they come to us. Probably—probably"—he hesitated a moment over the job of phrasing tactfully his white lie—"probably a story on your family genealogy will be coming along pretty soon."

"Doubtlessly so, doubtlessly so." The assent was guilelessly emphatic. "In any such symposium, in any such compendium, my family, beyond peradventure, will have its proper place in due season. Nevertheless, foreseeing that in the hands of a stranger the facts and the dates might unintentionally be confused or wrongly set down, I have taken upon myself the obligation of preparing an accurate account of the life and work of my illustrious, heroic and noble ancestor, Colonel Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, together with a more or less elaborate *résumé* of the lives of his descendants up to and including the present generation. This article is now completed. In fact I have it upon my person." Carefully he undid the top button of his coat and reached for an inner breast pocket. "I shall be most pleased to accord you my full permission for its insertion in an early issue of your publication." He spoke with the air of one bestowing a gift of great value.

Before Olcott's Eyes Rose a Vision of a Dried-Up, Bleak-Eyed Old Man Limping From Doorstep to Doorstep

Olcott's practiced eye appraised the probable length of the manuscript which this volunteer contributor was hauling forth from his bosom and, inside himself, Olcott groaned. There appeared to be a considerable number of sheets of foolscap, all closely written over in a fine, close hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Van Nicht, thank you very much," said Olcott, searching his soul for excuses. "But I'm afraid we aren't able to pay much for this sort of matter. What I mean to say is we are not in a position to invest very heavily in outside offerings. Er—you see most of our specials—in fact practically all of them except those written here in the office by the staff—come to us as part of a regular syndicate arrangement."

Here Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th, attained the physically impossible. He erected his spine straighter than before and stiffened his body a mite stiffer than it had been.

"Pray do not misunderstand me, sir," he stated solemnly.

"I crave no honorarium for this work. I expect none. I have considered it a duty incumbent upon me to prepare it, and I regard it as a pleasure to tender it to you, gratis."

"But—I'd like to be able to offer a little something anyway——"

"One moment, if you please! Kindly hear me out! With me, sir, this has been a labor of love. Moreover, I should look upon it as an impropriety to accept remuneration for such work. To me it would savor of the mercenary—would be as though I sought to capitalize into dollars and cents the reputation of my own people and my own stock. I trust you get my viewpoint?"

"Oh, yes, indeed"—Olcott was slightly flustered—"very creditable of you, I'm sure. Er—is it very long?"

"No longer than a proper appreciation of the topic demands." The old gentleman spoke with firmness. "Also you may rely absolutely upon the trustworthiness and the accuracy of all the facts, as herein recited. I had access to the papers left by my own revered grandfather, Judge Cecilius Van Nicht, 2d, son and namesake of the founder of our line, locally. I may tell you, too, that in preparing this compilation I was assisted by my sister, Miss Rachael Van Nicht, a lady of wide reading and no small degree of

intellectual attainment, although leading a life much aloof from the world—in fact, almost a cloistered life."

He arose, opened out the sheaf of folded sheets, pressed them flat with a caressing hand and laid them down in front of Olcott. He spoke now with authority, almost in the tone of a superior giving instructions regarding a delicate matter to an underling:

"I feel warranted in the assumption that you will not find it necessary to alter or curtail my statements in any particular. I have had some previous experience in literary endeavors. In all modesty I may say that I am no novice. A signed article from my pen, entitled The Influence of the Holland-Dutch Strain Upon American Public Life, From Peter Stuyvesant to Theodore Roosevelt, was published some years since in the New York Evening Post, afterward becoming the subject of editorial comment in the Springfield Republican, the Hartford Courant and the Boston Transcript. At present I am engaged in a brief history of one of our earlier presidents, the Honorable Martin Van Buren. I have the honor to bid you a very good day, sir."

Olcott ran the story in his next Sunday issue but one. It stretched the full length of two columns and invaded a third. It was tiresome and long-winded. It was as prosy as prosy could be. To make room for it a smartly done special on the commercial awakening of Schuyler County was crowded out. Olcott's judgment told him he did a sinful thing, but he ran it. He went further than that. Into the editorial page he slipped a paragraph directing attention to "Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht's timely and interesting article, appearing elsewhere in this number."

He had his reward, though, in the comments of sundry ones of his local subscribers. From these comments, made to him by letter and by word of mouth, he sensed something of the attitude of the community toward the Van Nicht family. As he figured, this sentiment was a compound of several things. It appeared to embody a gentle intolerance for the shell of social exclusiveness in which the present bearers of the name had walled themselves up, together with a sympathy for their poverty and their self-imposed state of lonely and neglected aloofness, and still further down, underlying these emotions and tincturing them, an understanding and an admiration for the importance of this old family as an old family—an admiration which was genuine and avowed on the part of some, and just as genuine but more or less reluctantly bestowed on the part of others. It was as Mayor McGlynn had informed Olcott on their first meeting. The Van Nichts were not so much individuals, having a share in the life of this thriving, striving, overgrown town, as they were historical fixtures and traditional assets. Collectively, they constituted something to be proud of and sorry for.

Soon, too, he had further reward. One afternoon a small and grimy boy invaded his room, without knocking, and laid a note upon his desk.

"Old guy downstairs, with long hair and a gimpy leg, handed me this yere and gimme fi' cents to fetch it up here to you," stated the messenger.

The note was from Mr. Van Nicht, as a glance at the superscription told Olcott before he opened the envelope. In formal terms Olcott was thanked for giving the writer's offering such prominence in the pages of his valuable paper and was invited, formally, to call upon the undersigned at his place of residence, in order that undersigned might more fully express to Mr. Olcott his sincere appreciation.

On the whole, Olcott was glad of the opportunity to view the inside of that gloomy old house under the big tree out at the end of Putnam Street. He wanted to see more of Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, and to see something of the other two dwellers beneath that ancient roof. Olcott had dreams of some day writing a novel; some day when he had the time. Most newspaper men do have such dreams; or else it is a play they are going to write. Meanwhile, pending the coming of that day, he was storing up material for it in his mind. Assuredly the bleached-out, pale, old recluse in the black stock would make copy. Probably his sisters would be types also, and they might make copy too. Olcott answered the note, accepting the invitation for that same evening.

It was a night of crystal-clear moonlight, and Olcott walked up Putnam Street through an alchemistic radiance which was like a path for a Puck to dance along. But the shimmering aisle broke off short, when he had turned in at the broken gate and had come to the edge of the shade of the Van Nicht elm. Under there the shadow lay so thick and dense that, as he groped through it to the small entry porch, finding the way by the feel of his feet upon the irregular, flagged walk, he had the conviction that he might reach out with his hands and gather up folds of the darkness in his arms, like ells of black velvet. The faint glow which came through a curtained front window of the unseen house was like a phosphorescent smear, plastered against a formless background, and only served to make the adjacent darkness darker still. If the moonlight yonder was a fit place for the fairies to trip it, this particular spot, he thought, must be reserved for ghosts to stalk in.

Fumbling with his hands, he searched out the heavy door knocker. Its resounding thump against its heel plate, as he dropped it back in place, made him jump. At once the door opened. Centered in the oblong of dulled light which came from an oil lamp burning upon a table, behind and within, appeared the slender, warped figure of Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th. With much ceremony the head of the house bowed the guest in past the portals.

Almost the first object to catch Olcott's eye, as he stepped in, was a portrait which, with its heavy frame, filled up a considerable portion of the wall space across the back breadth of the square hallway into which he had entered. Excepting for this picture and the table with the oil lamp upon it and a tall hat-tree, the hall was quite bare.

Plainly pleased that the younger man's attention had been caught by the painted square of canvas, Mr. Van Nicht promptly turned up the wick of the light, and then Olcott, looking closer, saw staring down at him the close-set black eyes and the heavy-jowled, foreign-looking face of an old man, dressed in such garb as we associate with our conceptions of Thomas Jefferson and the elder Adams.

"My famous forbear, sir," stated Olcott's host, with a great weight of vanity in his words, "the original bearer of the name which I, as his great-grandson, have the honor, likewise, of bearing. To me, sir, it has ever been a source of deep regret that there is no likeness extant depicting him in his uniform as a regimental commander in the Continental armies. If any such likeness existed, it was destroyed prior to the colonel's removal to this place, following the close of the struggle for Independence. This portrait was executed in the later years of the original's life—presumably about the year 1798, by order of his son, who was my grandfather. It was the son who enlarged this house, by the addition of a wing at the rear, and to him also we are indebted for the written records of his father's gallant performances on the field of honor, as well as for the accounts of his many worthy achievements in the lines of civic endeavor. Naturally this portrait and those records are our most precious possessions and our greatest heritages.

"The first Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht was by all accounts a great scholar but not a practiced scribe. The second of the name was both. Hence our great debt to him—a debt which I may say is one in which this community itself shares."

"I'm sure of it," said Olcott.

"And now, sir, if you will be so good, kindly step this way," said Mr. Van Nicht. "The light, I fear, is rather indifferent. This house has never been wired for electricity, nor was it ever equipped with gas pipes. I prefer to use lights more in keeping with its antiquity and its general character."

His tone indicated that he did not in the least hold with the vulgarized and common utilities of the present. He led the way diagonally across the hall to a side door and ushered Olcott into what evidently was the chief living room of the house. It was a large, square room, very badly lighted with candles. It was cluttered, as Olcott instantly perceived, with a jumble of dingy-appearing antique furnishings, and it contained two women who, at his appearance, rose from their seats upon either side of the wide and empty fireplace. Simultaneously his nose informed him that this room was heavy with a pent, dampish taint.

He decided that what it mainly needed was air and sunshine, and plenty of both.

"My two sisters," introduced Mr. Van Nicht. "Miss Rachael Van Nicht, Mr. Olcott. Miss Harriet Van Nicht, Mr. Olcott."

Neither of the two ladies offered her hand to him. They bowed primly, and Olcott bowed back and, already feeling almost as uncomfortable as though he had invaded the privacy of a family group of resident shades in their resident vault, he sat down in a musty-smelling armchair near the elder sister.

Considered as such, the conversation which followed was not unqualifiedly a success. The brother bore the burden of it, which meant that at once it took on a stiff and an unnatural and an artificial coloring. It was dead talk, stuffed with big words, and strung with wires. There were semioccasional interpolations by Olcott, who continued to feel most decidedly out of place. Once in a while Miss Rachael Van Nicht slid a brief remark into the grooves which her brother channeled out. Since he was called upon to say so little, Olcott was the better off for an opportunity to study this lady as he sat there.

His first look at her had told him she was of the same warp and texture as her brother; somewhat skimpier in the pattern, but identical in the fabric. Olcott decided though that there was this difference: If the brother had stepped out of Dickens, the sister had escaped from between the hasped lids of an old daguerreotype frame. Her plain frock of some harsh, dead-colored stuff—her best frock, his intuition told him—the big cameo pin at her throat, the homely arrangement of her gray hair, her hands, wasted and withered-looking as they lay on her lap, even her voice, which was lugubriously subdued and flat—all these things helped out the illusion. Of the other sister, sitting two-thirds of the way across the wide room from him, he saw but little and he heard less. The poor light, and the distance and the deep chair in which she had sunk herself, combined to blot her out as a personality and to efface her from the picture. She scarcely uttered a word.

"He Called It A Confession and an Apology, and I Ran It That Way"

(Continued on Page 85)

THE CHECHAKO WIFE

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. V. E. IVORY

A WILD winter gale drove great cracking surges through Shelikof Strait, but, with cautious quartering and steadying jib, Tom Brent's launch was plunging and rolling onward. Once the Aleut steersman yelled that they couldn't make it, with an hour still to the Point and the flood tide coming.

"Can do, I tell you, Sascha; the Point ain't an hour, it's dead ahead!" Tom Brent said from where he crouched by the engine. "Sick, Eve? She's a bad one, sweetheart, but this old wagon'll weather worse; say, hang to the stove and look through the port—ain't there lights to looard of us, dear?"

Eve Brent rose from a huddle of cargo, shudderingly breathed in gasoline exhaust, and, with desperate clutches, she climbed upon the ship stove and stared through a salty port. It was a moonless night, with squally half hours of snow. As the little craft dived and righted itself with a lurch, the stove door erupted wood ashes, and a leaking hatch sent water into the bilges, whence it streamed about sacks of mail and grub massed on the cabin floor.

Holding her whizzing head, Eve strove to see more than that faint whiteness, shoreward, which was the bleak volcanic Coast Range. Back of it was the Alaskan wilderness, where a few fur seekers traveled prolific trap lines, and a few prospectors, snugged in shacks along remote frozen rivers, slothfully awaited distant June. The launch slewed about and Eve was suddenly dislodged, missing the engine's flywheel by a desperate grab at the mast, as she gasped:

"Yes, light—oh, Tom, is that Niklik at last?"

"Got to be," said Tom, muttering at the engine. "Hold on, hon! We'll catch tide rips from the Point in a minute."

She clung to the mast as they rode tremendous combers into shoal water.

"Turn off the gas for me, hon! If she floods she won't start easy—get the anchors, Sascha—wonder if they see our lantern?"

Tom leaped for the stern hatch, slant-eyed Sascha hustling after him. Chains ground the side of the launch, and a deluge of water poured into the hatch as a wave broke over the bow; and, looking in, Tom called that the boys were coming with the dory. Eve stumbled up into blackness, a-slop to her shivering knees, confused by the voices crying out of the gloom. A boat struck the launch and a warm hand caught her cold fingers. Tom bade her jump in—Bill would look out for her. She went fearfully over the side, exclaiming as she glimpsed oars rising and waves like engulfing snakes running along the gunwales.

"Tom! I'm afraid of it!" she cried; but a big voice said:

"He's comin'; they got to unlash their skiff from the stern. I'm Bill Dixon, Eve—Tom's partner. What you mean by bringin' this weather, when it ought to be an elegant starlit night for the queen of this camp to arrive?"

"I'm scared most into a fit," Eve frankly quavered.

"Now, leddy, it iss yust anoder pull an' you got gravel under your liddle feets," said the other rower. "Ahoy, der beach! Bring der glim, you lubbers! Here we are, an' us got Mis' Brent!"

"Just so I land on solid ground," she said.

"Ketch holt my neck, then; water's too deep for you here," said Bill Dixon's deep tones; and she discovered that his hand came from the water, where he now stood, waves frothing about him.

He carried her easily, past a group with lanterns, out of the whistling wind and into a lighted, warmed brown tent.

"Well, girlie—glad you ain't a percissy!" he exclaimed. "Good-lookin', too, ain't you? Evelyn Brent, from the big Outside!"

"Git the Girl Out o' This," Said McGrath With a Snarl

"I'm not a what?" Grateful to be ashore, though the floor boards heaved under her, Eve laughed.

"Percissies are the picked too late or too sumpin—yella-faced, mean-chinned kind of females. I know you got the makin's of a good fella if you ain't one yet—with them brown eyes. We goin' to be pards too?"

"Of course," said Eve, putting out a hand. "I thought you were a great big man!"

"An' I turn out a runt. Should have stayed in the dark," said Bill, grinning at her with large solid white teeth; he had a laugh like a lively young pony. "Hey, le's git them fool thin shoes off—don't they never sell a woman nothin' fit to wear in wet? But here's fur moccasins—sit still! Head's singin', ain't it?"

"Oh, awful!" sighed Eve, and she lay back in the home-made moosehide chair into which he had thrust her.

Abruptly he observed the sickish hot flush on her round cheeks and, with a grin, lugged her to a blanketed bunk.

"Git your corset loose an' lay still!"

"Oh, this is better," she sighed gratefully when her racked body found the hollow of the moss-filled moosehide bunk. "I don't often give way, Mr. Bill. I keep on, no matter how I feel."

She began to fluff out glinty chestnut hair, while he spread a caribou robe partly over her.

"Sure; an' git up next day with the jumps, an' grouchin'. I got sisters down in Anaconda," said Bill, with his pony laugh. "Well, you're home now, Eve; so take it calmlike an' git to likin' the country."

"I'm going to love it!"

"Not all in a bunch you won't, you —— Hey, fellas, don't all jam in here now. Mis' Brent ain't very skookum after that trip, an' she's layin' down—well, come in long's you're in, an' then git out. Hello, Tommy! She's some girl," said Bill to an inrush of laden grinning men, to whom Tom shouted throw the stuff down anywhere—put that under the other bunk, and this one too—and how about supper in a hustle?

Eve's brown eyes smiled at him. He was a fine big handsome fellow of thirty, with wild whitey hair and daring blue eyes.

"Dugan, he's throwin' a fit for fea' yo' all didn't have the mail, with the suguh roses fo' the big cake," said Bede Moore, the tall young Texan. "Pleased to meet yo', Mis' Brent; an' it's mighty nice to have yo'—that ol' Tawm, he's been sou'-faced since he come back alone—chee'ful 'nough now, ain' he?"

"You vas' a liddle afraid of dose waves, ma'am," said big blond Linus Larsen, timidly advancing a large hand, which he made limp to avoid crushing the one she gave him. "By spring you don't be scare'."

"She never hollered once from leaving Kodiak yesterday morning," said Tom Brent. "And it blew quite a few. Shake hands with Pop Paley, Evie; he's our daddy—thousand years old, ain't you, Pop?"

"No!" said Pop Paley testily. "Sixty-two; yes, an' kin drill as many feet in a day as you could, my boy. Is it your stummick painin', my dear? Hot water for that—fill up that mug, Bill; there's nothing like heat. I suffer awful every time I go South."

"Pop, he was all set to go Outside twenty years ago, an' he got off at Seward sayin' he'd wait till they ran a railroad—didn' yo'?" said Bede, while Eve drank the water, with the friendly circle surveying her.

Bill Dixon anxiously observed her as, flushed, but bound to please Tom's men, she sat up and greeted embarrassed Mikes, Kids, Macs and Henrys. Wind viciously tore at the tent, and the candles, standing in their own grease upon the window sill, flickered uncertainly. The tent frame creaked.

"Where's herself? An' is she alive at all afther the hor'ble thrip?" cried a voice, and, fresh-shaved and clean-aproned, Mickey Dugan, the long lanky cook, rushed in. "Congratulations, the bot' of yous. An' whadda you think of this outfit, mem—standin' idle like gooks wid a weddin' supper ready, an' me beatin' the thriangle till me ar-rm is sore! 'Tis gr-rand to see a lady, mem!"

"No; I won't lie quiet and stay alone, with everybody else at my wedding banquet," said Eve to the whispering of Bill Dixon. "I'm lots better—really! Thank you so much, Mr. Dugan. I think they're all just dears!"

Through the October darkness—it was six o'clock now, and the canvas messhouse, its three lamps glowing through white walls, was the only break in the inky night—the two shifts of the Niklik Copper Company went noisily ahead of Eve and Tom. Four canvas structures made the camp, and Tom tried to show them to his wife—that big one was the bunkhouse, then the warehouse, and the mess tent.

"But where is our house?" she inquired.

"You just left it," said Tom.

"That little one-room tent! Why, I thought—I supposed ——"

"Supposed what, dearie? It doesn't leak; it has a fly over it."

"But, Tom, you said we should keep house if I wished. Didn't you?"

"Sure! We'd just put a Yukon stove there instead of that gasoline drum—that's how we make stoves in the North—and have a little tent next, for a cache; and you can cook all you want to."

"In one room! I couldn't," she thought.

They were at the messhouse door, Tom shielding her with himself against the gale. Just below, the waves crashed on the beach. Inside, there was a racket of wooden stools being pulled about, a clatter of granite dishes, cries for Mrs. Brent—no one to sit until she came.

"We could get a woman to come in and clean, Tommy?"

"Why, hon, you're the only woman for seventy miles of coast!"

"Oh, I—I see!" said Eve blankly.

She was not smiling when she reached the table, where Mickey's own blanket-seated chair was set for her. There was a splendor of new bright green-and-white checked

oilcloth on the table. Tom slapped some butter on her granite plate, and Eve looked startled as knives were thrust at the main supply, and experienced diners stood to load their plates profusely before starting the meal. There was fried ptarmigan, moose mulligan, canned sweet potatoes and canned shrimp salad, shredded cabbage and turnips from a Kadiak ranch, mashed potatoes, the wonderful frosted cake, coffee and stewed dried fruit. Eve was abruptly hungry, and she ate, thinking how good it was, and smiling at Linus, the big diamond driller, and at little Bill, seated on Tom's right. Dugan, smoking a brown cigarette, filled cups from a dingy coal-oil can of coffee, steaming on the heater. When all were served he brought his own plate and cup, sat down, and exclaimed: "Did you bhring a gr-reat lot of magazines an' papies from Outside, mem?"

"Oh, I left all mine on the steamer," said Eve contritely.

"Never throw readin' stuff away in the North. It's a duty to carry it on to the next fella," said Bill.

"I didn't know that."

"A female oughta reason some," said Bill severely, and Eve was hurt by the general snickering; and, she thought hotly, she wasn't going to stand that sort of thing.

She stopped smiling at Bill and devoted herself to Pop Paley, whiskered, polite, and obviously impressed with her. The night shift were already lighting faithful evil-breathed pipes and filing out into the wind. They had all finished before Eve had eaten her ptarmigan breast, and Mickey was crowding dishes on a greasy tray. Bill was showing Tom a notebook; and as old Pop excused himself, and Linus and Bede, with lingering stares at her, withdrew, Tom's voice ascended until she heard:

"We got to offer a bonus for each workin' day—that is, if they notch our production up to a tonnage of a thousand tons or over each month. We'll pay 'em straight overtime, with the bonus. Any chance of a beef over the eight-hour law?"

"Not with this gang; I got rid of the only agitator while you was gone. Law won't bother us."

"We don't get the two-dollar smelting rate at Tacoma unless it's a thousand tons. As to the law ——"

"What law do you mean?" asked Eve uneasily.

"Oh, the last legislature, down at Juneau, made it eight hours for a working day for quartz mines, starting from the face of the tunnel," said Tom, engrossed with the notes. "They had a lot to do—those guys."

"And this is a quartz mine? Copper can be quartz?"

"I'll take you down a coupla stopes an' raises, an' let you sample the ore body," chuckled Bill. "Yup; this is a quartz mine."

"Then you would be paying the bonus for mer to break the law?"

"She's a judge's daughter, and she'll arraign us all next," said Tom. "Copper's twenty-six cents, dear, and even with war stopping there's contracts so far ahead that it won't drop much; but when we've the stuff here we want the high prices while they last. Every guy with a little pocket of copper is gophering after it; and we can't get men, for they're leaving jobs to go prospecting, or else they're grabbed 'way below us as they come along on the Boats."

"These fellas here are all right, an' they know me an' Tom from the Bering Sea camps. They're willin' to make extry coin," said Bill.

"It's not their ideas; it's my Tom I think about," said Eve tensely; and above her dark blue serge gown her face looked pale and frightened. "You won't break the law? Oh, you mustn't! I couldn't endure that, Tommy, because it's wrong and wicked."

"I got to, dearie. Personally I don't believe there's much over eight hours' hard labor in the average man, and his steam dies away after that; but we'll have to urge 'em on to get that tonnage—it's a three-dollar rate under a thousand tons, and, with the big producers down in Prince William Sound filling the ships and yelling for more ships that don't come, unless we can guarantee a big-enough monthly tonnage we can't ship at all."

"You'll make me miserable!" said Eve with a big sob.

"Don't be talkin' like a chechako—in a new country a guy's gotta do plenty he wouldn't have to in some other place," said Bill earnestly. "Listen; we borried the change for your ticket up from the cook—Mick's always got a cache—an' our case two bits went into the outfit of second-hand stuff we started workin' with; but there's hiyu plenty money in the hill, little girl. These boys will wait six months for their checks—strangers wouldn't."

"Fellas, There's Two of 'Em!" He Cried. "Evelyn Niklik an' William Thomas Brent. Now Then, Peek Careful—Ain't They Swell?"

"I have some money! Dad left me ——"

Growls from Tom and Bill halted her. The brown eyes were tragic.

"But, Tom—it's wrong, wicked! I have principles to live up to, and here I'm going to keep your books! Why, I—it—oh ——"

"I can't help it, honey. Soon as we get our first smelter payment I'll have money. Lord! Bill and I've worked beach lines and creeks, and panned a hundred rivers, where we froze ourselves and cracked our backs, and quit without a stake—maybe a thousand or so, but no real money. Now we've hit it."

"Squeezed into a tiny place, without even space for one of my wardrobe trunks!" said Eve hysterically. "Half dead from that awful boat, and now told I have to be a criminal!"

"Shucks!" said Bill, unimpressed. "You got room enough for a while. There's some mighty fine smart women here in the North, livin' in little shacks, an' cookin', washin' an' holdin' school for the kids. I thought you had sense."

"Indeed!" said Eve; and to Tom she flamed: "It's wrong, wrong! My principles make the following of a country's laws a vital duty, and personally I would be law-abiding at the sacrifice of everything on earth."

"You mean you think you would," said Tom.

Snowslides streaked the austere whiteness of Mount Niklik, and on the bared lower slopes the green curls of fern thrust upward. On the tundra flat below the mine salmonberries were pinkly flowering, and there were buds among the green of the wild roses. Eve had giant purple violets in fruit cans and pickle jars, and the door of the tent that was both commissary and office stood open. Decorative skunk cabbage of a tropical height, wild celery and hardy sunflowers grew just above high-tide mark. Moose flies and gnats had come, and Eve was charging out head nets from the stores, and cutting up her own less effectual colored chiffon veils for special friends working in the glory-hole of the mine, where the flies whined and fed all day and day lasted twenty-four hours in early June. She knew all the twenty-six men now, and had more knowledge of their intimate affairs than was wholly comfortable to some. She held what McGrath, from the Interior, called one of her pesky sessions, with those who rowed out to the freighter, returning with certain bottles bought from sailors and engine-room men. She had taken Linus Larsen's, and, with a high color, snatched a rock, with which she broke the expensive bottle.

"Oh, Linus! When you know how sick and bad it makes you feel!" she cried. "You promised me not to—and you, Mac, you'd look better keeping your money to send home—next boat; you'll have a big check due when the smelter money comes, and I don't want to see you fooling it away when it should go home!"

"Aw, a guy can take a noggin of hootch, I guess!" muttered McGrath. "Her nor no one's got a right to tell others what's good for 'em."

"We have if our brains are better grade than theirs," said Eve, whose ears were active. "Linus, you sit in the office with me until supper, when I can see you start up the hill to work. Read the Seattle papers."

"I got dose t'oughts of my Helga," said Linus, drearily following her inside.

"Poor Linus! But a wife who could bear to leave you like that is better forgotten. You never heard a word from either of them?"

Linus' big face purpled as he answered—never a line. Eve made friendly little sounds as she lured him to repeat the tale of his trip as a lad into Norway, where the beauteous pasture maidens guarded contented kine.

"Und the prettiest iss Helga, und at last I bring her to Fairbanks in Alaska; und on Dome Creek there vass a skunk named Doc Daly—a check charmer—bummin' round the gamblin' houses, he vass. Me an' my pard makes our ground ready for sluicin' that spring, an' Daly he iss always round tallin' Helga her hoosban' don't understand her right; an' me vorkin' only for her—only! Oh, Mis' Brent!"

"Beast! I wish I had come on him, telling her!" cried Eve passionately. "She was young, Linus—oh, the slimy snake he was!"

"Dey took my big poke of dust an' nuggets, an' nine black fox pelts, vorth twelve hundred efery skin! She had hair like a new rope, Mis' Brent, hangin' 'vay down—und liddle feets like you." He nodded forlornly.

"There is something good in life for you still, Linus—a truer woman somewhere."

"I t'ink not," said Linus, sighing. "Alvays I t'ink of Daly—my liddle Helga!"

"He'll have his just deserts some fine day," said Eve with smoldering eyes; and she saw herself sentencing Daly, the home devastator, and flaying him with scorn.

Soothed by her anger, Linus rustled the papers and admired her slim fingers rushing over the typewriter keys. Letters for the mail finished, she took up a pamphlet, reading it gravely, and obviously reflecting as she paused to reread a passage.

It had been an exciting day for the camp, with a fifteen-hundred-ton ore shipment going in ship's boats to the big freighter, and the captain, after a good dinner and a walk up the hill, suddenly winking and declaring he'd exceed orders, and to the dickens with the mines below, waiting for space! Pile in the rest, if there was any.

Tom was normally mine manager; Bill, blacksmith and meat hunter. When the hand steel was sharpened Bill became powder nipper, packing powder and fuse to drilled holes, loading them sometimes, and helping to bar down loose rock later. Between mine work he took rifle and pack-board, disappearing into the scrub alder to seek caribou or moose for the meat supply. To-day, Bill sacked the hand-sorted ore at the main tunnel entrance; and Tom, in undershirt and stagged trousers, ran an ore car to the beach and trimmed cargoes as the heavy sacks were dumped into the boats.

"We'll have a dock this time next year, Irish!" he called to the cook, who was also racing a car beachward. "Act like you're in a hurry, Mick!"

"Runnin' from throuble, me b'y!" panted Mickey. "The missus is waitin' to leap down the t'roats of all of us to-night!"

"What for—we ain't done anything," said Tom, counting sacks and heaving them aboard.

"Ye shouldn't lift Section Th-hirty of the Tarritorial Laws in a duffel bag which for sure a nate lady would be cleanin'," said the cook. "'Tis the game law, Thomas. I pity ye! She give me my dhressin' down a bit back."

"What the devil's in Section Thirty? I can't think," Tom wondered.

Finally the ship blew warningly and the thick black smoke from starting boilers paled. The purser hustled in to have Eve bill out the extra two hundred of ore; the mate yelled from the beach that the skipper wanted to get out before the stern was caught in the mud; and the men of Niklik hurled the last sacks in, then stood, a sweating, grinning line, sending jestful farewells across the water.

"The first ore out of our mine!" said Tom, darting to the office in search of a lost pipe. "Now where'd I lose that? I left one afire in a coat pocket once. Well, young woman, do you know that self and respected partner, W. Dixon, sort of feel they've put it over at last?"

Linus had gone, and Eve sat dejectedly at the desk, whence she said:

"Of course I'm glad, Tommy. And I want to show you something: Do you know it's illegal, south of latitude sixty-two, to kill moose and caribou after December thirty-first? And that we kill and eat it daily?"

Tom's face lost its happy boyish grin under her cold stare.

"Legal for miners or explorers to kill all they want!"

"Ah—in case of need only, it says! They may take animals for food and clothing, in close season, for—look where I've marked—'need only.' And where a ship comes or a launch can reach isn't a case of need."

"Considering that's the first ship ever anchored off here, and weather's been such seas the launch couldn't make it past the Point—won't you be reasonable, Eve?"

"There's millions of rabbits for meat, and salmon jumping in the water at this minute."

"Oh, sure!" Tom was flushed as, glancing briefly out, he said:

"Those are dry dog salmon, my dear girl; the kings are late this year, and a workingman'd be pure bones on rabbit in a mighty few days—not enough strength in it. And as I'm standin' the boys off for their wages, and the only springs for their bunks so far are our promises, I guess they'll at least get fresh meat—it's pretty near a need."

"A court wouldn't say so."

"Aw, court! By heck, I ain't going to ask any courts to call it anything. I'm going to feed my men and call it a day—using my common sense."

"You never care how I feel!" said Eve, shaking. "Lawless, wrong ——"

Tom dashed out. She felt hurt when her eye searched for him later and found him smoking, and gayly talking with Bill and old Pop, instead of appearing chastened and regretful. In the bunkhouse it was reported that

(Continued on Page 93)

BRINGING OUT BARBARA

The Experiences of a New York Débutante

IV

By ETHEL TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

ON THE morning of December twentieth I partially woke to a sensation of portent. The fear of something vaguely grandiose was sitting astride my chest, filling me with oppression. Some cataclysm was imminent. For a moment I thought it was my wedding day—no less. I did not feel happy about it. Blinking, it was rather a relief to realize presently that it was not so bad as all that. I wasn't going to be married—yet. I was only coming out. This was the day.

I did not go out that morning. I wanted to be on hand and see what was doing. There was much in me still of the little girl whose habit it had been to rush to the front door, every time the bell rang, to discover what shape of parcel was being delivered, or to get the letters the postman brought. First, a vanful of chairs arrived; and next, a melancholy looking motor, suggestive of the undertaker. Flattening my nose against my window, which was my nearest dignified approach now to the outside world, I sighed with relief when it began to disgorge nothing more ominous than potted plants. So many things came during the next two hours that I marveled how anyone could have remembered to order them all. Caterers' wagons were not wanting. In spite of our chef and his staff we had to buy little cakes and what not, just as they do for Sunday-school picnics.

The best part of the day began after lunch, for it rained flowers the whole afternoon. The boxes were opened in the sitting room, so that the secretary could sort the cards and jot down descriptive memoranda for acknowledgments to be written by me later on; then the men brought the flowers to the drawing-room by armfuls. Mother sat in a chair at first and gave orders as to where they were to be put, but, being summoned elsewhere, left me in possession; whereupon I changed the position of every vase, and in less than an hour had that room blooming like an exhibit in a flower show.

I looked over the cards before dinner and found ninety-seven names of people I didn't know. The same people would undoubtedly commemorate the occasion of my marriage in the same way; and of my funeral too—if fate should prove so obliging as to give it precedence of theirs. If people said what they meant in this world, I could imagine any of them, supposing I were to make inquiries and tender my thanks verbally to-night, replying with a bow: "Nothing personal intended, I assure you. Merely a matter of form."

I Did Not Recognize My Own Skull When That Hairdresser Had Done With It

John Randall sent me no flowers. Allan Denning did; but I was in too much of a rush at the moment to pay much heed to them. They and the hairdresser arrived simultaneously; so I thrust them into the last remaining receptacle and let it go at that.

That hairdresser was an anatomist of no mean order. I did not recognize my own skull when he had done with it. Where it was too small it had been given the illusion of expansion, and where it was too big it had seemingly contracted. I undulated up from my neck and I tapered down from my crown; ringlets twined where wisps had been before; coils looked solid that were hollow inside; I stuck out where I ought to stick out, and where I oughtn't I didn't. The backward and upward poise of the structure lent inches to my height. She was almost tall—that girl who returned my stare into the mirror; and correct, surprisingly—far too correct to be me! "It's faking!" I protested, and picked up a tiny strand of strictly débutante pearls, which had been given me for my birthday.

I let them trickle through my fingers, gleaming like dewdrops in moonlight, and then put them on. Bah! Utterly out of place, the delicate things, against a throat strong, muscular and brown! Raising discontented eyes, I beheld Yvonne, the temptress, with extended powder puff. I shook my head and snapped the clasp to. Saving my coiffure, as to which I had been allowed no say, I was determined to stand on my own merits; to be displayed—like an article put up for auction—"as is." After all, the pearls were as well suited to me as the rest of my surroundings.

In white, with an aura of tulle, I made my way to mother's room and offered myself for inspection. While it lasted my heart was in my mouth. When at length she said solemnly "I've never seen you look so well!" it fell back into place. She was not ashamed of me, then. That would make the ordeal far easier. That it was to be an ordeal I had no manner of doubt. The situation was one I could not possibly dominate as I had dominated the theater party of girls. It was too big for me.

Toward eleven o'clock we took our stand at the drawing-room door. Shortly after, the oldest and most important personages—always the earliest—began to arrive. They came by twos and threes at first, then by tens and dozens. Their glances were critical; their handclasps cold. Within half an hour they had reduced me spiritually to pulp. My spine had become a string; my pretty white dress seemed a rag; and my whole personality a hopeless proposition. It was not that they were intentionally cruel. Safe within the shells of self-importance they had provided themselves with to walk about in they felt no shafts from without, and supposed others equally invulnerable.

Would younger people never begin to come? I wondered. What had these dowagers to do with dancing? Whose entertainment was this, anyway—mother's or mine? It was fully ten minutes since any gloved fingers had touched my own; so I felt free to leave my post beside mother, near the door, and look into the ballroom. There the orchestra's spirited playing still invited in vain. Brocaded trains swept the polished floor; diamonds glittered; feather fans swung deliberately to and fro. What men there were, were personages, too, though many of them did not look it, the years having given them fantastic curves never intended by Nature and unknown to art. Fashion, in regard to concealment of such deficiencies, certainly discriminates in favor of women. A man in a white waistcoat, so far as his outline is concerned, might as well be on the slab at a Turkish bath. From distasteful contemplation of one

particularly offensive bulge, I was recalled by a light step behind; and, turning, I caught my breath at sight of John Randall, likewise in a white waistcoat with a glorious inward curve. The look of merry anticipation in his face was new to me; the eyes that could be so serious were actually snapping to ragtime!

"Try this!" he suggested succinctly, and we took up the rhythm in the middle of a beat.

"I didn't know you danced," I murmured. "How delicious!"

Perhaps I was prejudiced in his favor, but he seemed to me to dance divinely. Closing my eyes I gave myself up to the joy of it. I did not know whether any other couple was on the floor. Suddenly I felt my partner's muscles tighten, his pace falter. Somebody was about to cut in.

I opened my eyes upon Allan, smiling with an air of ownership, hands outstretched. He was within his rights, his act strictly in accord with the dancer's code. With entire propriety he might thus have claimed any girl he knew. I could not do otherwise than suffer him to swing me away. Allan Denning—jealous! Furious though I was at the interruption I was flattered too.

"You might have let me finish it out," I grumbled, "instead of snatching away my cake in the middle of a bite."

"Had to obey orders," he laughed, slowing down as we neared the door. "You shouldn't have bolted just then, you know. No end of people coming in. Young people. Your mother sent me to bring you back."

Then it wasn't jealousy. How flat! He hadn't come of his own accord. He'd been sent. There was nothing to be furious about. I was furious that there wasn't. He was a half-hearted lover, this lover of mine. The momentary tang had gone out of the evening, to return no more.

I had always supposed society to be exclusive; but the last few months had taught me otherwise. Mother had followed, upon this occasion, the generally recognized custom, which prevails among metropolitan hostesses, of inviting to their houses not only the young men they know personally but also those they know about. The Social Secretary had furnished the names, and the majority of those who answered to them had materialized during the evening, been presented, and done what was expected of them—namely, taken me for a turn. Some had overlooked the implied obligation, and were merely making a convenience of the house as offering certain advantages over a public dance hall. For one thing, the champagne was free.

I looked about everywhere for Randall, though I knew I was looking in vain. He had gone. What else was there for him to do when I was snatched away? He did not know any of the other girls. He had only come because I had asked him. This festivity was none of his—nor of mine, for that matter. But it had served its purpose. In half a dance we had found each other as dancing partners. Half a bar would have sufficed. Those who had danced together once could dance together again—and again—and again. We had danced to-night in a ballroom; but a studio would do as well. And, given two pairs of eager feet, a fiddle was as good as a stringed orchestra—every bit.

Once, while I was waltzing with Allan, I forgot Randall altogether; and then suddenly I felt something sharp and hard against my breast. Could it be a button? A waistcoat button? Released upon cessation of the music, I examined his outline with apprehensive eyes. N-no; no actual bulge—as yet. And oh, how handsome he was! Not so half-hearted, either, after a few digressions to the corridor, where the footmen were kept busy filling glass after glass. But I was in no mood for love-making that required artificial stimulus to give it a fillip. I refused his invitation to supper in favor of that of a black-browed count with a limited vocabulary and a curling wiry beard.

At length people grew tired of eating. Napkins were thrown aside; chairs pushed away; the elderly had had enough—they were ready to say good night. According to precedent the dancers returned to the ballroom for more dancing; then the music stopped, as music must; and everybody went home.

Mother disappeared to give some orders, and I was left in the great glittering drawing-room serving now no purpose, since it was meant for entertaining and there was no one left to entertain. The flowers were all drooping; and as for me, the toes of my slippers were soiled and crumpled, my tulle had wilted, my hair was coming down.

It was over! No need to stand here any longer. The deed was done. I was "out"!

When I passed into the hall the men were waiting there, motionless, to extinguish the lights. Slipping by them I ran upstairs.

There was no doubt of it; by coming out I had acquired merit with mother. From the evening of my début my status was changed. After the manner of a son who has attained his majority, I was now a person of importance in the house. I received more attention than I demanded, and was accorded a larger measure of consideration than I either desired or deserved. Luckily I had a good memory for the lean years behind and thus preserved some measure of equilibrium. They were such a little way behind—those years—just round the turning in the road! My feet had traveled that uphill road alone.

Lately mother had seen fit to resume what, to her, was motherhood; it was like a garment long discarded and left to hang in a remote corner of the closet until such time as occasion should demand that it be brought forth, shaken and aired. The result of such resumption had not displeased her. It lent a new attribute to her personality; added an element of surprise. It supplemented her and admitted of fresh combinations. It was a better fit than she had reason to expect.

In the Glare of the Arc Light I Saw John Randall's Face—Off Guard

A débutante must be heart-free. Therefore, my engagement was in abeyance; it had degenerated into a thing of naught. All summer I had been allowed to be constantly in Allan Denning's company; now I never saw him alone. I submitted because I had offered to submit, but I chafed exceedingly, and thought only of getting over the tiresome months between now and the moment of my release.

Meantime, at least, time was not hanging on my hands. During the remainder of the month of December the coming-out teas and dances were as thick as weddings in June, and I attended them all. On the whole, the teas were preferable to the balls. I was invariably crushed and breathless, it was true. On one occasion mother and I were wedged on a stairway and could not move up or down for three-quarters of an hour—I saw nobody I wanted to see and everybody I didn't—but, though I was as acutely uncomfortable as one of a crowd of trippers jamming an excursion boat, I had as personal a feeling as they of adding to the jollity of the occasion—helping things along.

One tea is pretty much like another. It does not admit of apprehension and excitement for months and even years beforehand. It can be weathered without undue mental strain, with no graver consequences than a good-sized bill at the florist's and a few sandwiches left over at the end of the day.

By the twentieth of the month everybody had come out who was coming. Then occurred the interlude of the holidays, after which the actual season broke. You supped at one ball and you breakfasted at another; if you did not keep going you were not having a good time. I would bolt my eggs and coffee early in the morning with the others, and then, before I got into the motor with my maid, stand for an instant in the street, eyes on the glowing east, despising myself, my rumpled frock, my soiled slippers, so tawdry in the portentous hush of the new day.

Once, to make my peace with it, having arrived at home, I wished Yvonne good night, dumped my finery in the middle of the floor, and, dressed in an old school Tam, a rough skirt and a sweater, went out again alone. I encountered an old Irishman—a night watchman, I judged—with iron-gray hair and majestic presence, who looked at me without surprise and inclined his head gravely, as to a fellow worker in the world. Nothing for weeks had so stirred me as this assumption. My heart blessed him as I passed and my eyes gave the countersign.

There was no sleep for me that night—or, rather, that morning. I had recovered the insight with which I had come back from boarding school, and which I had somehow lost since. My relation to the life I was leading was crystal-clear to me. I was and always should be a rank outsider. I felt no scorn for mother's point of view; but it was not and never could be mine. Sooner or later I must be free of these surroundings. It was no more possible for me to adapt myself to them than for a fish to adapt itself to life out of water.

Things had worked themselves out according to my expectation, with one exception. I had warned myself not to fall in love within the walls. Poor little fool that I had been for my pains! Treasure is treasure, in one place or another; and it was well within the inclosure that I had stumbled upon mine. Well, there was nothing for it but to gather it up and stagger forth with it upon the highway.

In plain words I was going to get out; but I was going to carry Allan Denning along with me—when the time had come. I had learned enough to know that it would be hard to uproot him; that it would be myself who would have to take the initiative. Well, I was equal to the task. Out of dead air into air that was in motion I would sweep him; he would draw great drafts of it into his lungs, and after that he would never want to go back. Together we would tackle the road that wound uphill all the way—yes, to the very end!

I thrilled at the thought of it; I felt his hand in mine; all the trivialities that had kept us apart melted into nothing; tears started to my eyes; my lips breathed his name. I must see him this very day—and not over the teacups, either; I was done with pretense, so far as he was concerned. He was mine and I was his; and if we were to play the farce out for the benefit of the public we must be fortified between scenes by a little concentrated living and loving, to keep our courage up.

I was just going to sit down and write him an urgent summons when my tooth began to ache. I had two rows of exceedingly serviceable teeth and had never had a toothache in my life; but this one started as though it meant business. It exacted the strictest attention; I laid my pen down and sat, taut and dismayed, hand on cheek. Impossible to idle in a negligee, boudoir cap and slippers, with a red-hot iron in my mouth!

I dressed hastily and rang for a maid to accompany me to Doctor Read's, to seek alleviation; for, though in my real character I might walk abroad safely at sunrise, in my assumed one it was not permissible to go unaccompanied in midmorning. No one responded. Neither maid was listening, for it was not in the regulations that I should bestir myself before noon. Unable to bear another moment's delay, I therefore defied custom and outraged convention in seeking my destination not only unprotected but by means of public conveyances, taking a transfer, along with other straphangers, and finishing 'cross-town, directly in front of the dentist's door.

Not having made an appointment I was obliged to wait. Another patient was "in the chair." After the custom of teeth when relief is imminent, mine had ceased to throb so insistently. A little apart from the stale magazines littering the table lay a fresh, new copy of Gossip. I picked it up out of curiosity, because I knew it was without the pale. At the very first paragraph my heart turned to ice. I forced myself to read it through—not once, but three times:

I have it on good authority that our genial friend, Allan Denning, having had pretty poor sport in salmon fishing, last summer took to fishing for minnows at Newport and—by Jove!—landed one right in his hand. In the vernacular, every millionairess this side of the Mississippi having turned him down, last spring on Long Island he unearthed little Miss Innocence, who responded to his rather shopworn charms on the sly. He followed up his advantage at Newport, and every day there was a twosome on the links. It was a pretty romance, until my young lady's parents got onto it. Then there was the devil to pay! If the girl was to be sacrificed let her be sacrificed to some purpose, they shrieked. There might be money enough to catch a duke if sufficient splurge was made about it. Keep Allan for a pet round the house! That was all he was good for, and everybody knew it.

Poor Allan! He'd fixed the girl, but the old folks were too many for him. When he found that out he crawled. He adhered to his custom of letting himself be walked over and kicked. For the twentieth time he went way back and sat down. He's sitting down now, waiting for the fireworks to go out. Then, if the duke doesn't materialize, up he'll step again. It's a long chance he's taking, but it's my guess that it's his last one of anchoring himself to a fortune. The girl's spunky enough, I'm told. She's utterly inexperienced and he's got her cold. If he doesn't do anything rash he thinks he can count on her to work things round. We shall see!

At the end of the third reading the letters danced before me. I swayed to a chair and dropped upon it; the paper, clutched in my fingers, sank to my knee slowly, as though it had been a thing of weight.

The dentist came in suavely, bowing some woman out. He made sympathetic inquiry as to my trouble, for I was the daughter of a lucrative patient who had all her fillings done in gold. Seeing the paper in my hand he murmured a hasty apology for having it about; someone had brought it in and left it, he explained; he had had every intention of destroying it; it was a scurrilous sheet.

"Scurrilous! Scurrilous! Scurrilous!" ground out the horrid buzz saw, to the jangling of my nerves.

"I don't think it'll bother you any more now," soothed Doctor Read, applying a small square of cheesecloth to my mouth as I lay extended, weak, limp and white; he referred to the tooth.

He watched me narrowly as I went out.

"May I take it?" I asked stonily.

"Take what?"

"That paper."

"Certainly; by all means, Miss West."

There was a colored maid in the dressing room when I put on my hat. She handed me my hatpins and said something about the weather in a low, musical voice. I longed to pour my sorrows into that girl's ears. I was so bewildered that I did not know what to do. I had never thought it was in dentists' offices that idols were shattered and whole structures of the imagination came crashing to the ground.

A man was in front of me at the ticket-office window when I reached the Subway. As he took the change that was shoved toward him I noticed what an extraordinary hand he had; so white, so slim, so nervous—a distinguished hand! He swept up the pile, turned away; and in the act of shoving in my nickel I glanced up. To the disgust of the official in the window, I failed to take the ticket he offered, but, instead, touched the man before me on the arm.

"Mr. Randall!" I said hoarsely.

Startled exceedingly, he turned. It had been no greeting that I had uttered. He had recognized in it a cry for help.

Out of cavernous darkness the express came rushing with its gleaming headlights; but we let it go and made our way back to daylight and the street.

"I've got to talk to someone," I appealed. "I've got to have some advice. Look at this."

I showed him the paragraph. As he read it he grew red and white by turns. At last he turned and looked at me, and in that voice of his, which was capable of as many gradations of expression as his face, he said simply:

"I can't advise you—in this matter. It—wouldn't be giving—the other fellow—a square deal."

And this was the man mother had said was not a gentleman—this the man at whom that "other fellow" had looked askance because he didn't remember having seen him "anywhere" before!

"Isn't there anybody else?" he resumed with an effort. "How about Mrs. Winslow? Couldn't you go to her?"

I seized upon the suggestion and clung to it.

"I'm not going with you," he said. "I might —— I'd better not go."

I descended alone into the cavern, boarded one of the rushing trains, and in short order reached Mrs. Winslow's house. My heart sank when I saw her motor standing in front of it. It must be luncheon time. She was lunching out. There she was now, on the step! I would snatch a hurried word with her—make an appointment. Her eyes lighted when they fell on me.

"Well, Barbara!" she said, saw my agitation, and stopped.

Before I could speak she laid her hand on my arm. I could feel the magnetic current of those fingers through her glove and my sleeve.

"Come in," she said quietly, and turned back to the house.

"Oh, no!" I cried in dismay, being by this time well versed in the paramount importance of engagements and hours to the class of society in which Mrs. Winslow moved.

Nothing short of a death in the family would have kept mother from a bridge party; or, in fact, any appointment made weeks ahead and written down on her pad.

For answer Mrs. Winslow drew her arm through mine, while the footman pressed the bell, and the door swung open.

"You'll be late," I protested. "Or you'll miss it altogether."

"What does that matter?" she returned; and I could detect a faint trace of scorn in the beautiful curve of her lips. "Eldredge shall send a telephone message for me. Come upstairs."

No sooner had the door closed upon us two than all the lines of her proud figure seemed to melt. She turned toward me eagerly, and there was such a look in her dark eyes as I had seen in the eyes of Italian women nursing their babies on the curb. I threw myself into her arms headlong and crumpled up upon her breast.

Not until she had kissed and comforted me, called me "darling"—not sentimentally, but naturally—and quieted me in her arms, did she sit down on the sofa, indicate a big chair for me to draw up near her, and ask me what my trouble was. I unfolded the paper, which I still held, and handed it to her open at the paragraph that referred to Allan Denning. She read it, laid the sheet down on her knee, and remained silent.

Confirmed in my apprehensions by the fact that she withheld comment, I broke into an impromptu defense of the subject of the attack. I pleaded his cause from the beginning in a tumult of broken words and disordered phrases. I talked until I was out of breath, and all the time I realized that I convinced neither her nor myself. I broke off in the middle of a sentence; my lips quivered. I knew I was beaten, and I felt bruised.

As I searched her face for fresh courage I was startled by her resemblance to the portrait. The same compelling look, that gripped and lifted you! Oh, the insight that had pinioned that look on canvas! . . . I felt that we were no longer two in that room, but three. . . . Neither his own will power, nor yet doors nor windows, could keep John Randall out!

"I've always felt sure," Mrs. Winslow said, "that something would save you from the catastrophe of marriage with Allan Denning. It's happened to come from outside; but it might just as well have come from within. You're such a straight thinker—about the straightest I've ever met. You would have ended by realizing that there was no ground upon which you and he could stand together. The things you hold essential he can never grasp the meaning of. You can't expect him to, any more than you can expect him to decipher words written in an unknown tongue."

"Then," I faltered, "the opinion—of the person—who wrote that paragraph—is the same as yours?"

"Essentially it is," she answered. "He's very charming to meet and very good-looking, but you can't get away from the fact that he's a poor thing! If he had great virtues you could forgive him for having great faults. He has neither. Why, Barbara! It would take a hundred of him to make one of you! His nature has an altogether different consistency from yours. It's thin and insipid!"

He Murmured a Hasty Apology for Having the Paper About

"But is he really a fortune hunter?" I asked. "Is he so despicable as that?"

"Quite," she affirmed. "When he was staying with us at Westbury in June he was very attentive to my daughter Ruth. However"—sighing—"Ruth knows how to take care of herself."

My cheeks blazed.

"He said he despised her!" I cried.

"Perhaps he did," she returned; "but he proposed marriage to her none the less."

Words half forgotten came back to me: "I stay here because—because that's the kind of thing we plotters and schemers do. If I'd come in contact—years ago—with a few girls like you I'd have been out of that class long ago. Won't you—help me—to get out of it now?"

Was it after this that he had proposed to the Alvord girl, and been rejected? He had not moved over to us for four days. Had he even then been laying the foundation for plotting and scheming in a fresh channel in case of his failure in this? Was that why he had come to see me in the intervals of his pursuit?

"What shall I do?" I cried. "How shall I tell him?"

"In the fewest possible words," she advised. "Avoid anything in the nature of a scene. You could leave it to your mother, of course."

"That would be cowardly," I replied. "After all, it's my business."

"You're no shirker!" she commented.

When I left her the only thing I had omitted to confide to her was the incident of my meeting with John Randall. Throughout our talk his name had not been mentioned.

Mother was annoyed with me, and her indictment held two counts: First, that I had gone out without a maid; and, second, that I had remained away for hours without notifying her. She had had three "days" to take me to, and my remiss behavior was the topic of our conversation all the afternoon.

It did not occur to her to inquire into the cause of my prolonged absence. Poor mother lived in a confusing world, where phenomena happened arbitrarily, without rime or reason—when they happened at all. When her mental sun set it dropped with a thud below the horizon, unhampered by any natural laws. Therefore, she never got below the outer layer of things.

I went to a dance that evening as usual; and no sooner had I entered the ballroom than I was aware of Allan Denning—the whole five feet eleven of him—leaning against a foolish, frivolous wall of white and gold. Blue of eye, bronze of head, square of shoulders, imposing of height and bulk—all these advantages I conceded him; only so complete had been my disillusionment that I didn't care a snap of my finger any more. They meant exactly nothing to me now.

How lately I had thought him out of his element in a ballroom! I remembered curiously that the blue of his eyes had seemed to me like the shadows on snow when the sun was shining. I had associated him with out of doors. I now saw that I had complicated matters which were, in fact, essentially simple. If Allan had belonged out of doors he would have been there! This was his true element—this his natural setting; here he lived and moved and had his being—amid the artificiality, the champagne, the powder and the pearls.

I might as well tell him right then and there, and get it over. The circumstances were conducive to the avoidance of any sort of scene. He saw me and approached.

"I haven't got the hang of this new step yet," he said easily; "but shall we make a stab at it?"

To his amazement I answered, so low that no one else could hear:

"Allan, something has happened—to convince me—that you don't really care for me. It was—a thing I saw in Gossip. I wanted to tell you—right out—as soon as possible. I only saw it this morning. This is my very first chance."

He paused, thunderstruck, and then muttered, incredulous:

"You don't mean to say you place any reliance on that—vile slander!"

"It's been substantiated," I returned quietly, and looked him steadily in the eyes—those eyes that, so far as I was concerned, might just as well have been stones. They dropped before mine.

With an effort he pulled himself together and bent his handsome head.

"Barbara!" he began. "Little girl! Don't let anyone tell you I'm not crazy about you! Come with me somewhere—anywhere—where I can explain."

"What's the use, Allan?" I returned sadly. "It wouldn't do a bit of good. I've made up my mind."

"Not"—he gasped—"not to throw me over?"

"Just that!" was my grave reply. "After talking with Mrs. Barton Winslow."

He blanched to the roots of his hair. Then he noticed a group of men near the door observing us rather narrowly.

"We can't discuss this here," he whispered hurriedly. "If you won't come outside, dance with me, will you? Only once round! People are looking. They can see that something's up."

I stared, trying to understand him. Either he knew me so little as not to take me seriously, or else he was proposing

(Concluded on Page 101)

THE SOUND OF MILLSTONES

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FOR five years now he had been looking through the dingy pawnshop window into Second Avenue, and of that time there had not been one month, one week, one day even, but he had been gnawed by a terrible, relentless apathy.

Outside, the avenue ran past the shop southward in a boiling rapid of life. Overhead the elevated clanged by in a continuous rolling, like drums. The line of street hawkers on the curb opposite, with their push-carts loaded with vegetables, with socks, with bed and bedding; the slatternly women and dingy men who swarmed about them, like flies swarming about refuse; the grimy children stumbling against the legs of passers-by; the stuffy look of old furniture places and delicatessen shops; the garish red and white parasols flaunting above stores—all this left an evil sight in his eyes, as there might be an evil taste in his mouth after drinking polluted water.

About the shop itself there was something of a dark and shameful intimacy that appalled him—its dim light; its booths for the reception of customers of the better class; its heavy, shining safe; its scales for weighing wedding rings and jewelry; and worst of all, its license, signed and countersigned by the city officials, that took away from the store its character of being a business and hinted at its being a base predatory thing, having to pay a manner of blackmail for its very existence.

"I Want to Go Away. I'm Sick of the City. I'm Sick of the Pawnshop"

No matter how he turned, something crossed his sight that shamed him. There in the window were the unredeemed pledges offered for sale; women's dresses, relics of ancient glorious days, pledged with a pang of pride and lost in agony; blankets that someone had bought to keep warm of nights and now must go cold without; threescore wedding rings thrust carelessly on a stick; a violin worn where the chin and cheek had cuddled, so lovingly and often had its owner played it; a heap of children's silver presents thrown together carelessly and blackening with tarnish—none of these things were, to his eyes, the stock of legitimate commerce. They were shreds of souls, flayed and torn off in moments of dark tragedy.

A steady stream of customers flowed in and out of his place. An occasional Italian, a few Poles and Magyars, some of his own race, though these were few. For the most part they were the Russian folks of the vicinity—Little Russians, Esthonians, Courlanders and Finns, whitish haired, heavily built, stolid, with dumb eyes. They brought in their clothes, their tools, their little jewelry; and because Ben Harris was generous with loans, was ready to grant extensions of time, and was not overstrict about interest, they liked him. Their stolid eyes would light up with a touch of appreciation and they would nod heavily and say: "Ben Harris! That's one good Jew. If they were all like him in Russia there would be no trouble; no pogroms; no Black Hundreds. Ben is all right."

But he could no longer feel even the thrill of helping out these people, of being as generous as possible toward them. Apathy was eating at his mind and heart as a disease might eat away the body.

Five years now, since he had come out of school, he had been telling his father he wanted to do something in the country, farming preferably. His father had listened carefully, trying to understand.

"But you can't make a good living in the country," old Aaron Harris had told him. "The farmers complain. There isn't anything. Why not business? Why not? Why not?"

One could understand old Aaron Harris saying that, because he was a good and religious man. Following his creed, he was as strict as a Karaite, and no Sabbath of his adult age had passed without his baring his soul in the synagogue. There, hooded, in his striped robe of white and black, he was a prophet and a great man among his race. And because of that, in Kiev, where he had lived as a young man, he had been almost martyred by his race's enemies. He had been forced to huckster and bargain, to let no opportunity for making a penny go by, in order that he might have some single thing solid beneath him—the solidity of money. For him two things existed—the dark mystery of religion and the stark fact of commerce. For him there was no borderland of subtleties, no obscure human tragedies. He stood up with his strong hooked nose and his long, strong, iron-black beard, and he faced the mystery of the next world and the fact of this boldly and courageously.

"For why?" he asked again about the country. "We're not a farming people. We're a business people."

"Not always," his son answered him.

"But why?" old Aaron persisted. "Look at your brothers, how well they are doing! Stephen with his dentistry business. And look at Sam. He has two barber shops and three bootblack stands and the hat-checking in five hotels. And you—you've this business, and will have it when I'm gone. Fine business too. Good situation."

He couldn't tell the old man he didn't want the shop. The father was proud of the shop, which he had built up against a terrible struggle with poverty. But his mother understood. She had come from one of the rural communities in the Crimea, and there was a strain of Tartar blood in her. One saw that from the marked slant to her eyes and her high cheek bones. To her he would speak of the country.

"Fine horses and fine dogs!" she would breathe in ecstatic memory. "Blue grass and the sun on it, and trees! Ay, and the lapping of the water on the Black Sea. I know! I know!"

After her speaking like that, he would go over to Bryant Park, and the look of the grass and the trees with the birds clamoring in them would awaken a terrible nostalgia in his heart.

Perhaps it was the strain the mother had bequeathed him that awoke in him the burning desire for wide free spaces and clean air. Perhaps it was nothing but the ancient country spirit in him that his people had possessed before the Temple walls had crumbled and the Babylonian king had driven them into narrow ghettos and decaying cities. But whatever it was, sitting in that dim city park, with Second Avenue behind him, grim and sordid, and Third Avenue before him, lethargic and deserted, he could see as on a biograph screen visions no foundation for which had ever entered his life: the free movements of horses and the eager jumping of dogs, grass bending before the wind, and the wind from the sea, salt, stinging, turbulent. The visions would trouble him.

He would return home after an hour of that and his mother would talk to him.

"What is it?" she would ask. "What is it, little dove?"

"I want to go away," he would tell her. "I'm sick of the city. I'm sick of the pawnshop. If I can, I want to work somewhere away."

She would look at him carefully, at his slim, strong figure, heavy about the shoulders and the hips; at his broad, blunt hands covered with swarthy hair. From those she would glance into his face, handsome in its dark heavy way, with its strong nose and strong chin and big black eyes with earnestness in them. She would nod her head with pride.

"No one in the country could work like you," she would say. "You are strong and you want to. There is no one as fitted."

"And I would get on with the people, little mother?" he would ask eagerly.

"Why shouldn't you?" she would answer him evasively, but there would be a quick little shadow of fear in her eyes.

"But the old man!" he would object to himself. He knew how it would hurt the old pawnbroker for his son to leave him, and he shrank from it.

"Yes, the old man!" the mother would say with a touch of pathetic tenderness. There was too much fine loyalty in her to be true to her son at the expense of her husband. No, she would not counsel. If the son were to do anything, he should do it himself.

Yes, the old man was the obstacle, he thought to himself. If it hadn't been for the fear of hurting the old man, he would have been in the country three years ago. But in the intervals of attending customers in the pawnshop, of appraising their pledges, of writing out pawn tickets and drying them in sand, and of handing across the counter greasy and torn green bills, he would think of how he might accomplish his dream. There was always in his mind the memory of the night he had met Hosea Tucker, the Long Island farmer, at the restaurant of the Metropole. The farmer was with Regan, one of the bosses of the district. They had been to school together. Regan called the young pawnbroker over and introduced him. Regan had the habit of promiscuous introductions.

"Ben," he announced, "meet my friend, Mr. Tucker. He's a farmer."

Harris glanced shrewdly at the farmer's face. He was a short, squat man, with a reddish-brown beard, reddish-brown hair, and a sly, uncertain look in his eyes. There was a pretentiousness of dress about him, as though he wished to show how much at home he was in a city restaurant, that jarred on the pawnbroker.

"I've just been telling Regan here," the farmer said a little loudly, "that I don't understand why a lot of you young city fellows don't come out and farm. Why, look at you, as sturdily built as any countryman—and more so, I tell you, more so. Aren't you ashamed to spend your life in a store?"

"I am," Harris answered with a smile.

"Why wouldn't you come out and work on a farm?"

"I would." Harris' smile became a trifle longing.

"If you would, you've come to the right man. I'll call your bluff. Come out and work for me." He banged the table.

"You mightn't want me." Harris' smile became a little sardonic.

"What's wrong with you?" The farmer raised his head and looked at him with a sort of elder's contempt. "I don't see anything wrong with you."

"There's nothing wrong with me," the pawnbroker smiled on, "but I'm a Jew."

"Look you here"—the farmer waved a fat hand: "That doesn't cut any ice with me. I'm not prejudiced about that. No, sir! I'm free from that kind of thing. A man's a man in my eyes. Why, do you know"—he raised his voice—"do you know that I've had rabbis come out and preach in our church? Yes, sir! Rabbis! That's how prejudiced I am."

"Well, maybe I'll take you up on that," Harris told him.

And over and over again as he sat in the seat by the window he pictured to himself what life out there would be like. Would the man keep his promise? Not a trustworthy man, Harris judged, but hardly a man to go back on a boast. Vanity would hold him to his bond. Perhaps some day ——

A phrase out of Isaiah, that fierce, terrible old man, came to him once or twice as he dreamed there. Some prophecy of the fall of Zion, that there would be lacking the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, and there would be lacking the sound of millstones and the light of the candle. How true that had become, he thought with a shade of bitterness. The sound of millstones! And that brought into his mind the vision of corn sprouting green on the blue Asian hills, of its turning little by little into a faint blue and then ripening goldenly. He could hear the whish of the sickle as it was cut, and the thrumming of flails at the threshing; the dull rumble of millstones as it was ground for baking, a loud and harshly harmonious sound that typified the being and end of all agriculture. That was gone. And gone, too, was the mellow golden glint from the tents and houses in the nighttime. The old habits and occupations had gone from his people. No longer were they shepherds in the hills, no longer tillers of the land, no longer owners of fleet horses and sleek kine. Now they tended sordid shops, like this shop of his, this bargaining place for tragedy, and from the hills and valleys of Beulah land they had swarmed into the sordid cañon of Second Avenue. The sound of millstones was silenced and extinct was the lighted candle!

The door of the shop opened with a hollow ping from the bell at the top and an old Italian woman entered. Her hair was white, but she was whiter still in the face, and its lack of color was made more startling by the still bright hues of her faded shawl. She did not lift her feet from the ground, but dragged them across the floor. Harris rose and went to the counter. She pushed a book across to him.

"Three dollars," she said—"three dollars on the book."

He picked the thing up and looked at it, a faded octavo volume, bound cheaply in brown and lettered cheaply in gold. Already the gilt was falling from it, disclosing gray patches in the letters. Lives of the Saints it seemed to be.

"Three dollars?" he said wonderingly. She answered nothing. She seemed to choke silently.

He looked at the flyleaf: "To Beppo Galli, from Father Tom, on his first communion, May 1, 1889." Beppo Galli? Beppo Galli? Who the deuce was Beppo Galli? Suddenly it dawned on him—and his skin pricked with a shiver, as though on a June day a snowing wind had enveloped him strangely—that the Beppo Galli of the book was Beppo Galli the gunman who was to be electrocuted for murder on the morrow. They looked at each other tragically across the counter.

"My boy," she said.

"God!" he breathed.

"Three dollars on the book," she pleaded, still with dignity. "I'll come back for it. Yes, sure. I'll come back. My boy's book."

He couldn't pick the words to say to her. He was hypnotized for the moment by the figure before him, so ghastlily tragic it was.

"I go up to-day," she went on in a trembling monotone. "I bring him something from his mother. A little bottle of wine. A few cakes. Just something from me. Three dollars. I'll come back. I'll come back for the book."

He got a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and thrust it toward her.

"I'll come back for the book. Give me the ticket, the ticket for the book."

He handed the book back.

"I can't," he said. "That's all right."

She began crying softly and speaking as if to herself.

"And from a Jew!" he heard her say. He slipped away to the back of the shop and stayed there until he heard the ping of the bell.

His father came up behind him.

"Not business, Benny," he reproved gently; "that was not business."

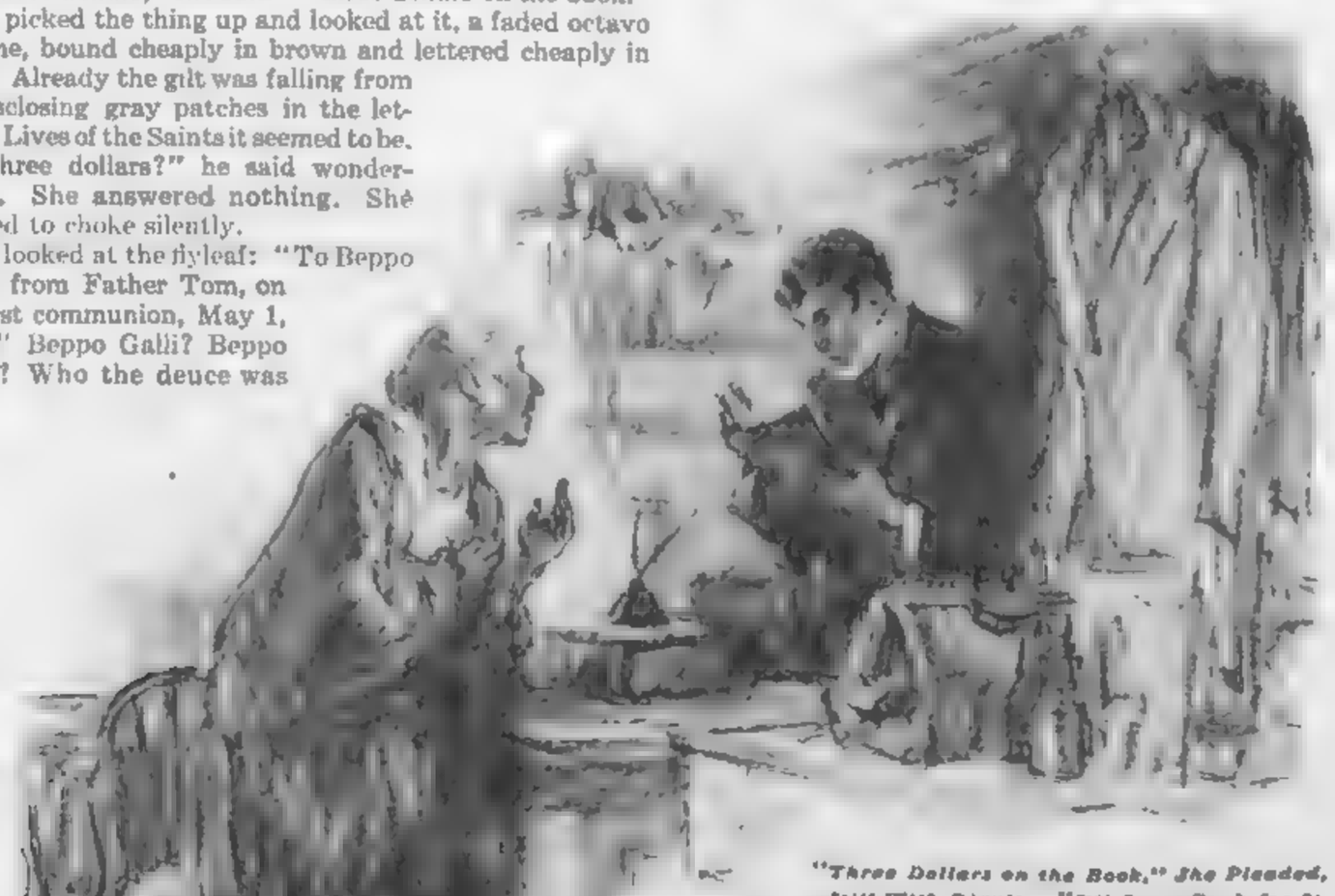
"How not?" the son answered shortly.

"To give her the money, Benny, that was fine. I do it myself. But, Benny, keep the book—you get the money back. That was business."

"That was business, was it?" He went toward the stairs at the back. "Well then, I'm through with business," he uttered savagely.

His mother came to him in his room, when he was packing a bag.

"Going away, *galoupchik*, going away?" she crooned. "The dogs and the horses! The wind amidst the grass!"



"Three Dollars on the Book," She Pleaded, Still With Dignity. "I'll Come Back for It. Yes, Sure. I'll Come Back"

"Come away, *matushka*," he pleaded with her. "Come too. Let us all go!"

"I stay by my man," she nodded her head. "And for you, if you come back."

"No more business for me, not of this kind!" he answered contemptuously.

"Perhaps," she thought to herself with terrible wisdom. But to him she said: "No, Benny!"

His father met him as he went out.

"Where are you going, Benny?" the old man asked anxiously. "Where are you going, son?"

"I am Going to Ask You to Marry Me, Mildred," He Told Her With Simple Directness

He dropped the bag for an instant and threw his arms out exultingly. His voice rang like a bell.

"I am going away, *batushka*," he answered. "My little father, I am going away. I am going to hear the sound of millstones."

II

IF YOU pass along the sea road from New York to Riverhead you cannot miss the old Tucker homestead at Setauket. A little to the left you will find it, a square-built white house, low-eaved, heavy-porched, hemmed about by tall, slim elm trees. Right and left of it the ground rolls like a heavy-swelling sea, rising back of it to a sheer brown earth cliff, beneath which is the Sound, a white pebbly beach and a haze of blue water, with the dun vista of Connecticut beyond it, like a bank of threatening cloud—and always something between them: a cargo boat with a smudge of brown smoke from her stacks; a schooner with her four jibs bellying to the breeze; a sloop, scuppers down; a line of barges like a school of porpoise.

On the square-built colonial porch Hosea Tucker received him. There was something in the man's foxlike eyes and hair that jarred on Harris more in his new surroundings than it had done in the Metropole. He seemed out of place in all this fresh world, so confiding, so natural, so sweet. The old farmer had thrown his head back slyly.

"So you came down for a summer holiday," he said shrewdly. "You came down to put one over on old Hosea."

"I came down, Mr. Tucker, to work," Harris answered succinctly. "I came down for no holiday. I'll work as hard in winter as I'll work now. You offered me a job and here I am. Do you want me?"

"Hosea Tucker never went back on his word," the farmer told him. "If you want work you'll have it. When I say a thing I mean it."

"That suits me," Harris told him.

It suited Tucker, too, after a few days, when he saw how much in earnest young Harris was. He showed him about the big byres, where the dozen cows were that were to be cleaned every day. He taught him how to milk them, and showed him the different breeds—the big, fine-boned Ayreshires, dappled in white and red; the tractable Jerseys, yellow like buttercups; the Holsteins, rugged cattle and great milkers, with their irregular markings; the few Dutch, with their peculiar belts of white. He showed how to harness and drive a team, for part of his work, after helping to gather the garden produce, was to drive in to the station. That and a thousand jobs constituted his day.

"You're wanting to work on a farm," Hosea told him. "Well, it ain't no picnic. What do you think of it?"

"It suits me," was all Harris answered.

On Second Avenue he had been somewhat of a dude in dress, inclining, with a touch of Oriental grandiosity, to marvelous vests and tight-fitting clothes, and it astonished him how glad he was to put all that aside and clothe himself in a flannel shirt and khaki trousers. He had never believed a human being could be so tired as he was after a day's work about the farm. At nine he was asleep in the low, gabled attic that had been given him, a bare, healthy room, with the salt Sound breezes blowing through it. On Second Avenue he had been in the habit of lying awake at night full of bitterness, but here something was lulling him to sleep with the drowsy cadence of a cradle song.

"The sound of millstones," he would say to himself.

He had come down with a peculiar feeling toward the people he was coming among, the feeling of a sentry who

(Continued on Page 102)

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War Prices

FOOD in the United States is not likely to be much cheaper before harvest. If Germany should shut off exports a decline might be expected; but few unbiased people are building upon such an expectation. If the United States were engaged extensively in war a still further rise in all commodity prices would be probable.

Present prices of food are due much less to shortage of production than to war. Last year's production, though notably less than that of the year before, would not have brought the present prices if it had fallen in normal times. In spite of all economies, voluntary and enforced, war on the European scale seems to involve no decrease in consumption of foodstuffs by the total belligerent populations, and perhaps to involve an absolute increase; while the great expansion of currency and credits forces all prices upward. Pretty nearly every basic commodity, the world over, is now selling at a level that would have been thought impossible a few years ago.

This is where war financing and war economics have been least successful. They have found money and materials on a prodigious scale, but they have not prevented a huge and calamitous price derangement. The trend has been upward from the first; and another great nation buying for war and issuing credits would probably accelerate the movement. It is contended that if every belligerent nation had resorted to taxation in the most drastic possible fashion, thereby meeting a very considerable part of the cost of the war, prices would have been much less affected and the cost of the war would thereby have been notably decreased.

On the economic side, war prices present a problem still to be solved.

Something Else to Buy

A BRITISH committee that is promoting thrift has been taking opinions as to the desirability of dispensing with all retail-shop-window displays—the idea being, of course, to remove all suggestions for spending money except such as come from the natural promptings of cold and hunger. Opinions of London merchants are decidedly unfavorable to the idea, and it does undoubtedly go to an unreasonable extreme.

On the other hand, in times of peace the suggestions to spend outnumber the suggestions to save a hundred to one. Any retail street offers to the eye ten thousand ways of disposing of the money in one's pocket; while if one seeks a way of keeping the money he has to hunt it up.

Recently some well-known men in New York organized a company that proposes to buy government and municipal bonds, deposit them with a trustee, and issue against them savings certificates in denominations as low as ten dollars, which, in coöperation with department stores, cigar shops, drug stores, and so on, will be offered for sale as nearly as possible wherever people go to spend money, so the man or woman with ten spendable dollars will have right at hand the suggestion that it may be safely and conveniently disposed of without exchanging it for merchandise.

The chief objection to the plan is that ten dollars is too high a minimum unit. Probably a combination of savings banks could work out a scheme whereby savings certificates for as little as one dollar could be had in any city as conveniently, say, as a bundle of cigars or a round of drinks—and the fact that they were obtainable could be kept constantly in the public's eye.

True, there would be little or no direct profit to those who issued the certificates or sold them, but the indirect profit, in the long run, might be large.

Food Riots

AT A TIME when the supply of food in the country was sufficient for its consumptive needs, and of various sorts of food there was a fair surplus for export, many poor families in New York, Philadelphia, and even Chicago, were actually going hungry because their income would not procure a fair meal of the simplest, commonest kinds of food. On the East Side in New York potatoes and onions became unattainable luxuries for enraged housewives, who threatened to wreck the City Hall.

That situation was a fault of distribution; and with any sort of adequate organization of food distribution it would never have happened. It is safe to say that if the supplying of potatoes and onions to the East Side had been in the hands of the Oil Trust, or the Steel Trust, there might have been mutterings over high prices; but there would have been no famine and no food riots.

Blaming food speculators only touches the surface. Commission merchants reported that farmers were holding potatoes, for which they were offered ten dollars a barrel, in hope of getting twelve. And when farmers held potatoes at ten dollars a barrel they were simply trying to get even for the years when they sold their potatoes and onions at less than cost of production, or saw them rot because they would not pay marketing charges. In those years producers were victimized by a haphazard distributing system.

Congress and various state and city governments immediately launched investigations, and a good many radical remedies, such as embargoes and commandeering food supplies, were proposed or undertaken. We have long believed that the right and only permanent cure for a bad system of distributing foodstuffs lies in coöperation.

Coöperation by producers has been tried many times, and has always been helpful when it was intelligently managed. Coöperation by consumers has also been tried many times, and has failed much oftener than it has succeeded, though abroad it has scored great successes. But, even without consumers' coöperation, intelligently managed coöperation by producers could so far control the business as to cure its worst faults.

Newspaper Men

THE New York Stock Exchange has solemnly condemned the employment by brokers of newspaper reporters for the purpose of getting tips or advance information of news developments. This is generally regarded as a righteous judgment; and, with it as a text, many fine little homilies have been printed concerning the sacred duty of the reporter to preserve inviolate all the trusts that are reposed in him. He must not betray a confidential source of news; above all, he must not betray his paper. It is generally noted, also, that, with amazingly rare exceptions, the reporter does live up to the exacting code of honor which these homilies prescribe.

All of which reminds us that some years ago the proprietor of a very rich and powerful metropolitan paper sent for a young reporter whose enterprise and ability had attracted his attention. The proprietor said he was about to appoint a new financial editor and had considered the young man very favorably for that responsible position; but inasmuch as the financial editor of his paper would have it always in his power to influence stock-market operations, and would be constantly exposed to temptations to use that power for somebody's gain, he wished a specific pledge that the appointee would have no connection with any broker or operator in stocks, no source of gain or income whatever outside his salary, and would never, on any account, buy or sell stocks. To the man—he added—who would discharge the exacting and difficult duties of the position with sound judgment, unremitting industry and scrupulous fidelity, he would pay fifty dollars a week.

Much is expected of the reporter—among other things, the ability to live mostly on wind, with occasional editorial commendation of his honorable record in resisting temptations to augment his modest wage by connections which the editor would disapprove.

The French Income Tax

IN JULY, 1914, France adopted the sketch, or skeleton, of an income tax. The law has now been amended, reducing the exemption to six hundred dollars and increasing the rates on a graduated scale. Incomes between six hundred and sixteen hundred dollars pay one per cent; those from sixteen to twenty-four hundred pay two per cent—and so on until the maximum rate of ten per cent is reached at thirty thousand dollars.

Compared with the British rate of twenty-five per cent on incomes above ten thousand dollars this is a moderate impost; yet the low exemption will bring within the scope of the law a great part of that portion of the population which is able materially to support the government. The exemption is one-fifth of ours, or less than a fifth in the case of a married man.

British experience shows that a tax which catches incomes above the bread-and-butter line and accretions in the value of property may be made the mainstay of a government's fiscal system. Probably France is moving in that direction.

Our income tax is only a sketch, or skeleton. It is true that the mainstay of the fiscal system of the United States is the general property tax, which produces much more public revenue than any other single source. The amount at present is probably a billion and a half dollars, and in a great many cases this tax falls more heavily on people of small means than a graduated income tax with a very low exemption would. We do not let off the person of small means if he is a property owner. Nevertheless, the Government ought to have a return as to all incomes above a thousand dollars a year. The data would supply the basis for a better fiscal system than we now have.

New Competitors

THE great prosperity this country has enjoyed for two years was thrown into its lap without effort on its part. War gave us virtually a rich monopoly. We have been selling almost without competition to customers who were obliged to buy on whatever terms they could get. It is doubtful whether our industrial equipment, on the whole, is more efficient or better organized than it was three years ago.

Meantime industry among our chief competitors has undergone a revolution for which there is no parallel. England and France, especially, have been compelled to overhaul all their processes of production and distribution in a way never before thought of. They are unquestionably manufacturing and distributing with much greater efficiency than before the war. Perhaps the most significant item in our exports is the one embracing labor-saving American machinery. Though the drastically reorganized plant is now largely engaged with war trade, it will be available for peace trade.

This, in our opinion, is the outstanding fact. Our tremendous gold reserve and strong financial position generally are advantages, certainly. The rebuilding that Europe will have to do, possibly with a shortage of capital, and even of labor, will give us certain immediate advantages. But our relative position in international trade after the war will finally turn on whether we can make and market the goods more cheaply than our big competitors can. Probably our domestic position will finally turn in no small degree upon that question.

We ought to be systematically going after the deadwood in production and distribution. Cursory investigations by the Federal Trade Commission have indicated that there is plenty of it.

War and Socialism

IT IS clearly the judgment of France and England that state socialism affords an effective means of carrying on a great war. Both countries have gradually extended state control over the activities of their subjects until, at present, practically all such activities as directly affect the conduct of the war are pretty completely in the hands of the state. This is so generally accepted that a few weeks ago, when the British Government took over management of all the coal mines in England, the fact attracted only perfunctory, matter-of-course notice.

Both countries are evidently well satisfied with the experiment; but its acceptability in normal times is as doubtful as ever.

If the problem before the United States was to see how many tons of steel rails it could turn out in a given time the country would, no doubt, do well to adopt state socialism. By suppressing all individual preferences, and ruthlessly directing every energy of the nation to one end, it could turn out more rails in a given time than by any other plan. But, in working out the problems that confront a democracy in normal times, comparatively free play of individual choice and inclination has a considerable value, even on the strictly economic side. A well-ordered state socialism would probably have "pinched" Alexander Graham Bell for fooling away valuable time in an attempt to transmit sound over a wire.

Even the material needs of a country at war are simplified and standardized. Its emotional and intellectual needs are simplified and standardized to a greater degree. Life all round tends to conform to the same pattern. So state control is tolerable. When the dire pressure of war is removed the struggle for individual choice and expression will return and the state will contract to something like its former dimensions. There will, no doubt, be higher organization of industry than before the war; but it will be voluntary.

UP AND DOWN

By the Author of Down and Up

MANY of us like to skim the last chapter of a book first, so that we may be sure of the "happy ending" before we start. Some canny authors, recognizing this trait of human nature, build their tales hind side foremost, to accommodate their readers. But my present story, though it is told backward, was not so recounted by my design. The Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST asked me to prepare Down and Up, which was printed in the Christmas issue. In January he suggested that I write Up and Down. I have narrated previously how I climbed out of the depths; how, while in the penitentiary, I made my fountain pen a key and unlocked the barred gate to freedom and opportunity. Now I shall tell of my fall from the heights. Down and Up was the story of a hard, successful fight. This is a confession of the more desperate preceding struggle that ended in disgraceful failure.

No man with self-respect bares his shame proudly or flaunts it before his acquaintances. Rather, he would choose to bury his dishonor in oblivion among strangers. I should not have written Down and Up on my own initiative. I published my prison experience because the editor assured me it would encourage disheartened men and women. I have proof that my Christmas article accomplished its purpose. Hundreds of readers have thanked me for the message of inspiration. It was a tonic of hope that saved the life of a cripple who intended to kill himself the day the Old Year died. He told me in a letter that I had restored his grit. So, though now all the world knows I spent three years and a half in the penitentiary, and though there never can be an emollient of forgetfulness to soothe the smart of my memories, I am glad I wrote Down and Up.

The present story has a purpose too. It is much harder to confess utter failure than to admit the grinding discouragements that finally smoothed the way to success. I would prefer to blot out of my recollection this Chapter I, which in chronological order should have preceded the installment of my experience already told. But the editor has shown me that Up and Down is the complement of Down and Up—that it will help men and women to solve some difficult problems of living. Therefore, I make my confession of failure. But I would refuse to tell about it to-day if I were not earning a thousand dollars a month, and if I were not richer in friendships than I ever have been before. That's the happy ending. Now I'll start the story at the beginning. I had been practicing law in a big Western city about four years. Among my few clients was a little manufacturing company, owned jointly by two men. They had an irreconcilable business disagreement. Both were stubborn. Neither would yield. Thus deadlocked, the partners summoned me to their office. Each refused to sell out to the other; but one suggested that I buy his interest. I knew the concern had been profitable; yet I declined. I said I had no money.

A Proposal

THE partner who made the proposal was thoroughly disgusted with his experiences in association with the other member of the firm. He blurted out that he was "sick and tired" of the business. He offered to take a small sum in cash and to accept my notes for the balance of his share in the company. He knew I owned an equity in a store building. He asked only that I secure him as best I could by giving a second mortgage on the property.

As impulsively as he made the offer, I agreed to buy. We drew the contracts on the spot. Within an hour after I arrived at my client's office I was half owner of a shop in which were manufactured patented electrical specialties I knew practically nothing about, except that they had been selling at a good profit for several years. From boyhood I had a natural ineptitude for mechanics. I lacked even elemental training in electrical engineering. I never had been in business of any kind before. Yet, when I went home that night with the bill of sale in my pocket, I felt confident the door of opportunity had opened and that I was well started on the road to wealth.

I never had enjoyed the practice of law; probably because after four years at the bar I was making little more than enough money to live on. I had grown tired of being poor. Therefore, I closed my downtown office with no regrets and moved my desk to the factory.

Very soon I realized why my predecessor in the firm had been so willing to quit a business that was making him two hundred dollars a month. Eager as I was to get rich, and though the company prospered amazingly despite its handicaps, I should have been glad any day in the course of the next few weeks if I could have sold my half share at cost. My partner was the most exasperating man I ever knew. He had invented the specialty we manufactured. The device was crude; but he became obsessed by a delusion that he was the peer of Edison as an electrical wizard. His egotism in this respect would not have been so offensive, however, if he had not considered himself a Solomon. As a corollary he refused to concede the possibility that I had or ever might acquire any ideas worth listening to.

I spent two years in a hell of self-repression, humiliated continually by indignities. I recognized at the outset that I was ignorant of the business. I worked day and night educating myself. I had a cot in a corner of the office, and often slept there after spending eighteen or twenty hours consecutively in the shop and at my desk. I dug out the answers to the problems I encountered. Then, I soon found, I had to play courtier to the ignoramus, self-crowned king, and to feed him morsels of suggestion tactfully for the nutriment of a notion that he had discovered a new principle of business. My idea, when he had swallowed enough of the pabulum to feel that it was his own conception, would be tested triumphantly. Whereupon my partner would start downtown to buy himself a larger-sized hat.

The company was five years old when I purchased fifty per cent of the stock. But the sales were barely two thousand dollars a month. There were no "sales"—to be exact. Certain customers bought the patented device and recommended it to their neighbors. Slowly the number of names on the ledger increased. The inventor considered it a favor to ship goods to buyers. He peddled his wares from house to house originally, I suppose. But, after getting a few "repeat" orders, he sat back in complacence and waited for the world to come to his dinky office and push money under the door. Prior to my advent, his only concession to the merit of advertising was a bulky catalogue full of pictures and effusive encomiums of his great invention. His own name stuck out conspicuously on every page.

I wasn't looking for glory. I worked for results. I laughed to myself—maybe a little wryly—when my partner claimed all the credit for the improvements I suggested to him. But it galled me that the business was cramped by the necessity of letting him incubate and hatch "original" ideas I had learned were common practice in most factories and offices. I never could induce him to test magazine publicity. Nor was I able to dent his conviction that an accurate cost system was a waste of money. While he basked in the rising sun of affluence, I sweated over my study of office and factory methods, and devised indirect means of advertising our product and of ascertaining with certainty our margin of profit.

Nursing the Young Business

PERHAPS it was good for me to have to overcome the obstacles that stupidity and arrogance put in my way. I learned manufacturing and selling from experience. The business grew fast. I watched over its progress affectionately, as if it were a crippled, anæmic child I was curing of its deformity and nurturing to strength with the food it previously had been denied. There wasn't anything brilliant in my work. I made a lot of mistakes. But the concern that had been stunted for five years shot up in stature and became pretty big in twenty months. I was as proud as I should have been of a lusty boy of mine developing toward manhood. I had no children at home then. I loved my business as if it was my own flesh.

That heart affection for the company, engendered in the course of my early months as a manufacturer, many years later made me a thief. I stole finally because I loved my business so much I could not bear to let it starve. But when danger first threatened the company, after I had been a partner a little more than a year and a half, I fought in its defense with only the legitimate weapons of the law.

The business had grown fourfold in twenty months. Sales were about two thousand dollars a week. The self-conceit of my partner swelled until there was no room in his skull for even a small brain. I did not know then that the man was crazy; though later he was adjudged insane and committed to an asylum. The day I learned he had gone to our bank and surreptitiously checked out fifteen thousand dollars of the firm's money I had a receiver appointed at once to take charge of the company. Thereupon, without realizing it at the time, I jumped from the frying pan into the fire; for the receivership led to the formation of a new business association that eventually ruined me.

The receiver appointed by the judge was a big bank. The head of the trust department took charge of the factory and office. He immediately commenced to take an inventory and to audit the books. My partner floundered in court five or six times; then proposed through his attorney that I buy him out and end the litigation by a settlement. He offered to accept half of the inventory value of the tangible assets, plus half of the cash.

"At Your Old Tricks Again, Bill"

As the fellow already had sequestered nearly all our bank deposit, the balance necessary to get rid of him, if I should allow him to keep the money he had, amounted to only about five thousand dollars. I was very eager to make the deal. He would relinquish to me the old company name, which was more valuable than the machinery and stock. But I had no idea how I could get five thousand dollars. I never before had borrowed money. I realized that no bank was likely to loan so large a sum on my personal note, with the knowledge that a bitter competitor was about to contest with me for customers. I knew, too, that I must have more cash for operating purposes. I needed not five thousand dollars, but ten thousand.

I told the receiver my dilemma. By reason of his custody of the business for several weeks he was familiar with the profits that had been made. He knew the tangible assets were worth in excess of twenty thousand dollars. He offered to supply the five thousand I required to buy out my partner, Schmidt, if I would assign to him one-third of the capital stock in the reorganized company. Further, he agreed to secure the concern a bank loan of five thousand dollars with which to pay wages and expenses and to buy raw material.

The prospect of entering into another partnership was distasteful to me; but prolonged costly litigation was the alternative. I assented. I felt my new associate was driving a sharp bargain, but I reasoned that I should still own two-thirds of the company, which was a sixth more than I had in the old firm. True, my share now would be worth, not counting goodwill, only a little more than thirteen thousand dollars, instead of twenty thousand as it had been valued. But I considered freedom from Schmidt cheaply bought for the sum I was giving up.

My new partner was the antithesis of the man to whom I had been bound. He was keen, suave, well educated, and experienced in business. I felt rather proud of the office system I had installed, but he pointed out its many crudities and faults. He continued in his position as head of the trust department at the bank, yet directed all our company money matters through an accountant whom he put in charge of our books. I recognized my comparative ignorance of such work and very gladly resigned responsibility for the company's finances. I divided my energy about equally between shop superintendence and sales activities. I had learned how to handle men and the way to get customers. Office routine seemed to me relatively unimportant. There never had been any necessity before to spend much of my time on the bookkeeping. The profits of the old firm were so large that all we had to do to keep our bank account growing, prior to the receivership, was comprised in the collection of our accounts for goods sold.

Easy Borrowing

Previously to association with my new partner my experience in banking had been confined to drawing checks and making deposits. I no more should have thought of going to a banker for a big loan than I should have entertained the idea that any other stranger would advance me thousands of dollars without collateral security. I had practiced law in a small way, but I did not know that "commercial paper" actually included the unsecured notes of minor business men whose only assets were their little workshops and stores. It was astonishing to me that my accomplished partner secured our first borrowed five thousand dollars without giving a chattel mortgage on our factory. Equipped merely with a certified statement of our assets and liabilities, he discounted a company note, which only I had indorsed personally, at the bank where he was head of the trust department. I attributed the nonchalance with which the loan was made to his high standing in the financial world.

I was well aware that our company was about to enter upon a trade war with my first partner. I felt sure it would be a mistake to wait for competition, and that we should take the initiative ourselves. I prepared a prospectus of the business I believed we could get. I drew a schedule of approximate prices and costs, based on the larger quantities I was convinced might be sold. Then I laid my plans before my banker associate.

"It is to be expected," I declared, "that Schmidt's first move will be to cut prices. He will try to win over the old customers. It won't occur to him that twenty times as much new business can be developed. I propose that we get the credit with the trade for reducing quotations on the specialty. Thirty-five dollars a thousand should satisfy us; but Schmidt undoubtedly will meet and beat our figures, whatever we quote. Therefore, let's outwit him by cutting prices only to forty dollars a thousand now. He'll offer ten per cent better; that's the way his mind works. Then we'll just drop to his figure, and probably he won't slash again for a while.

"Thirty-six dollars a thousand means over one hundred per cent manufacturing profit. We'll make a lot of money if we spend our energies principally on broadening our list of customers. Even if Schmidt gets half of the old business, our sales will be ten times as big as his if we push out and grow in new directions while he's patting himself on the back because he has fifty per cent of the trade he knows about.

"We can buy mailing lists of all the concerns that are likely to handle or use such a specialty as we manufacture. Once we have a large volume of business, we'll make our goods cheaper than Schmidt can turn out his. It won't cost more than a thousand dollars to circularize and quote fifty thousand prospects. I say we should spend the money at once. If you agree with me we can begin sending out printed matter next week. I have the copy all prepared here. Look it over. Check up my cost estimates. I am sure you will second the motion."

A Policy of Expansion

My partner studied overnight the dossier I handed him. Next day he brought me his decision.

"I concur in your program," he told me crisply; "but it will involve our borrowing a great deal of money. Have you any plan for financing this expansion?"

"Why, the bigger the business we do, the more money we'll have!" I exclaimed. "It's always been that way since I bought my interest in the company."

"Yes," he smiled; "but your previous growth was gradual. Now you purpose to double the shipments in a few months. Don't forget, either, that the old firm received fifty dollars a thousand net. We're cutting the profits in two. It will take twice the quantity of output to make the same amount of money. Your theory is right. We should plan to build a large business based on the lower price and many-times-multiplied volume. But we shall have to go into debt pretty heavily to swing it."

I did not see he was right until he took out his pencil and jotted down some remarkably accurate figures on pay rolls, copper and expenses. He showed me, too, that with goods sold on sixty days' credit we should have to carry on our books so much of the anticipated profit that we might be cramped for cash, though highly prosperous. Reluctantly I abandoned my scheme.

"I suppose we'll have to go slowly, then," I surrendered to his figures.

"No," he countered, to my amazement. "The expansion is legitimate. I am in favor of it. I merely inquired whether or not you had any plans to raise the money. I'll agree to find it for us, provided you will let me buy another sixth interest in the business on the same basis as I purchased my present third. That would make me an equal owner with you."

"I don't understand," I responded. "Twenty-five hundred dollars more wouldn't be enough. Besides, that would be mine personally. You make it clear we might need twenty-five thousand."

Again he smiled

"I hope we shall require twice, three times, that much before we attain our full growth. The more we owe, the more we shall be making."

"You intend to borrow all that money?" I cried.

"Yes. We'll be very desirable customers for our bank. We have a dull sales season once a year; so we can clean up our debts then, which will suit the bank. We'll be borrowing just to carry raw material, goods in process of manufacture, finished stock and accounts receivable. Our investments in additional machinery, tools and fixtures will be comparatively small. Our net worth now is ample security for another five thousand dollars. I am certain we shall have no difficulty in borrowing seventy-five per cent of any total we may have to carry in merchandise and accounts receivable."

Then I changed my mind. I was afraid of taking the risk of big debts. I felt I should be uncomfortable, even though the company were not actually in danger, if we owed twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. I preferred the steady, safe growth to which I had been accustomed for a year and a half. I said so frankly.

My new partner made me feel like a timid schoolboy. He argued me out of my conservatism by proving in black and white that it was foolish. He was right. I acknowledge that now, as I did then. His reasoning was sound. There was no danger in what he proposed, *per se*. But if I had been stubborn that day I never should have gone to prison. I learned a great deal about finance in the course of the next ten years; but I paid dearly for my knowledge. I should be far richer in money and in self-respect to-day if I was still as ignorant of banking practices as I was in 1900. I could not see the future then. I agreed to my partner's program.

Our business increased as a result of my advertising campaign, just as I had counted on its doing. I never have known what amount Schmidt's competition subtracted from the total volume of sales of the specialty we both made; but the company in which I was half owner soon was shipping more than twice as many devices as we had sent out before the receivership. After the initial big bulge in our orders the growth was steady until the final disgraceful wreck.

As our reorganized business expanded in sales, its debts proportionately increased. The first year we made a fine record financially, however. When our dull season came we promptly reduced our working force and kept the manufactured stock and raw materials low. The three-months lull enabled us to collect our large accounts without putting much on our books. We marked time for ninety days in the shop. Before the end of that period of retrenchment we were able to pay all the money we had borrowed. We had a cash balance remaining of about four thousand dollars. As a result, we stood well with our bank.

I give the credit for this showing largely to my partner. He personally managed all our money matters, as treasurer of the company. At the end of our initial fiscal year he prepared a statement of our assets and liabilities, with a record of earnings, that secured a first-grade rating and a one-step-higher standing as a business concern. I was president of the corporation and thoroughly proud of my position in the business world. I entered the second year with optimism.

No personal friendliness had developed between my new partner and myself. He was a cold-blooded man and seemed to be all brain and no heart. We had nothing in common except our joint operations. We never visited each other's homes. I called him "Mister" and he invariably addressed me in the same way. I did not like him at all; but I admired him a great deal—then. And I appreciated the education in finance that I owed to him. He typified to me the successful, dignified business man. I was proud to be his partner.

The Cold-Weather Slump

Each month our expert accountant took a trial balance. We kept a card record of all stock, which was equivalent to an up-to-date inventory every day. Therefore, it was possible to determine once a month approximately what our net earnings had been. My partner was accustomed frequently to come over to the factory after banking hours. He then would study and compare the trial balances and the summaries he made from them. I never have known a man to whom figuring was such a delight. It seemed to me that he always thought with a pencil. He tabulated every idea we discussed. One day he sat down beside my desk with the comparative records of twelve months' operations.

"In December," he said, "our profits were barely six hundred dollars. January dropped to half that. In February we lost two hundred and fifty. Outside those three dull months we made an average of approximately twelve hundred dollars every thirty days. It would be pretty expensive to have such a slump every winter. We should manufacture something in addition to our present line that will sell fastest in cold weather. Then we'd straighten our sales curve instead of swooping down this way. Our shop might as well earn four or five thousand dollars more a year, with practically no extra expense."

It happened that several weeks before we had been offered just such a device as he referred to. It was new, but looked good to me. I had shown it to my partner and explained its merits. At the time he had not seemed enthusiastic, and I reported to the inventor that there wasn't much likelihood we should be interested in buying his patent rights. Now, however, my partner proposed that we make the purchase. It appeared to me that he advocated the adoption of the new line principally in order to bring December, January and February sales to the average level. I thought at the time he was more interested in getting uniform monthly statements than in accomplishing any other purpose. He liked to figure as well as I enjoyed working out advertising and selling campaigns.

The innovation proved a successful feature in our business, though it cost considerable money for new machinery and tools. And the stock required for making the device was entirely dissimilar to the material we used in our original line of manufacture. We had to borrow much more heavily the second year than had been necessary previously. But I had grown used to being in debt. Notes had no terrors for me any longer. We easily secured the loans we needed. I was entirely satisfied with the situation. At the end of our next busy fall season, however, we did not shut down the shop. The demand for our new specialty was heaviest in the winter. We worked on at top pressure.

New Lessons in Finance

As a correlative of the changed conditions we were not able that year to pay all our debts. In October I was given another lesson in finance, covering a branch of borrowing about which I then knew nothing. My partner reminded me that our bank would expect us to "clean up," as we had done the fall before. A bank, he said, liked to have a borrower demonstrate ability to liquidate his debts once a year.

"We can accomplish the desired effect," he informed me, "by borrowing twenty thousand dollars from a notebroker for three or four months. I have made arrangements for such a loan, in fact. It will cost us a brokerage fee of only one-fourth of one per cent in addition to ordinary interest. By paying up our note at the bank we shall maintain our standing there so well that they will gladly grant us our full discount line again the first of the year."

I remember now what a shock to me it was to be reminded that the three-months notes at the bank, which had been twice renewed for the same term, were expected to be taken up at the third maturity, whether we had the money in hand or not. I had grown accustomed to the idea that so long as our manufacturing operations were profitable we need not worry about our debts. Anxiously I requested my partner to elucidate the new method of financing that was to tide us over until we could borrow again at the bank.

"It is very simple," he explained: "We make four of our company notes for five thousand dollars each. They are to be payable to the corporation's own order and indorsed in blank by it. You and I also will indorse personally. The notes will bear six per cent interest. Our broker will buy them at their face, less one-quarter of one per cent brokerage. He will sell them to various out-of-town customers of his. Our bank will be none the wiser. Of course when the broker's paper falls due we shall have our regular discount line at the bank again, and will pay the notes as they mature."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that a broker will lend us twenty thousand dollars for three months and charge only fifty dollars more than regular interest for the risk?"

My partner smiled at my unsophistication.

"The broker takes practically no risk," he declared. "He knows that our business rating will satisfy his clients. He does not indorse the paper. It all will be out of his hands within a week after he gives us his check. For every day he holds a note he will receive the six per cent interest himself. He really makes a very handsome profit."

Then he told me that millions of dollars were borrowed constantly in this manner by well-rated concerns. I perceived that the brokers were performing an entirely legitimate function. I learned afterward they were men of the very highest standing

(Continued on Page 55)

"It's a meal in itself!"

That is what thousands of people say about *Campbell's Vegetable Soup.* And in truth this popular food-product contains practically every element of a nourishing and satisfying repast.

The strengthening juices of good meat, the tissue-building properties of choice vegetables and sustaining cereals, the pleasing flavor of fresh herbs and delicate spices—they are all temptingly combined in this delicious soup.

And it is all ready for your table in three minutes. It saves you the time and trouble of marketing. It does away with the work of preparing materials and cooking them. It cuts down your fuel-cost.

We use thirty-two separate ingredients in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

The strong full-bodied stock we make from selected beef. And this stock also contains the nutritious marrow of the bones.

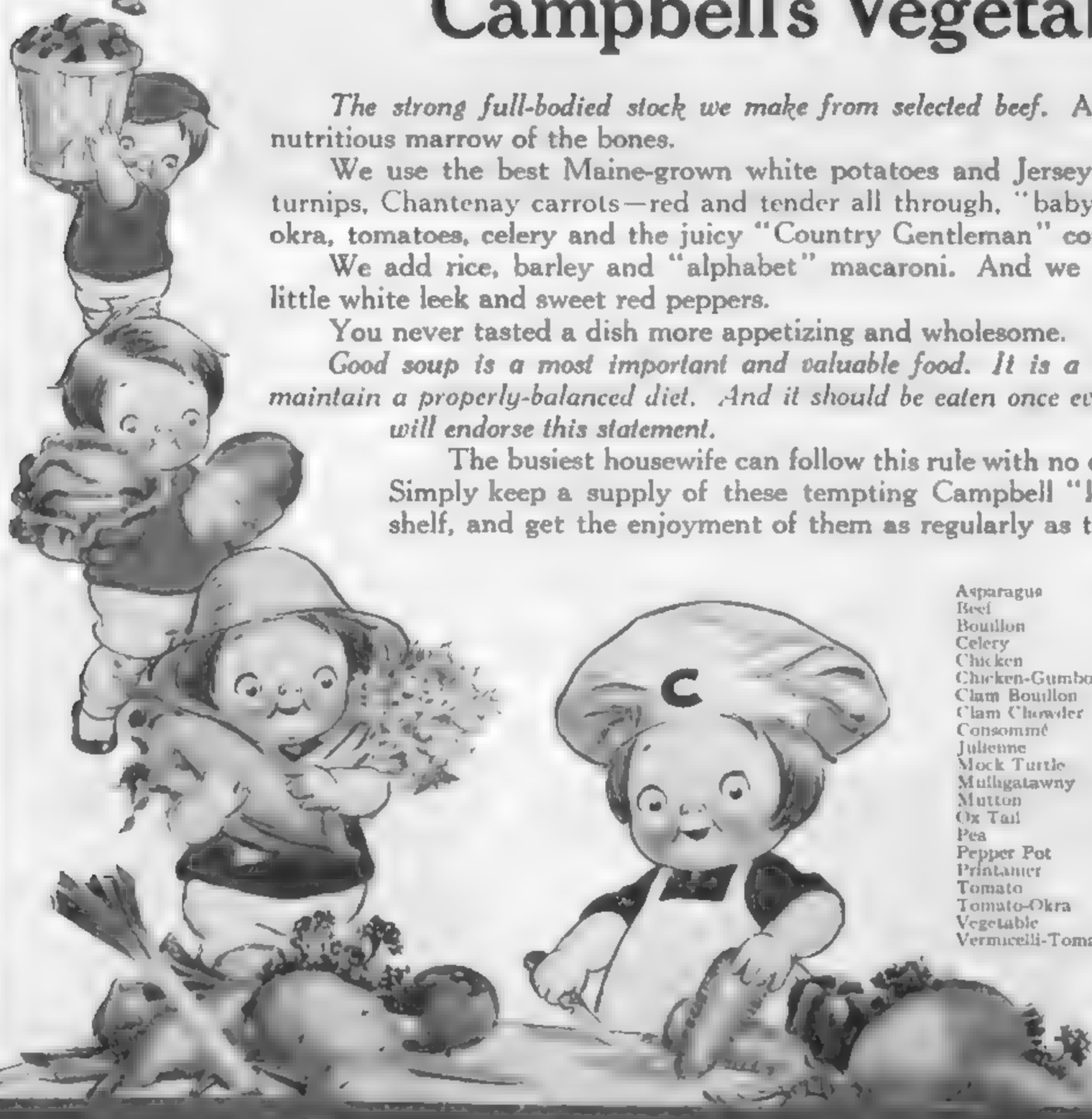
We use the best Maine-grown white potatoes and Jersey sweet potatoes, fine big yellow turnips, Chantenay carrots—red and tender all through, "baby" lima beans, small peas, green okra, tomatoes, celery and the juicy "Country Gentleman" corn.

We add rice, barley and "alphabet" macaroni. And we give a final snappy touch with little white leek and sweet red peppers.

You never tasted a dish more appetizing and wholesome.

Good soup is a most important and valuable food. It is a positive necessity if you want to maintain a properly-balanced diet. And it should be eaten once every day at least. Your physician will endorse this statement.

The busiest housewife can follow this rule with no extra labor, no fussing, no delay. Simply keep a supply of these tempting Campbell "kinds" at hand on your pantry shelf, and get the enjoyment of them as regularly as the day comes round.



Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

OPTIONS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

"There's Just Two Hundred and Thirty-Five Shares Between Us Now, Useless"

USELESS ARBURY sat on the stomach of a large policeman, one knee on each wrist, and his left hand pushing downward vigorously on the officer's face to hold him quiescent, while with his right hand he struggled to unpin the nickel shield of office from the blue coat. Useless was adding to his collection.

It was a collection of which Useless was quite proud, even when he was perfectly sober, which was generally. It consisted of fourteen policemen's badges from as many cities, and of no less than eleven stars bearing such designations as Town Marshal, Village Constable, and the like. Now Useless was putting the crown to his collection by adding to it a badge from his home city. He intended this to be his last; for college was over, a year of travel in Europe was done with, and it was his excellent resolution to settle down and—possibly—to go to work.

Now one cannot place a policeman on his back, sit on him and deprive him of the insignia of his calling without attracting attention—more especially is this so if he chooses for the scene of his activity the shadow of Governor Bagley's bust on Detroit's Campus Martius—even if the hour be one o'clock in the morning. Useless had an audience with astonishing quickness.

Now, as anybody knows, sudden crowds attract guardians of the peace. Useless had scarcely made sure of the recumbent officer's badge when two more of his tribe and nation appeared; and Useless found himself with more on his hands than he could well perform.

When he looked up into those two new officers' faces he rose to his feet.

"Your friend," he said graciously, "is a trifle mussed, but otherwise as good as new. You needn't have troubled yourselves to come. I was ready to get off him, anyhow."

Indignant official hands fell upon him, to which he surrendered himself good-naturedly; and he was propelled to a signal box, the admiring crowd tailing him and waiting jovially to see the patrol wagon arrive.

Useless was not intoxicated in the sense in which old ladies and temperance orators understand that word. He never became so; and it was not frequently that he became as he was this morning—"mildly irritated," as he called it. No; he was not even a good, industrious drunkard. He fell short of success at that, just as he had failed as a student and as a polite traveler. His father had named him Ulysses; a fully appreciative undergraduate body had changed this to the perfectly descriptive Useless, and had loved him as all mankind seemed compelled to love him—though it could not admire.

He had been only a sub on the football team, though it was admitted by critics that he could have been an All-American tackle had he stirred himself. The only point at which he touched success was in becoming humorously riotous on a surprisingly small ration of intoxicating liquor. And, because of this, his name had figured in the public prints of divers cities.

The desk sergeant scowled at the beaming Useless.

"What for?" he asked the patrolman.

"Assaultin' an officer."

"Huh! . . . I've heard of you, Arbury, and that collection of badges of yours."

"Thank you," said Useless. "It's a little thing, but unique."

"No use lockin' you up; but what I'll do to you'll be worse'n lockin' up. Accordin' to accounts, your dad's tired of your cuttin' up, and I'll make him more tired. Call them reporters down."

Next morning at breakfast Lucius Arbury found himself referred to on the front pages of both newspapers. He faced an excellent likeness of his son and read spirited accounts of the night's adventure. Lucius was a man who remembered not the days of his youth; so he smote the table and vowed a vow much to his son's disadvantage. Also, he said to the butler:

"When my son comes down—if he ever does—tell him to be at my office at ten-thirty."

That was all; but when Useless received the message he recognized it as a command it would be exceedingly unwise to disobey. He was prompt—indeed, a little beforehand—at the office, and made his way past office boys and buffers to his father's door.

"You can't go in, Mr. Arbury," said the ultimate guard. "Your father is engaged."

Useless grinned down at the man.

"He told me to be there at ten-thirty; and there I'll be," he said, and walked in.

His father was engaged in conversation with a large bald gentleman, who immediately ceased speaking when Useless entered. His father scowled, and jerked his thumb toward a chair.

"Sit down there and keep quiet," he said; then to the bald gentleman: "Go on! Never mind him. It's just my son, and he doesn't understand business English—barroom English is his limit."

"I'd hate to have this leak out."

"No danger! Go ahead, Porter."

"Well, as I was saying, I've bought about fifty thousand acres of spruce near Hermit Notch, in New Hampshire; bought it quietly. Yesterday I let the contract for building a pulp mill. Cost me about four hundred thousand for mill and machinery. She'll be running in seven months, and there'll be a lovely thing in it. At present prices I'll pay for the mill in a little over a year. But present prices aren't a starter.

"Sulphate pulp is going up to seventy-five dollars a ton before the year's over—maybe higher. I'll manufacture a minimum of seventy-five tons a day, and every ton contracted for at the market."

"How about shipping facilities?"

"Not the best. We're stuck with an arbitrary over a short haul to the main line—about six cents a hundred; but we get a good rate to New York and Boston. Minimum carload twenty-four thousand pounds; so we'll be shipping six or seven cars a day."

"Going to hog it, of course!" said Mr. Arbury with a grin. "I'll take any part of it up to fifty per cent."

"Nix! But you can handle the bond issue if you want to. It'll be a short-time one, though. We'll be taking it up in a year."

"All right! If I can't buy in on the real game I'll take what pickings I can."

"So long, Arbury! I'll let you know when we're ready."

"So long!" said Arbury genially; but, as the visitor closed the door behind him, his face changed, and he turned to his son with an expression not so much of anger as of determination.

"You broke the camel's back last night," he said without heat. "I'm tired of these things and I'm tired of you. I've come to the conclusion that you're plain no good. Useless they call you, don't they? Well, it fits. . . . I've given you an education and a chance to break in with me; but you'd rather lick policemen. So I'm through! I could support you, I expect; but I'm not going to."

He picked up an oblong slip of paper from his desk and held it in his hand.

"Here's a check for ten thousand dollars. I can't turn you loose without a cent, for I haven't raised you so you could earn a living. That's my fault, and I acknowledge it—so I fine myself ten thousand dollars. It's all you get. You can blow it or you can wake up and use it to earn more for you. It's up to you. But when it's gone don't come back to me. There'll be nothing doing. Don't come back to me at all. I'm through with you. It hurts my pride every time I think of you. You're no good! . . . I never want to see you again unless you can come back here with fifty thousand dollars instead of ten. If you can do that we'll wipe out what's happened and you can come into this business. Now get out!"

Useless took the check and rose to his feet. He made no protest, no plea for lenience. All he said was:

"Honest, dad, I had no idea I was being as rotten as this!"

He went out and cashed his check. Added to the four hundred-odd dollars he already had, the ten one-thousand-dollar bills gave him quite an opulent sensation. At first he considered how to begin his new career—whether it should be by becoming "mildly irritated" again; and decided against that course. As he stood debating, a young woman came out of the bank and prepared to enter a waiting electric; but at sight of him she paused.

"Useless!" she called.

He turned quickly, and a smile, such as only young men whose affections are in a certain seething state can exhibit at sight of the cause of the cardiac disturbance, beamed upon her.

"Hello, Ruth!" he said; and when he was at her side: "I love you more than I did yesterday at this hour. I just felt my pulse to see."

"Shucks!" she said.

"But I've got to withdraw my offer of marriage—temporarily, anyhow."

"What is it?" she asked, instantly concerned. "Have you had a row with your father?"

"No row. He just handed me a check for ten thousand and said good-by forever."

"On account of last night?"

"Everybody reads the papers," he complained.

"Really I oughtn't to be seen talking to such a notorious character. It's very compromising to be seen with a man who gets drunk and tries to kill innocent policemen."

"I'm no booze fighter, Ruth; and you know it."

"If you were I shouldn't be talking to you," she said. "Tell me what your father said."

"Mainly that I was no good, and never to come back until I had turned his ten thousand into fifty thousand. He might as well have told me to turn it into fairy carpets or dodo birds."

(Continued on Page 33)

The New Hupmobile

The Year's High Mark For Beauty

This new Hupmobile is a year ahead in beauty. Its equal, we believe, will not appear this season. It sets the year's high mark.

From its earliest days the Hupmobile has held first place for value. Later, against the field of multi-cylinders, it won performance laurels. Now it leads in beauty, too.

But it is more than the year-ahead beauty-car. It brings you all the old-time Hupmobile goodness. It has not gained style at the expense of quality.

That would have been the easy way—to cheapen inner quality for outer beauty. But we did not take that way.

The Way We Pay For Extra Beauty

Instead, we built and equipped new factories. We put almost another million into added buildings and machinery. We cut down the overhead. We increased production to spread the cost of extra beauty.

Perhaps no other car is watched like the Hupmobile. As the world's best four, it is subjected to the severest scrutiny.

Makers of other cars, and other types, watch it. Other owners and dealers watch it. Our own owners, proud of their cars, watch it too; but in a different spirit.

It is always in the lime-light, everywhere. Because it is a four. And because it outperforms not only other fours, but other types, the impulse to criticise is intensified a thousandfold.

A Quality Car Since The First

So, if the Hupmobile is to hold its place, we dare not build it less good. That consideration aside, its quality reputation guards against any temptation we might feel.

Other manufacturers tell us we put too much money into hidden things.

They point out that our motor is worthy of a $3,000 car. That our rear axle, clutch, transmission, etc., are better than expected in a car of our class.

But we prefer to err on the side of quality. We prefer to give too much rather than too little. We cannot lower standards that have stood since the first Hupmobiles were built.

Some men buy a car for its beauty. Some for its quality. But all men want performance. They want their cars to do as well as any on the road; better if possible.

You get all three in the new Hupmobile. It is the year-ahead beauty-car. Comparison will convince you of this. Its quality and its value are recognized the world over. Its performance has been proved in every part of the country.

Four Years' Work In Four Months

The whole nation witnessed its prowess in its Capital-to-Capital Tour. This meant four years of ordinary service in four months. It meant a new trail from Washington to the capital of every state, and back to Washington.

It meant mud and mountain-climbing. Desert heat and zero cold. Snow-drifts and January rains. The Hupmobile "did its bit" on schedule time — in four months, 20,000 miles of the hardest touring this country can offer.

An absorbing story of this Titan of endurance tests is yours for the asking.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

The Mark of Superior Motor Car Service

An Index to the New Style Features

Bright finish, long-grain, French seam upholstery

Improved cushions and lace type back springs in seats

Leather-covered molding finish along edges of upholstery

Neverleek top, black outside, tan inside—waterproof

Tonneau gipsy quarter curtains, integral with top

Front and rear edges of top finished with leather-covered molding with aluminum ferrule tips

Bow spreaders to carry top when folded

Hupmobile-Bishop door-curtain carriers, folding with curtains—exclusive feature

Bright leather hand grip-pads on doors

Large door pockets with special weighted flaps

Body a new color—Hupmobile blue

New variable dimming device graduates brilliance of headlights

Tail lamp operates independently of other lamps

New soft operating clutch

Six Models

Five-passenger Touring Car; Seven-passenger Touring Car; Year-'Round Touring Car; Roadster; Sedan; Year-'Round Coupé

Hupmobile Five-Passenger Touring Car

A New Barrett Roofing

EVERLASTIC MULTI-SHINGLE

Manufactured in strips 32¼ inches long by 10 inches wide, with self-spacing cut-outs 4 inches deep by ½ inch wide.

It provides not less than double thickness over every part of the roof except cut-outs, and triple thickness where the wear is heaviest.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

Here's the latest thing in roofings—Everlastic Multi-Shingles, handsome, durable, economical, fire-resisting.

It is the logical successor to the good old-fashioned shingles that everybody loved.

But ordinary shingles have been going up in price and, in many cases, down in quality and something better had to be found.

Made in Colors

Everlastic Multi-Shingles are made on a heavy, waterproof felt base with genuine crushed slate on the surface, red or green as you prefer, and as these are the natural colors of the slate used, they will never change.

The "4-in-1 Roofing"

We call Everlastic Multi-Shingles "The 4-in-1 Roofing," and obviously this strip form of *four shingles in one* is a great saver of both time and money.

As compared with ordinary shingles, they are easier to lay, far more beautiful to look at, free from cracks and, of great importance, offer real *fire protection*.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles are packed in cartons, each containing sufficient shingles to cover 50 square feet of roof.

Everlastic Tylike-Shingles

These are regular slate-surfaced shingles, made of the same material as the Everlastic Multi-Shingle, size 8 x 12¾ inches. They have been a favorite roofing for many years in all parts of the country.

A charming roof or siding for any building that will long outlast most other kinds of roofing. Easy to lay; will not split or curl; red or green as you prefer.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

The same material as above, but in rolls 32 inches wide and 40 feet 6 inches long. Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing makes a beautiful roof and requires no painting.

Also used for lining valleys, covering ridge-poles, etc., when Everlastic Multi-Shingles or Tylike-Shingles are used.

Everlastic Rubber Roofing

This is our most popular "rubber" roofing and is made of the very best grade of waterproofed felt. Light in weight, easy to handle and, wherever this character of roofing is desired, you cannot make a better selection than Everlastic.

It comes in one-, two- and three-ply weights, each roll containing enough to cover 100 square feet of roof. Nails and cement packed in each roll.

Free Booklet

If your dealer does not carry Everlastic Roofings, write us and we will send you illustrated folder telling more about them and advising you where they can be purchased.

Some Barrett Specialties

Everjet Elastic Paint

The best and most economical paint made for "rubber" and metal roofings, and exposed surfaces of all kinds. It is elastic, adhesive and will not rub, crack or peel.

Elastigum Waterproof Cement

Wherever there is a leak you need Elastigum. It has a hundred different uses. Just the thing for joining and relining gutters and flashings around chimneys. It is easy to apply, is acid-proof, damp-proof and *it sticks*.

Carbosota Creosote Oil

You can add many years to the life of all exposed woodwork by using Carbosota Grade-One Creosote Oil. Being in liquid form it is easily applied. No expensive method required.

Creonoid

Creonoid Lice Destroyer and Cow Spray will keep your live stock free from annoyance by insects, flies, lice and vermin. It helps to make healthy horses, contented cows and clean poultry. Use Creonoid in the barn and in poultry-house and you will have more milk and eggs.

Booklets regarding any of these products free upon request

The Barrett Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N. B Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

(Continued from Page 30)

"Get in," she said, motioning toward the electric. "You and I are going to talk things over."

As they drove out the avenue she had little to say; but presently she slowed the machine down to scarcely perceptible motion, and began.

"You've been making love to me since we were kids," she said, "and I've liked it. . . . Yes, I have. I've always intended to marry you when I got ready, though you've done a lot to make it hard for me to keep on wanting to. But I know you pretty well, Useless, and I know it isn't bad in you that keeps cropping out—it's just boy! Now it's up to you to be a man. If you are one I'll marry you as soon as you prove it. If you can't prove it—why, that's the end of it."

"How'll I prove it, Ruth? Lick Jess Willard or go over Niagara in a barrel, or what?"

"Bring back that fifty thousand dollars to your father."

"Aw, Ruth!" he said boyishly.

"And I'll help you," she added.

"That's better. You've got more brains than dad."

"It's easy to make money if you just get the idea."

"Sure! There was a man in dad's office this morning telling how he was going to clean up something like half a million in a year."

"How? Maybe there's a hint for us in it."

The "us," as she spoke it, sounded very sweet and homelike to Useless. He told her everything he could remember.

"Hum! . . . It wouldn't be fair to use that information in any way that could interfere with Mr. Porter's plans. But isn't there some side issue that we could get some money out of? Let me see! . . . I was at Hermit's Notch for a couple of weeks when I was going to Smith, and drove all round there. There's that dinky little railroad. How will this mill affect that?"

"It will give it about six carloads more freight every day than it had before. That's outgoing freight. There'll be a lot coming in too. And at six cents a hundred pounds that will amount to a lot every year."

"People up there say that railroad never pays a cent of dividends," she said reflectively. "I remember Mr. Whipple happened to say one day that he had a dozen shares he'd be glad to sell mighty cheap."

"I couldn't buy many railroad shares with ten thousand dollars," said Useless.

"No; but if we can figure out where that railroad is going to pay, and pay big, you can get a lot of options on shares with that amount. Pretty nearly all there are, I expect. You'd have to keep it awfully quiet and get them before folks found out anything about these mills."

"Sure!" said he, catching the idea quickly. "And then sell my options to somebody at a nice profit. I see!"

"Useless, if I were you I'd take the first train down there and find out all I could about that railroad and who owns the stock, and how much they'll sell it for. Then, if it looks all right, we can go after it. You could take the flyer this afternoon."

"Whee! But you're some hustler!"

"Because I want you to—to prove you're not what your father thinks you are."

"And if I prove it, Ruth?"

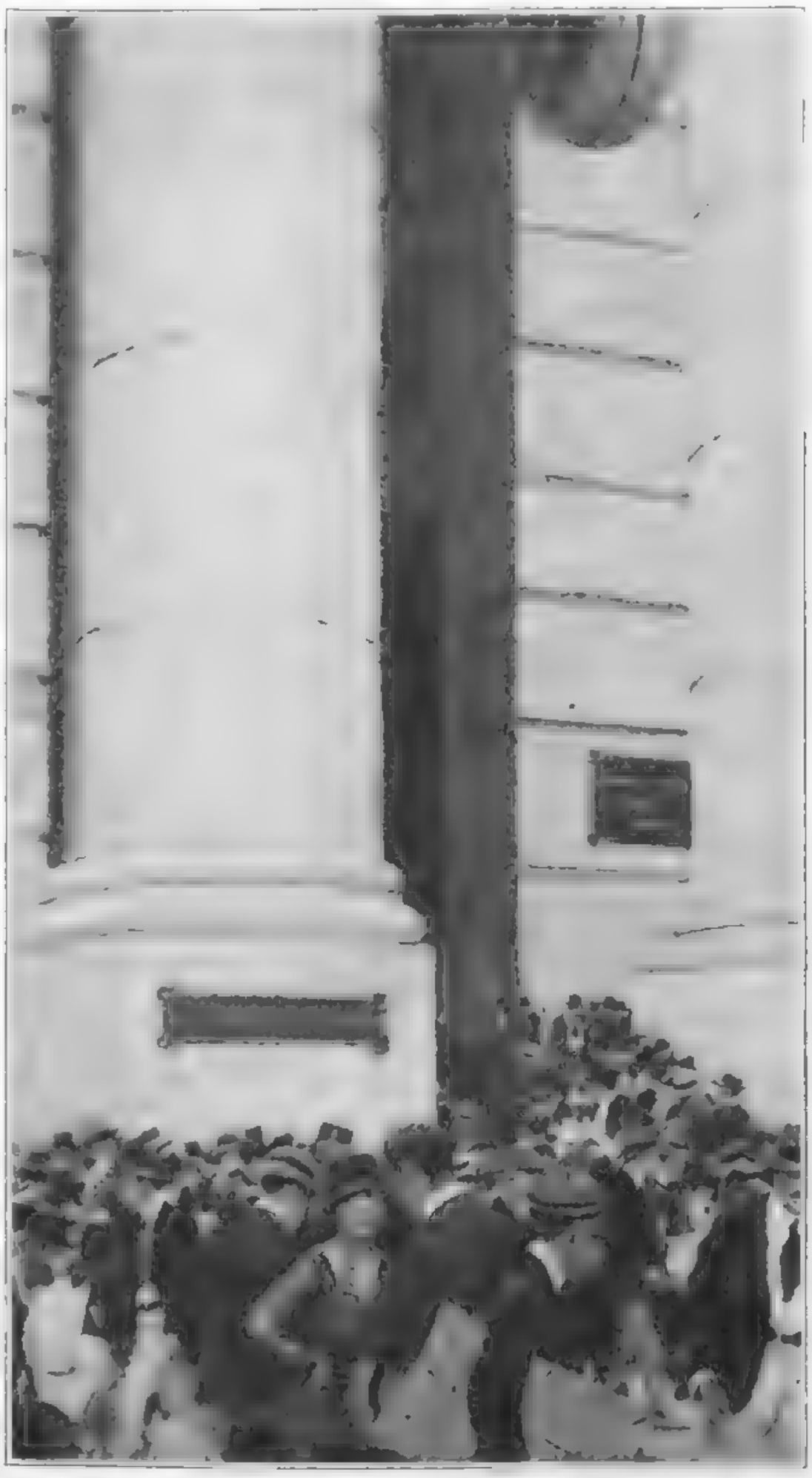
"You call on me the day you have made fifty thousand dollars and I'll tell you exactly what day we'll be married; and—and—here's a kiss to bind the bargain."

The next morning Useless Arbury got off the train at Albany, with his ten one-thousand-dollar bills. That night found him in Hermit's Notch, the northern terminal of the Hermit's Notch and Southern Railroad—a railroad consisting of twenty-odd miles of rails, with stops at five ramshackle stations.

It was an unpromising-looking affair; but even Useless could see that it ran through a richly timbered country, and that those hundreds of millions of feet of spruce and hardwood must come down over those rusty rails, if they came at all. The sight of miles of mountains, made beautiful by close-growing timber, stirred Useless' heart with encouragement.

Useless' first care was to find a room. He did not want to go to the hotel, where too many persons might be inquisitive as to his business; so he made courteous inquiries at the post office and was directed to the house of Mr. Vanner, which turned out to be a very pleasant place indeed, and a fortunate location for Useless—fortunate because he was blessed with that bearing which charms oldish ladies, and so entered into Mrs. Vanner's good graces.

To his surprise his host proved to be none other than the president of the local bank and a man of means and standing in the locality. There are places on the face of the earth where to rent a room or take a boarder is to flaunt oneself as of an inferior social caste. This is not true of Hermit's Notch. There the first families rent their spare rooms as casually and as clear of conscience as your New York landlord rents his apartments for a bagatelle of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Hermit's Notch regards a spare room as an asset and promptly realizes what it can upon it.



"Ruth, I Love You More Than I Did Yesterday at This Hour. I Just Felt My Pulse to See"

Useless made an excellent first impression on the Vanners; but when, in the morning, he walked to the bank with Mr. Vanner and deposited ten one-thousand-dollar bills they were ready to make him one of the family. Mrs. Vanner took him under her wing, and by word and action stood sponsor for him in the village; so that, as it were, he found his place all made for him there, and did not have to labor through long weeks to pierce the New England crust of the inhabitants to a degree where they would admit to him, on question, that it was a pleasant morning.

To get information about the railroad was now the business of the day, and Useless found it not difficult. Indeed, any citizen he met seemed willing—nay, anxious—to talk about that enterprise; and before two days were over Useless was in possession of so much contradictory, conflicting information about the road that his head whirled. That evening he mentioned it casually to Mr. Vanner.

"This is a queer little railroad you have," he said. "Is it owned locally?"

"Queer! I calc'late 'tis queer! Couldn't git along without it now't we got it; but it's all-fired tryin' at times. Owned local, did you say? Perty much so. Built along about twenty year ago as a loggin' road by the Buttons, that opened up this valley. Then they run it through to Hermit's Notch and broad-gauged it; and, jest to git folks int'rested - so they said—they up and sold most of the stock in it to local parties. And when they come to die the rest of the stock got took up here and there—mostly because them that bought thought it was for the public good. Hain't nobody got a majority, and there's more lots of ten or twenty or fifty shares than there is of more. I got a hundred myself that I'd be willin' to let go of cheap."

"Doesn't the road pay?"

"Wait! I'll show you the last report got out by the treasurer."

This was unlooked-for good luck. The report was full and conclusive. It showed approximately what Useless had hoped it would show—namely, that there had not been a dividend declared since the road was built. The capitalization was seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or seventy-five hundred shares of one hundred dollars each. The greatest profit the road had shown was six thousand four hundred and twenty dollars and thirty-one cents.

It amounted to this: that the road was free of debts, of bond issues, and the like; that it paid its own way, and earned a trifle. To Useless' way of thinking, it was in a position to show a satisfactory rate of earnings—if it could get more business; in fact, it appeared to him that every dollar's additional business the road got now would be a dollar added to the profit side of the ledger.

Again he figured over what the coming of the pulp mill would mean to that road. Using reasonable conservatism, he judged it would increase the earnings not less than thirty-five thousand dollars a year, which would mean five per cent dividends. It would do more than that; it would stimulate the valley, add to the passenger traffic—possibly call in new industries. But a railroad capable of paying five per cent dividends on a full capitalization, that could be bought for forty cents on the dollar, looked like a real investment. There are comparatively few nine or ten per cent paying investments of that solid character.

"What is the stock quoted at now, Mr. Vanner?" he asked.

"'Tain't quoted exactly; but most of it could be bought for a lot less'n it cost. I know dummed well I'd jump at the chance of takin' forty dollars a share for mine."

"Do you think others would feel the same way?"

"Some might let it go for less."

"It seems to me it might be made to pay."

"Can't see it."

"Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Vanner: I'll give you a hundred dollars for a three-month option on your stock at forty. Of course this is confidential. It looks to me as if something could be done with this road, and I'd like to try, if I can pick up enough stock to make it worth while."

"'Tain't a fair deal to you, young feller."

"I'll take the chances of that. I wonder if I can get other blocks of stock on similar options?"

Mr. Vanner laughed.

"You bet you can! Understandin' bein' that if you didn't take the stock at the end of three months we could keep the money you paid down?"

"Yes."

"Seems like cheatin' you."

"Well, I'd like to see what I can do. How much stock is owned in town?"

"Maybe a quarter of it—in the township and surroundin' country."

"Can you give me a list of the owners?"

Mr. Vanner could; and the next day Useless, driven by Mr. Vanner, started out to call on them. Vanner introduced him and helped matters along by admitting that he himself had accepted Useless' proposition. When they got home at night Useless held options on twelve hundred and twenty shares, costing him one dollar a share.

"I hate to see you doin' this. You're throwin' your money away," said Mr. Vanner.

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HERE is a mighty simple and easy way to get rid of your corns and calluses. Apply a few drops of Freezone directly upon a tender aching corn or a callus. It dries immediately. The corn-pain is relieved. The corn or callus then begins to dry up and shortly it can be peeled off with fingers.

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doesn't irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or flesh. You feel no pain or soreness while applying Freezone or afterwards. You'll like it immensely. Women who wear high-heeled footwear will appreciate Freezone. Keep a tiny bottle on your dresser and never let your corns ache twice.

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NEVERLEEK has become the standardized top material. Its quality is beyond question. As an accompaniment and aid to style design, it is the natural selection of those motor car manufacturers who are constantly setting new standards of grace and beauty. 44 makes of high-grade cars are now advertised as "equipped with Neverleek Top."

Ask for Neverleek on your new car.

F. S. Carr Company, Boston and Detroit

"Maybe I am; but if I'm not I'll see to it that you make as much money a share on your hundred shares as I do on what I buy. That's fair. You've helped me a lot."

"Blessed if I can see what you're up to!" said Vanner. "But I calc'late you know your own business best."

It looked like smooth sailing. Useless wanted at least fifty-one per cent of the stock, and as much more than that as he could get control of; but fifty-one per cent was essential to the success of his plan. He must have for sale the control of the road, for that would add many thousands of dollars to the value of the investment. Indeed, without control it was more than possible he would lose every dollar he put into the options, and be left flat without a nest egg. To be left flat meant not only losing his chance of regaining his father's confidence, but also losing Ruth. That was what counted. He was fighting for Ruth. He liked to feel that. And nightly he sat down to write her long, hopeful letters, reporting progress.

In a week he found himself with options for twenty-nine hundred and eighty shares. Fifty-one per cent would require thirty-eight hundred and twenty-five shares; so he had eight hundred and forty-five shares yet to acquire before safety was achieved.

It seemed too good to be true. It had been so easy—and he owed it all to Ruth! She had furnished the brains; he had done nothing but carry out her idea. She, without doubt, was a wife well worth serving for—even the seven years required of the Hebrew patriarch.

On Monday Useless went alone to Cairo, the town at the opposite end of the line. The first stockholder he approached there was Titus Goodleather, postmaster.

"Mr. Goodleather," said Useless, after preliminary conversation, "I understand you own twenty shares of the Hermit Notch Railroad."

"You understand wrong," said Titus. "I did own them shares; but I don't. Say, young feller, what's happenin' to that railroad, anyhow? Folks seems to be gittin' int'rested in it. You're the second—which accounts for my not ownin' the stock. Sold it the day before yesterday to a feller from Detroit. Yes, sir. Broker, he says he was; and he give me forty-one dollars a share, cash. Says he was buyin' for a client in Detroit named Arbury, who was figgerin' on livin' here, or somethin', and wanted a few shares in the railroad, jest to keep him int'rested in local matters."

A feller from Detroit named Arbury! Useless sat down suddenly, chilled. There could be but one man named Arbury, from Detroit, who conceivably could have an interest in this railroad; and that was his father. Swiftly Useless reached a true judgment of the facts. Just as Ruth had instantly seen the possibilities in this railroad upon the coming of the pulp mill, so Lucius Arbury had seen them, and as promptly he had set out to get the road. Furthermore, he had set out to get it with millions of dollars, while Useless had but ten thousand. If it came to a race and a fight for the control Useless felt hopelessly handicapped at the start.

Knowing his father's shrewdness as he did, he felt that he might have known Lucius Arbury would let no such opportunity as this slip through his fingers.

From Titus Goodleather, Useless went to a dozen other stockholders, all of whom had parted with their stock. His father's broker had cleaned out Cairo with commendable thoroughness, and now, to Useless' knowledge, had possession of twenty-one hundred and thirty shares.

He hired a man to drive him to Memphis, and there found himself in town with his opponent. One man he called on had, but half an hour before, parted with his stock. This put Useless on his mettle. He hurried as he had never hurried before, jumping to the remotest stockholder on his list—and found himself first on the ground. There he acquired twenty shares. As he rushed to the next man on his list he wondered whether his father's broker was aware of his activities. The event proved he was not. Three more stockholders Useless saw in succession and gathered in seventy shares more. Then he and the broker must have passed each other on the way, for the next man was still counting over the money he had taken for his certificates.

Useless thought a moment. To delay in Memphis was dangerous. He might pick up an odd block of stock; but while he did so the broker might be getting to the next town and gathering in a thousand shares. Therefore, Useless hired another buggy and set out, at the most rapid pace he could persuade his driver to attain, for Moab, still lacking seven hundred and fifty-five shares of his objective.

The drive gave Useless a chance to think; and as he considered the situation—that he was opposing his own father in this transaction—he recognized it as an opportunity greater than reason would have permitted him to expect. His father despised him; declared him worthless. Well, he was entered against his father, playing the game against Lucius Arbury; and if he could win, if he could beat his father on his own ground, then the old financier would indeed be compelled to eat his words. And Ruth would be proud of him, for the battle was now in his hands. Hers had been the idea, but the execution must be his. To win would mean the accomplishment of a feat that would make him worthy of Ruth's admiration. That would be better than winning the fifty thousand dollars demanded by his father.

Useless' list of stockholders showed that there were some five hundred shares owned in Moab, all in cats and dogs except one—considerable, for that locality—block of a hundred and twenty-five shares, held by an individual named Septimus Dean. The largest block owned by an individual was a thousand shares, in the hands of a man named Whitter, in Boston. If Useless could get that thousand shares the battle would be over; but to go to Boston would take time.

He stopped, however, at the Moab telegraph office and wired Whitter, asking an immediate reply. Then he hurried out to Septimus Dean's, and there he encountered difficulties for the first time.

"Want my railroad stock, eh? What fur?" Dean asked sharply.

"Because I think something can be made of the road, and I want to get enough stock in my hands to give me a chance to try," Useless said.

"Um! . . . Feel like you do, and I calc'late I'll play your game. Guess I'll hang on and take what profit you make out of it for me."

"If I can't get the stock there'll be no profit for anybody. It's never paid you a cent, and I'm ready to take it off your hands."

"What price?"

"Forty."

"If it's worth forty to you it's worth forty to me," said Septimus cannily; "and, besides, I don't like this here option notion of your'n. If I was to sell, it would be for spot cash—and not for forty, neither."

"For what, then?" asked Useless.

"Fifty," said Septimus.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Useless: "I'll give you fifty-five if you'll let me handle it my way on an option." He looked through the window and saw a buggy stop at the door and a man alight who was not indigenous to that soil. Instinctively he knew it was his father's broker. "That's my final offer," he said. "In a year you'll wish you had taken forty. Now then, Mr. Dean, is it fifty-five on option, or nothing? Quick! I mean business."

The old fellow scrutinized Useless closely, appeared to make up his mind the young man meant what he said, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a go!" he said, and went to fetch his certificate.

When he came back a second visitor was in the hall waiting.

"Sign here!" said Useless, extending the option form; and the name was scrawled on its dotted line.

Useless paid over the money and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Don't mind sayin', young feller, that you're a speedy trader. If you'd 'a' hung on you'd 'a' got it for fifty or less."

Septimus smiled a triumphant smile.

"And," said Useless, answering grin with grin, "I don't mind telling you that if you had held on till you got to see the man who's waiting in the hall you might have got seventy-five—cash!"

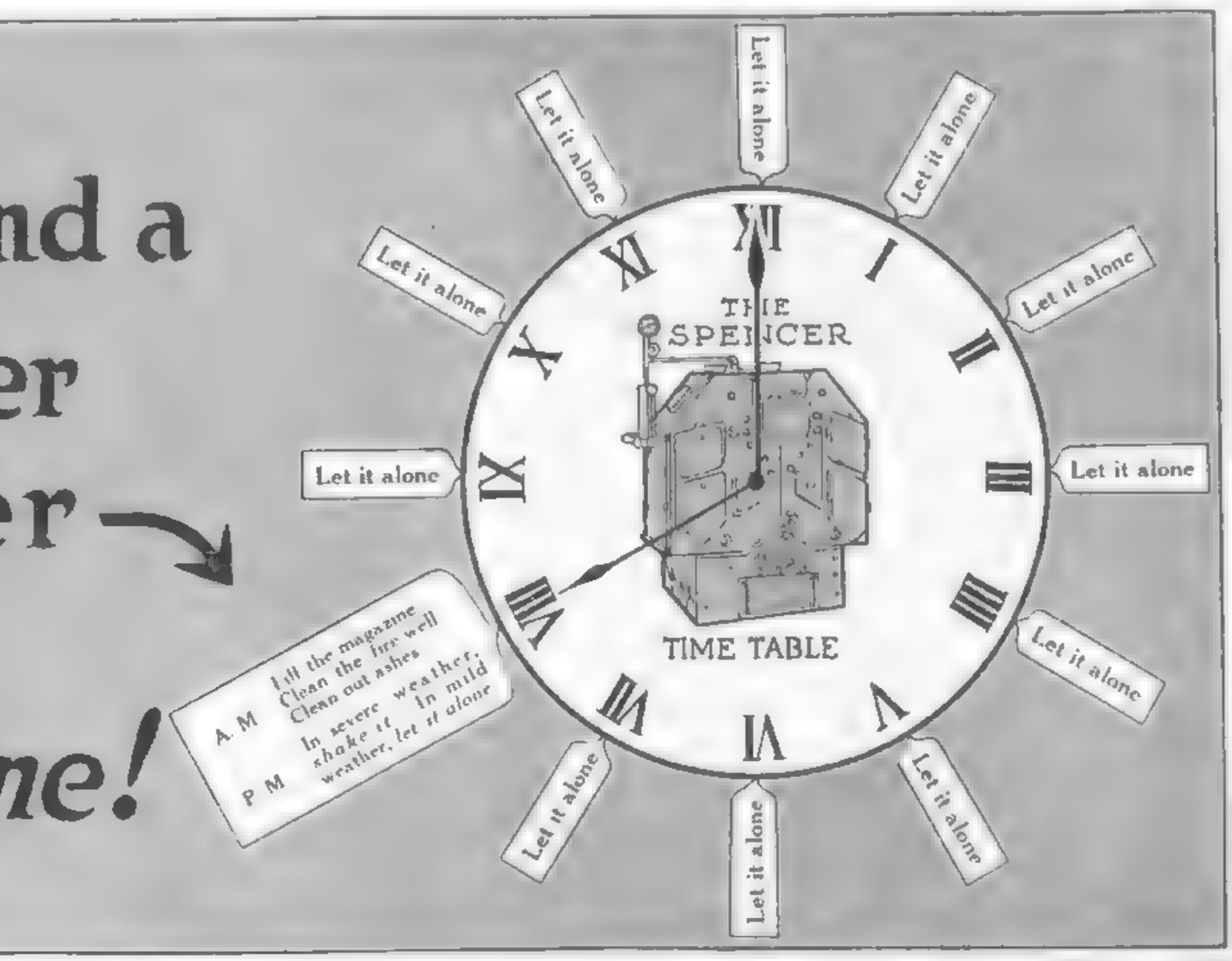
Leaving this thought with the old fellow he went out quickly, before retort could be made. In the hall he passed the broker and nodded genially.

Neither the broker nor Useless let the grass grow under his feet that afternoon. On the balance of the stock they split about even. In all, Useless got three hundred and ten shares; the broker, two hundred and sixty. This left Useless with four

(Continued on Page 37)

How to tend a Spencer Heater

Let it Alone!



THERE is only one heater built for steam, vapor, or hot water that *runs best when tended least.*

It is the SPENCER SUPER-STANDARD HEATER.

For real Automatic Action is one of the features that makes the Spencer *super-standard.* Because of that, it takes entire care of itself, except for two calls a day. *(See diagram below.)*

In the morning, shake it, clean it, fill the magazine. In the evening, give it a slight shake, with no more coal unless the weather is very cold.

Spencer Super-Standard Heaters

Steam-Vapor-Hot Water

"Burn Low-Priced Coal"

Forget it for the rest of the day.

For the Spencer is made to stay alone all day. If tempted to poke it occasionally (as is necessary with all other boilers), *Don't.* A Spencer is like a thoroughbred horse, not to be worried.

Because of that automatic action, you don't need a special fireman. *In a big building,* the janitor or porter is enough, and he can do a full day's work on his other duties. *In a residence,* a few minutes in the morning and at night are all a Spencer needs, whether by man or maid.

The Spencer is so constructed that if the simple instructions we furnish are exactly followed, it will give the highest efficiency with the smallest attention.

But that automatic labor-saving action is *only one* of its super-standard points.

The OTHERS are:

(1.) Saves Greatly in Coal Cost. The Spencer is especially built to burn a very small, low-priced coal, costing normally from one-third to one-half less than the large domestic sizes required for the ordinary heater. It burns this small coal with perfect efficiency, and no more tons than the ordinary heater burns of the usual costly coal.

The low-priced coal usable in a Spencer may be No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea, in the East; Semi-Anthracite or Lignite in the West; Buckwheat and Pea-Coke anywhere.

(2.) Pays for Itself Quickly. The Spencer in a few years pays its own entire cost by its large savings in coal bills.

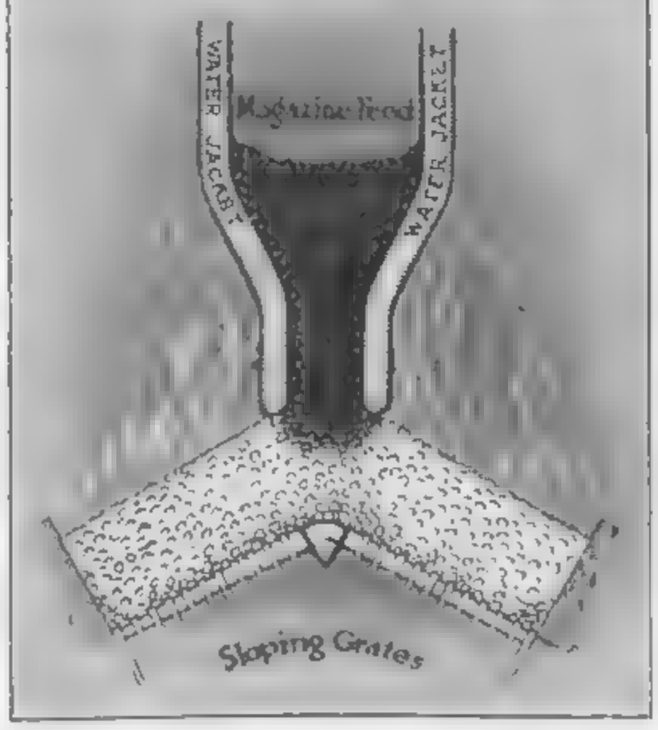
(3.) Perfectly Even Heat. The exact automatic action produces an unvarying temperature at the degree you want, day or night. No over-heat or shivering chill.

(4.) Adds to Property Value. A Spencer for the above reasons, and because it *doesn't break down,* makes a building better for selling or renting.

Write for the interesting Spencer Booklet describing the construction and giving the pictures.

Take it to your architect and heating contractor for consultation.

Diagram of the Spencer Coal-Action.



This diagram shows the Magazine which feeds the coal all day, and the Sloping Grates which distribute the coal at even depth, keeping it all afire all the time, with no waste.

THE SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, Scranton, Pa.

300 People's National Bank Building

BRANCHES: New York, 101 Park Ave.; *Chicago,* Railway Exchange; *Philadelphia,* Otis Building; *Boston,* 136 Federal St.; *St. Louis,* Syndicate Trust Building; *Detroit,* Ford Building; *Buffalo,* 1577 Main St.; *Denver,* 230 Fifteenth St.; *Minneapolis,* Plymouth Building, *Des Moines,* Observatory Building.

CANADIAN SALES REPRESENTATIVES: *Winnipeg,* The Waldon Co., Main and Portage Ave.; *Toronto,* The Waldon Co., 68 Adelaide St., East

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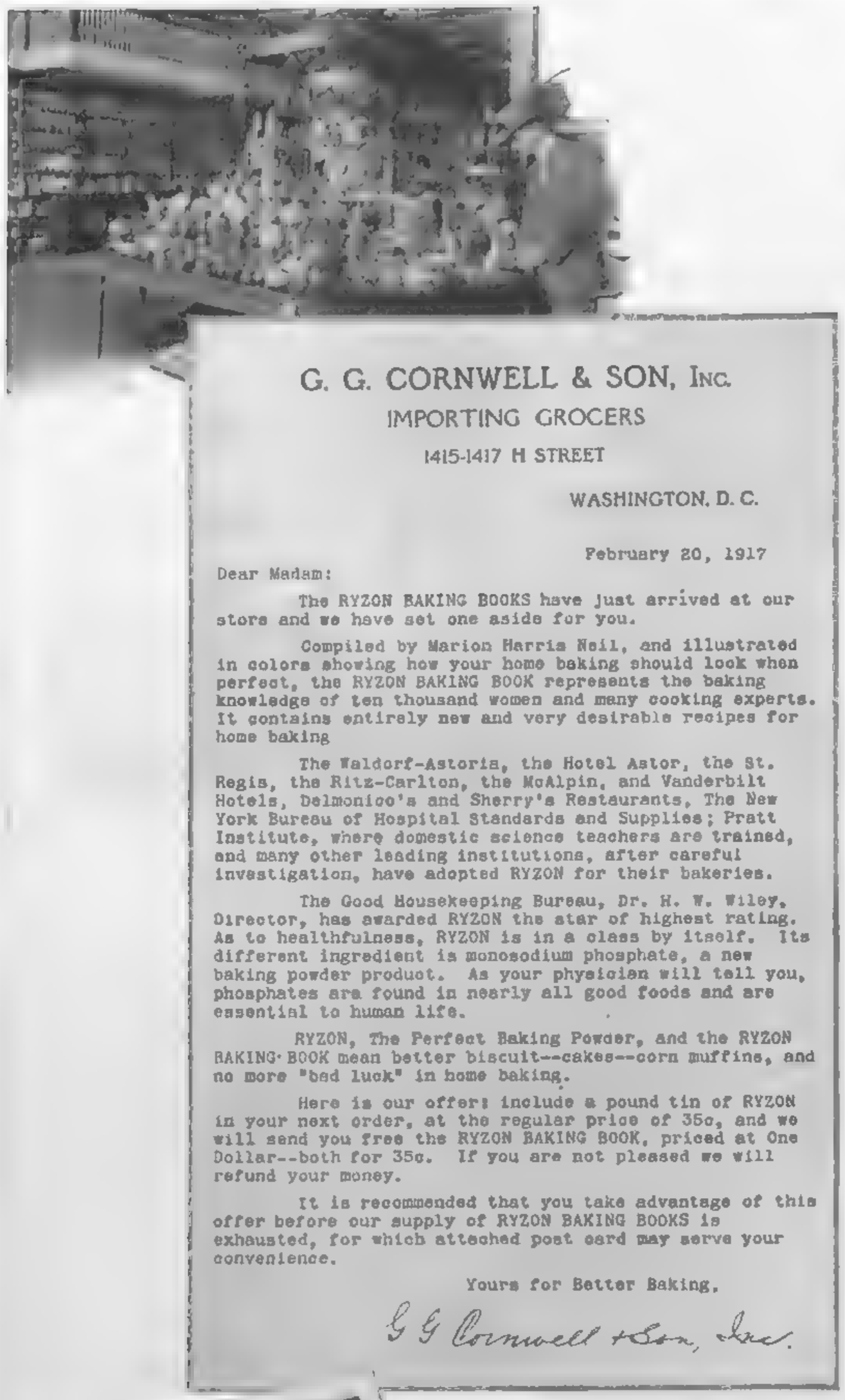
Spencer Heater Co., 300 People's National Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

Send me the Spencer Booklet.

Name

Address

My heating contractor is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The RYZON BAKING BOOKS have just arrived at our store and we have set one aside for you.
Compiled by Marion Harris Neil, and illustrated in colors showing how your home baking should look when perfect, the RYZON BAKING BOOK represents the baking knowledge of ten thousand women and many cooking experts. It contains entirely new and very desirable recipes for home baking
The Waldorf-Astoria, the Hotel Astor, the St. Regis, the Ritz-Carlton, the McAlpin, and Vanderbilt Hotels, Delmonico's and Sherry's Restaurants, The New York Bureau of Hospital Standards and Supplies; Pratt Institute, where domestic science teachers are trained, and many other leading institutions, after careful investigation, have adopted RYZON for their bakeries.
The Good Housekeeping Bureau, Dr. H. W. Wiley, Director, has awarded RYZON the star of highest rating. As to healthfulness, RYZON is in a class by itself. Its different ingredient is monosodium phosphate, a new baking powder product. As your physician will tell you, phosphates are found in nearly all good foods and are essential to human life.
RYZON, The Perfect Baking Powder, and the RYZON BAKING BOOK mean better biscuit--cakes--corn muffins, and no more "bad luck" in home baking.
Here is our offer: include a pound tin of RYZON in your next order, at the regular price of 35c, and we will send you free the RYZON BAKING BOOK, priced at One Dollar--both for 35c. If you are not pleased we will refund your money.
It is recommended that you take advantage of this offer before our supply of RYZON BAKING BOOKS is exhausted, for which attached post card may serve your convenience.
Yours for Better Baking.
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BAKING
BOOK
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THE PERFECT BAKING POWDER

A RYZON Letter from the NATIONAL CAPITAL

G. G. Cornwell & Son, a firm of retail grocers in Washington, and well known throughout the country, have sent this letter to their customers. It speaks for itself, and shows how highly these celebrated grocers regard RYZON, The Perfect Baking Powder.

A few of the other well-known Eastern grocery merchants likewise endorsing and selling RYZON are:

New York
Acker, Merrall & Condit Co.
Charles & Co.
Chas. M. Decker & Bro. (New Jersey)
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Philadelphia
Finley Acker Company
Mitchell, Fletcher & Co., Inc.
Showell-Fryer & Co., Inc.

Boston
Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co.
Rhodes Bros. Co.

Cleveland
The Chandler & Rudd Co.

Washington
N. W. Burchell
G. G. Cornwell & Son, Inc.
John H. Magruder

Pittsburgh
Kuhn & Brother Co.
Renshaw, Carson & Co.
Geo. K. Stevenson & Co.

Buffalo
Faxon, Williams & Faxon
Jehle's

Baltimore
Acker, Merrall & Condit Co.
Hopper, McGaw & Co.

These, and thousands of other progressive grocers whose aim is to supply their customers with the best foods at the lowest cost, are selling RYZON, The Perfect Baking Powder.

GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

"Now I've got the mental punch!"

"Now I can *think* and *think big!*

"Now I've got the intellectual wallop that knocks the kinks out of business problems!

"Now I'm as keen as a razor and as sharp as a sword!

"Yes, and I give Girards the credit!"

No more dust on this man's thinker. No more fog on his wits. He has cut out the heavy black cigars. Now he smokes the Girard—a full-flavored, soul-satisfying Havana which *never impairs his efficiency or his health.*

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

Why don't *you* switch to Girards? Puff for puff you can't beat them for pure pleasure.

The "Broker" actual size, 10c

All the delights of rich, aromatic, shade-grown Havana, mellowed by age and blended with care—and no penalty to pay for your pleasure.

That's why the Girard is *the national Cigar*, sold and smoked the country over, that's why doctors recommend it, that's why you ought to *switch to Girards today!*

The nearest Girard dealer will tell you that this remarkable cigar is all that we claim for it. If your own dealer doesn't sell Girards ask him to get them for you. He can do so with little trouble and no financial risk.

14 sizes
10c and up

Why not pull the switch to Girards today?

Dealers—a word with you

If you are not handling Girards, there is *a big business waiting for you* in this unusual cigar. Drop us a line today.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia

Established 1871

(Continued from Page 34)

hundred and forty-five shares to go; but the Boston thousand would take care of that gloriously—if he got it.

At the telegraph office he found a message awaiting him.

"Stock sold Friday," it said succinctly.

His father had it; and now, to his knowledge, there were held against him thirty-four hundred shares, leaving his father but four hundred and twenty-five to go to secure fifty-one per cent. His father had a twenty-share lead.

There were now seven hundred and twenty shares unaccounted for, and from this on they would be more difficult to find and perhaps more difficult to negotiate for. News of the buying was bound to go abroad, no matter what pledges of secrecy were given; and consequently prices were sure to go up. For this Useless did not care, so long as the owners would continue to give him options. He was willing, if necessary, to pay par or above for the balance that he needed.

It now became a race in which ingenuity was as essential as speed.

On the train from Moab to Hermit's Notch the broker accosted Useless. He seemed displeased with the world.

"You're the fellow that's grabbing this railroad stock, eh?" he said unpleasantly.

"I have a little of it," said Useless.

"Who you acting for?"

"Myself."

"Huh! . . . Didn't catch your name."

"Arbury," said Useless with a placid expression.

"Arbury! . . . Arbury! What Arbury?"

"Common or garden variety," said Useless.

"Did Lucius Arbury send you down here? Are you a relative of his?"

"The Detroit millionaire, you mean? No; he didn't send me. Are you buying for him?"

"Yes; and this is a darned queer coincidence of names," said the broker . . . "How much of this stock have you got corralled?"

"Not so much as I expect to have."

"Huh! Know who you're buckin', young fellow? What Mr. Arbury goes after he gets! Have you got a thousand shares?"

"Maybe."

"I'll give you a profit of two dollars and a half a share over what you paid for it."

"Nothing stirring, friend!"

The next three days netted Useless exactly ninety-five shares; following that he made a thirty-mile drive into the country for ten shares and spent a full day locating five shares more. What success his opponent was meeting with he did not know.

Then, as he was coming down to breakfast, the telephone rang, and Mr. Vanner called Useless to the telephone.

"Good morning!" said a voice that astonished and delighted him more than he could have expressed with three times his vocabulary. "I thought I'd run down to be in at the finish."

"Ruth!" he said; but could think of no word to add to it.

"I angled for an invitation to visit Molly Whipple, and here I am; but don't waste a minute coming to see me. Keep right on the job. Maybe I can help some. Good-by! I'll find a chance to see you when it won't interfere."

He wanted to see Ruth, but he well knew she would think better of him for sticking tight to his task; so, to earn her approval, he stuck, and the day brought him good luck in the shape of a hundred shares, left at death by old Martin Cadger, and hitherto not possible to locate. He found them in the hands of five families of grandchildren, who lived in a little mountain settlement twenty miles away, in the next valley.

Ruth was delighted when he saw her that night. She was very sweet and encouraging, and thought he looked older and tired and anxious—though she did not say so. Only encouragement and praise came from her; and when she sent him home at an hour so early as to make him protest, she said to him:

"There's just two hundred and thirty-five shares between us now, Useless."

It didn't sound sentimental, but it made Useless' heart bound; for it meant that when those shares were in his hand Ruth would keep her promise to set a day for their wedding. Useless felt he was engaged on what might, and must, be the most profitable business deal ever attempted by man.

Daily Useless crossed the trail of his father's broker. Once in a while he met the man, but refused to waste time in talk with him. He had but one thought—and that was to acquire stock. Now he was up before daylight; and many times he did not see his bed at all, until the day came when he was exactly seventy-five shares distant from the necessary control. And that seventy-five shares seemed to have vanished off the earth!

It had been issued originally to one Randolph Easter; but Easter was dead. A surviving daughter remembered the stock, and thought she remembered that it had been pledged as security for the loan of two hundred dollars, which her father had invested in sheep with unfortunate results, owing to a neighbor's dog. As to who made the loan and where the stock had then departed she had not the vaguest recollection.

"It's probably lost or destroyed," he told Ruth miserably.

"Well, we'll locate this!" Ruth said.

"If we could only find out who loaned Easter that two hundred dollars!"

"From what I've seen of this country, there aren't a lot of men who could loan that much! Besides, when men lend money here they like land mortgages. Where did Easter live when he borrowed to buy his sheep?"

"Right where his daughter does now. Never lived anywhere else, I guess."

"Then you get a list of every neighbor who lived within a couple of miles of him, and find out about every one of them."

This took Useless several days, though Mr. Vanner was a great help, especially when it came to appraising the financial ability of the people. Useless found that his father's broker was engaged in much the same work. It was a race, then—a race of legs and brains, with Randolph Easter's stock certificate as the prize.

"Do you know," said Ruth after several futile days of search, "I believe that loan wasn't made by a neighbor—just a neighbor. Those folks back there don't understand pledging collateral. It isn't New England-ish. No, sir; that was fixed up by somebody from a city, who knew something about business. But how would Easter get into contact with a city man? . . . Um! . . . Um! . . . City relatives? We haven't heard of any—especially with money. You go out, Useless, and play round. I want to think."

Presently she called to Mr. Whipple, who sat in his library:

"What could bring a city man back there where Randolph Easter used to live?"

"Trout and bass, partridge, rabbit, deer," recited Mr. Whipple. "Good bass lake and the best trout fishing in the state."

Ruth fairly squealed with joy. She could hardly wait for Useless to come back.

"Drive out with me—quick!" she said—"to Easter's, and find out if he ever took summer boarders or worked for fishing parties—or anything like that."

"I'll find out if he was fond of green cheese if you say so!" Useless declared, and meant it.

The question was asked of Easter's daughter.

"Why," she said, "pa used to have a sort of a shanty down on the lake that he rented out to city fellers; and sometimes he used to row their boats or guide them back to the trout streams."

"Could you —— Did your father keep any kind of account books, or anything, so we could find out who those men were? Didn't he keep track of the money he took in?"

"Never took in enough to count," said his daughter, "but there's an old copy book he used to write things down in. Another feller was here askin' about the same questions you be—he was here two hour ago; and I let him see that book. He drove off like he was crazy!"

"Quick!" said Useless. "Let's see it!" He laid a five-dollar bill in her hand. "Hurry!"

The battered, dog-eared, dirty old copy book was a composite of cashbook and diary. Probably it was the backwoodsman's idea of up-to-date bookkeeping. Such entries as this were frequent:

"Dollar and a half from Homan for rowing boat. Catched eight bass. Homan's going to stay a week."

"What year did your father buy those sheep?" Ruth asked.

"Lemme see . . . Um! . . . 'Twas the year Brother George got married and that was 1904. Yes, that's it."

It Is Worth While From the First

You don't have to *use* a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit to profit from it; it starts paying returns in comfort from the minute you put it in your car.

For it provides that complete peace of mind essential to undisturbed motoring enjoyment, in the assurance that you are prepared for whatever may happen to your tires short of complete ruin.

Nothing ever may happen; you may never need the Kit—but it gets in its work just the same. It banishes worry, and eases the mind, just by being along.

The price of the Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit varies according to size; but its cost is trivial alongside the day-in-and-day-out satisfaction of its company.

It is a handy package, containing all essential first-aids-to-tires, even to valve parts and a pressure gauge—it is complete and compact.

Your car ought to carry one—from this hour.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

After it is cured each ham is marked so you can know at a glance that the ham you buy has the genuine "Swift's Premium" flavor

This is the butt of a "Swift Premium" Ham Have one baked for dinner and see what a difference the special Swift cure makes

Serve baked Premium Ham once—and your family will want it often

Bake the butt of a "Swift's Premium" ham for dinner today and see how exceptionally delicate and delicious this ham is. Know what a welcome variety it offers in the meals you plan for your family.

"Swift's Premium" hams are prepared by experts. Each ham selected is of superior quality, is given the famous "Swift's Premium" cure and is smoked over fragrant hickory wood fires.

You can utilize every bit of a "Swift's Premium" ham in a great variety of really delicious dishes, any one of which will delight your family. Try baking the butt, boiling the shank, and broiling or frying the center slices, without parboiling.

If you are not already one of the thousands of women who are buying "Swift's Premium" ham whole—start now. It is the economical way to buy ham. Swift & Company, U. S. A.

"Swift's Premium" Hams & Bacon

YOU cannot find a purer or more delicious Candy than Nut Tootsie Rolls—we admit that. Just eat one. Made clean—kept clean—wrapped dustproof.

The Stern & Saalberg Co., New York

Rapidly Useless thumbed the book to find 1904's entries.

"Why," interrupted Easter's daughter, "that was the year that sick feller lived in pa's shanty all summer. Griswold was his name."

"Griswold's our man, I'll bet a penny!" whispered Ruth. "And your father's broker is after him this minute—with an hour's start of us."

"Here's a picture of him," said Easter's daughter, warmed by the five-dollar bill. "Him and pa was real chummy. Look, he's wrote his name and things on the back."

"Did the other man see this?" asked Ruth.

"No; I jest told him this Griswold lived in Albany—that's all he knows."

"And we've his full name and address. That start he has won't be such a handicap after all. 'Jordan P. Griswold, Attorney at Law, Monadnock Block, Albany.'"

Ruth was dancing with excitement.

"I'll wire him. Bet dad's broker didn't think of that! He figured he had this all to himself and started right out to get it."

"How soon can he get there?"

"Probably he made that eleven-o'clock train. He'd have a wait at the end of the line, and wouldn't get to Albany before seven or eight."

"And we," said Ruth, "are going to hire the best auto we can get and be driven there—to beat the dickens! There! That's how I feel."

At Hermit's Notch Useless telegraphed Griswold:

"Hold Hermit Notch Railroad stock until I get there. On no account make deal!"

Then, instead of hiring a car, Mr. Whipple, with whom Ruth was stopping, bundled them, together with his daughter, into his big eight-cylindered car and scudded away over the mountains toward Albany. It was a five-hours drive, but Mr. Whipple, constantly urged to recklessness by Ruth, cut it down by half an hour, and they arrived at six-forty-five.

"He won't be at his office now," Ruth said. "Look in the telephone directory for his house address. You, honey," she said to Miss Whipple, "run into the hotel and telephone him we're on our way, and we'll break the speed laws getting there."

They were admitted to Mr. Griswold's library, where he came forward to meet them—an old gentleman with the whitest hair, and a beard such as one associates with patriarchal benignity.

"Wires and telephone messages!" he exclaimed. "Why all this flurry about a few shares of stock I had almost forgotten I owned?"

Ruth was scrutinizing the old gentleman with her bright eyes; and, as Useless started to reply, she said:

"Let me tell him, honey!"

Mr. Griswold turned to her and smiled.

"That turns dry business into real pleasure," he said gently. "But I have an appointment—promised—at this moment with a gentleman who telephoned me from some town in Massachusetts. I think he is being admitted now."

"Mr. Griswold," said Ruth, "he wants that stock too; and he mustn't have it! It means everything in the world to me—and to Useless. If you've promised to talk to him, you must; but please—please don't sell your stock until you've come back and listened to me!"

"That's reasonable," he said, smiling kindly. "I promise."

He was gone twenty minutes.

"Now," he said, "go ahead, my dear. The gentleman is waiting for us—though he doesn't know you're here. He's a secretive person. I judge he doesn't care to have me know why he wants my stock; nor does he act as if he cared to pay a great deal for it. Suppose you enlighten me."

Ruth had weighed the old gentleman and found him worthy of her confidence. She believed she could lay all the facts before him and trust in him for honorable treatment and what she called, boyishly, "a square deal." So she held nothing back; but started at the beginning and told him all that had happened.

"So," she ended, "we've got to have your stock, Mr. Griswold! I—I want Useless so much! And I want him to succeed in this. I want him to show his father what he really is—that he is what I know he is. I know him better than anybody else ever will."

"Yes, my dear," said the old gentleman gently.

"We'll leave the whole thing in your hands—price, and things like that. You see, it isn't to make money we want the stock. Honestly, that doesn't matter with us! It's because I want Useless and he wants me; but we can't have each other unless we can start right—and make Mr. Arbury take back every word he said. I want everybody in the world to be as proud of Useless as I am."

"My dear," said Mr. Griswold, "no one ever loved me like that! Whatever happens to this young man, he has had the greatest success a man can have. He must be all you think he is—or you wouldn't think it. I'm just a lonely old man, with all the money I have any use for, and probably I won't be using that long. I don't need or want any more—but I should like to feel that I have earned the regard of a couple of young folks like you. It will be very pleasant to think about. . . . The stock is yours—for two hundred dollars and accrued interest."

Impulsively Ruth rushed upon him, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"You darling! . . . You darling!" she said with tears of joy, and relief in her voice.

"If you hurry," said Mr. Griswold, "you can catch the express for Detroit—and you're anxious to get there. But—I should like an invitation to the wedding." He spoke wistfully.

"There'll be no wedding without you to make it perfect!" Ruth said.

And presently, with the stock safe in their hands, chaperoned by the Whipples, Useless and Ruth boarded the train for Detroit.

Next morning Mr. Whipple and Ruth and Useless entered Lucius Arbury's office; but Mr. Whipple alone asked admission to the financier's private room. The mention of Hermit Notch Railroad stock gained him quick entry.

"So you're the man who's bucked me on that deal?" Arbury snapped.

"No; I'm merely acting for the party. He has secured a clear fifty-one per cent of the stock. You have exactly thirty-six hundred and seventy-five shares. My principal has the rest. He offers it to you. It will give you the whole of the stock of a road that, as you know, promises to be a remarkable investment."

"What does he ask?" Mr. Arbury demanded; he was a man who wasted few words.

"Seventy-five," said Mr. Whipple.

"He's no hog, anyhow," said Arbury. "For a man with his hustle and ingenuity I figured it would cost me more."

"Seventy-five is his price."

"Take it," said Arbury, and pressed a button.

A clerk entered.

"Draw a check for two hundred eighty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars," said Arbury, "to the order of —. To whose order do you wish the check?" he asked.

"Ulysses Arbury," said Mr. Whipple with twinkling eyes.

"What!"

Instead of replying Mr. Whipple stepped to the door and motioned Ruth and Useless to enter.

Arbury gazed at them, scowling, nonplused for once in his life.

"I've turned your ten thousand into a bit better than fifty, dad," Useless said, extending his hand; "and I've come to claim that job. . . . But I didn't do it alone, dad. Ruth furnished the brains; all I did was hustle."

"Do you mean to say you gobbled that railroad—you pair of kids—with ten thousand dollars?"

"With exactly four thousand and fifty dollars, dad. But it was Ruth who planned it."

"Huh!" grunted Arbury. "She did, eh? What's she got to do with it?"

"We're going to be married in four weeks."

"And she pulled off this deal! Well, young fellow, let me tell you something: When you got her you pulled a deal bigger by a heap than the other. . . . I'm satisfied, you bet! Owe you an apology. You are some good! My dear," he said, his heavy voice becoming more gentle, "would it be possible for you to kiss your new dad?"

"A dozen times!" Ruth said, and did it.

Lucius Arbury turned to Whipple, blinking a trifle.

"Some son, eh?" he demanded. "But what a daughter! What a daughter!"

An Important Announcement

By C. W. NASH

President, The Nash Motors Company

NASH Jeffery MOTORS

FOR some twenty-five years now I have been building and selling carriages and motor cars.

During that time I have watched dozens of other men and organizations building motor cars.

I have seen cars come and go. I have watched the standards of motor car building steadily improve and advance.

I believe I can say that I know motor cars—and know them well.

And I say to you now that I have never seen—never known a greater value car than this Jeffery Six.

Now, frankly, I didn't know the Jeffery Six was such a good car when my associates and I took over the Jeffery plant.

As a matter of simple truth I hadn't concerned myself about the car. It was the plant and the organization of mechanics I was vitally interested in.

And after I had eliminated the non-productive labor costs and geared up the organization to high speed volume production at lowest cost, I knew that there wasn't another plant or another army of mechanics in the entire country that was better in any way.

So I put the factory and men out of mind and turned to the car—this Jeffery Six.

And some of the things about that car surprised me. For instance, I found it has more alloy steel than most cars several hundred dollars higher priced.

Nor was it in merely one, two or three features that I have found such high quality—it was in every feature. If there ever was a well built car, a thoroughly quality car, it is this Jeffery Six.

But I didn't stop there. I wanted to know how the motor performed. Many a fine, healthy looking man has a weak heart. And I meant to find out what sort of a heart this car had.

So I rode in it and drove it. Not once but many times. On all kinds of roads. Up hills. In city traffic. Everywhere.

I put the Jeffery Six up against every stress and strain of the road. I tested it as carefully as I would a man I wanted for an important position.

That car convinced me absolutely that it is a car which my associates and I would be proud to sell over our name to our friends.

It has a world of power and speed. And it is amazingly flexible. You can range from two to sixty miles per hour "on high"—never shifting gears. It pulls powerfully, smoothly, silently in the toughest going you can find.

It's what I call an eager car. Step on the accelerator once yourself and you'll know what I mean.

You'll get the same feeling of eager power anxious to be unleashed that I got. You know—without knowing why—that there's a big Niagara of power-energy on reserve in that motor no matter how fast you're driving or how hard the hill.

Yet the Jeffery Six handles easily. You are never conscious of any effort in driving it. And it is particularly free from vibration due to the inherently balanced crank shaft, which is extra heavy. Those big, smooth-working springs make it hard to tell when you're off the smooth road and in the rough.

Now, I've known these things about the Jeffery Six quite a long time. I've been finding out about it ever since last September, when my associates and I bought the Jeffery plant and the Nash organization took control.

And I won't go so far as to say we were entirely satisfied with the car then. Because our engineering staff and I are pretty hard to please.

But the things we have changed in this car are, after all, minor refinements. They make the Jeffery Six a finer car, a better value, but they are not fundamental.

As a matter of fact, I simply did not see how the car could be made better in its fundamental features. And the group of experienced automobile men that came here with me agreed just 100 per cent.

So we'll continue to manufacture this Jeffery Six as it is today. We may develop more refinements later on. For we're not content to stop where we are just because we've got such a wonderful car.

But a big work order for thousands more of the Jeffery Six as it is today, with our added refinements spoken of before, is being put through the factory.

That is the best proof of what we think about this car. It is so good—so unusually good—that we are proud to back it with our name and our money.

I want you to get behind the wheel and learn what I learned.

And I advise you to see your Jeffery dealer right away. Just to make sure that you can have a Jeffery Six this Spring you had better act quick, now It may save you a long wait later.

Jeffery Sixes

Seven Passenger Touring Car,	$1465
Seven Passenger Sedan	1630
Roadster	1455

Jeffery Fours

Seven Passenger Touring Car,	$1095
Seven Passenger Sedan	1260

Jeffery Trucks

Rapid Service Wagon	$ 965
All-Purpose Truck	1465
The Jeffery Quad	2850

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Manufacturers of Jeffery Cars and Trucks, including the Jeffery Quad

Willys Knight

CARBON

—The Reconstructing Life

You who drive motor cars know how carbon takes the life out of a motor.

Almost from the day you begin to drive a new car, it begins to lose power and smoothness.

The loss from day to day is scarcely noticeable—you unconsciously accustom yourself to it and unwittingly endure it as long as you can.

Then you give up the use of your car and have the carbon removed and the valves ground and reseated.

When you get it back, it is almost as good as new—almost but not quite—and only for a few days.

Then it begins to slip back again and you go through the same thing.

And this is repeated again and again.

After each carbon-cleaning, you notice a wonderful improvement but each time it is a little less effective.

Your motor is never quite as lively as it was for the first few hundred miles and half the time it is badly carbon-crippled.

Think what it would mean to you if your motor continuously could be kept as lively as it was for the first few hundred miles.

And *think* what it would mean to you if carbon built up the efficiency of your motor instead of tearing it down, steadily *improved* it instead of crippling it.

That is exactly what carbon does for the Willys-Knight motor.

The result is a gain in power and smoothness instead of a loss—a renewal of youth instead of a surrender to age.

Last year we built and sold 12,000 Willys-Knights.

Try to find a Willys-Knight owner who would go back to any other motor.

Carbon, the common enemy of all types of motors, is the reconstructing life of the Willys-Knight Motor.

Carbon *re*vitalizes the Willys-Knight Motor just as steadily as it *de*vitalizes all other types.

Let the Willys-Overland dealer demonstrate its many other advantages.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."

Manufacturers of Willys Knight and Overland Automobiles

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Eight Seven Passenger Touring [illegible] $1950

Four Seven Passenger Touring [illegible] $1285

Four Sedan $1950 Four Limousine $1950

Four Coupé $1650

All prices f. o. b. [illegible]

Subject to change without [illegible]

George Bell's New Teacher

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

WHEN George Bell bought from a man who was leaving the camp a lot of two-by-fours and one-by-twelves, ship-lap enough to board four rooms inside, galvanized iron roofing, windows and doors, the mother of Rosy Gellini began making a white dress. And out of a catalogue Rosina, helped by all the small Gellinis, selected a veil and a wreath of artificial orange blossoms. Everybody knew when Rosy sent out her order, because she had to ask the company storekeeper to write it, as none of the Gellinis could. Rosy could speak English better than her family, and when her tongue halted, her eyes, wondrously vocal when they observed George Bell, completed conversations.

He had started boarding with the Gellinis when the bunk houses elected him a delegate to Crothers, manager of Blaine Island Copper Company. George said, without fiddling about first, the hot cakes were half raw mornings, and even a chap mucking eight hours to a shift, or, like himself, drilling, hadn't a stomach like a horse—the men wanted something done! Crothers said he was doing it, building the new mess house and kitchen; trouble was the cooks hadn't range space now to turn out good cakes for a hundred and eighty men. But if some wished they might board with the families for a while, and as soon as construction was finished there wouldn't be any kicks as to hot cakes.

After reflection, during which Crothers and George gazed frankly one at the other, George said it was fair enough, and in the sitting room of number five, that night, he told the crowd that Gellini could board eight, Larsson six, and so on. Next morning, with Moran, his chucktender, George sat, wedged at the Gellini table, in a kitchen so limited that some of the boarders were singed by the stove, and all were in peril as Gellini children drippily thrust platters across shoulders. Rosina, the seventeen-year-old daughter, served George, and soon she was giving him the best meat and largest portion of pudding, and with the food, glances. She was the one unmarried girl on Blaine, and her father never had to saw or split a length of firewood. Admirers swarmed there, displaying their strength and thoughtfulness as they stood in the sopping tundra, adding to piles already high. George Bell didn't chop or saw—he said the dagos could do that—and he grandly bought a fourteen-dollar log towed in by natives, and paid them to saw it on the beach and lug it to the house. And the night he won sixty at the stud game in Little Pete's shack—no gambling on company property, but Pete was below tide line, down the beach—he came rather blinky-eyed to breakfast, and Rosy was whimpering over the bacon. Mrs. Hallett had declared that in her new red dress Rosy looked a regular Siwash, and Rosy had bought it because the Mister Ge-orge liked red and said it was the thing for eyes of the so black! George yawningly bade Rosy wear the red at noon, when he laughed and asked old Murphy if it didn't make her rather dark.

"Sure she looks iligant! Leave her be!" said Murphy, scowling; but big George laughed louder and threw out some gold among the slopped dishes.

"Git another one, Rosy, an' have it on me," said he, sliding into his ore-crusted overall jacket and rolling a cigarette with one hand. He used the other hand only to tear off the mucilaged edge of the paper. Rosy was already scornful of persons who smoked mucilage. Nights, when cleaned and shaved, in fresh-washed corduroys and light-gray flannel shirt below a hard-brimmed hat, George appeared, his rubber-booted legs splashing through the slushy snow on the tundra flat, Rosy stopped work. Hidden by a sash curtain, she watched.

A long, long time ago it was since anyone had watched for George Bell. His mother had, as his father followed the rushes to the new camps that were the old camps now—Hope and the Turnagain Arm country, Dawson, Nome, Candle, Fairbanks, Ruby. Both of them were gone, drowned when a glacial lake burst and spread the Nizina River over a camp they had made, while marking a trail into the head of the White. George was fifteen then, and he fared on alone, prospecting, making wages sometimes, panning along the creeks. Hungry often, cold often, shivering but healthy under a rugged reindeer-fawn robe. The big Inside is not a hospitable land, and a poor man cannot live on it. George mushed the insect-ridden hills in summer, and in winter he saved for the summer-grub outfit, and quit jobs as soon as snow melted and the ground could be prospected. There was no reason for him to be steady at anything—nobody cared, and he didn't care. Sometimes when he stayed too long over a bar where it was pleasant, joining with the old-timers in yarning to chechakos, there wouldn't be anything left to outfit with, and he would mush to the nearest creek and rustle a job on a placer claim, sixteen hours a day though hired for twelve! He used to smile, thinking how his mother had planned schools, an engineering course somewhere Outside—then he could return to Alaska and get somewhere.

Prospecting the islands of Prince William Sound, a norther blew his little Columbia-River-style launch into the lee of Blaine Island. George, with the flood tide's help, got the boat high on the beach, and Murphy of the power house, peering down, saw a man was needed and shouted a friendly Hold on!

"Got a bed?" he asked, when they had rigged the boat against the next tide and turned out the water. "Sure, you'll be dead, slapin' in thim wet duds an' wetter blankets. Come on an' dhry in the ingine room, an' I tell you what: in me room in the bunk house is another bed! An'—— Murther, bhoy! Is it young Bell? I couldn't see you in the dar-rk, Garge! You ain't forgot Billy Murphy, an' you an' Kelly Olsen pullin' me from the wather on the Nelchina?"

"Aw, that wasn't anything," said George; but he was warmed by the greeting and the kind looks, and when under the noise of the big belt Murphy had speech with other stationary engineers, they came to shake hands and looked respectfully at the tall young fellow in the ragged overalls and torn old mackinaw. Murphy was the first in the store next morning:

"A shirt, plase, and a big size in overalls, and then that thick blue mackinaw underwear, and socks, and a pair of the nine-and-a-half-dollar red-sole boots, and a slicker and sou'wester?"

Murphy said they would fix the boat up, and winter it or raffle it, for this was no weather to be leaving, when jobs could be rustled.

George disappeared while Murphy slept. To Hallett, the mine shifter, George said he wanted a job—any chance? He lied calmly under queries, claiming to have run a machine down south in the Juneau mines, the Gastineau and Mexican—just come now from the Granite over in Port Wells. Hallett finally put him on as chucktender to a miner who had reported that, if he didn't get one who wouldn't grouch, he'd quit. When Hallett was gone George stood inspection under dim candle light in a wet crosscut, then remarked:

"I won't grouch. But I know mighty little about the hard-rock game. Tip me what's next for to-day—not to-morrow, I'll savvy myself then—and you'll be glad you did! Is it a bet?"

Nels Lindquist laughed. He was a strong-passioned Swede, suspicious usually, to-day suddenly entertained.

"I'll yust try you, und if you hold me back with dose holes o' mine, us got to fight or rassle after! Is dat a bet?"

"Sure!" said George, grinning.

Nels was not a natural boss, but George's mind went ahead, and swiftly he was leveling space for their blocking, and making a set-up for the machine drill. He had to bring the sharpened steel from a blacksmith shop and take away the dulled steel. By afternoon he was skillfully unfastening chuck bolts, putting in new steel, seeing that there was water in holes to make a thin mud and prevent the drill from clogging, and turning the valve on the air hose on and off as they moved.

"I make a miner out of you, big falla," said Nels delightedly. He taught George secrets of the rock. When it fitchered and the steel began to stick, George alertly helped, and in a few days they frequently reversed positions, Nels resting by tending chuck, while George's hand turned the throttle air valve of the machine; and he whistled under the whir and whiz as the rock broke away. Copper was high and the mine was increasing tonnage to satisfy the maw of the flotation process mill, where the ore went rumbling through the spinning Hardinges.

"Here, you are a better miner as me," said Nels before November. "Becose you got dose brains. Maybe I don't git all dose good smokes on shift when I git me a new tender, but four dollar instead three dollar four bits is comin' to you."

When the snows of winter drifted to the bunk-house roofs, and the trails to mine and mill were narrow cuts between ten-foot walls of white, George Bell was a somebody in the camp. He was dubbed Big George because there was a smaller George who was much less of a somebody. A freighter smashed the Blaine dock, and the day a shipment of creosoted piles arrived from Seattle, George asked the construction boss for the job of pile-driver engineer, and got it, and for six weeks, in bitter northeast gales, he drove on the work, cursing men who said they wouldn't stay out there to be frozen and blown to pieces, laughing at them for weaklings. The face of the dock was restored in time to receive important machinery for the mill, and George went back to his machine, spotty about the face from the poisonous flicking of creosote as the driver hit wet piles, but feeling good because he had kept his gang together. And the gang bragged about George.

He adjusted various arguments. Some thought it was time to strike for increase of pay. George said wait until they got the mill half apart and were straining to put extra tonnage through the working end, and had started to send through the dumps rendered shipable since the mill's erection. Then strike, if the company wouldn't come through without that action. When an excitable Serbian dropped a stick of number one into an enemy's cook stove, and the house rose up, but queerly left the owner mostly intact, the island seethed and yells for a rope sounded. And George observed:

"You guys better lay off huntin' Masonovich. I put him in a skiff an' headed him for another island last night. What you want to horn in on a feud between a couple of the blacks for? Put that rope back in the warehouse, you're makin' suckers of yourselves!"

Nels Lindquist told Murphy that a chap like George ought not to tie up with a little dago Rosy, and Murphy nodded gravely. That day George bought the house lumber, receiving Crothers' permission to build on company land, the building reverting to the company when George should permanently leave its employ. Before the five-o'clock whistle shrilled across the channel, and the hills of Hoodoo Island opposite cried back, Rosy had met Nick Pavlov's wife, informing her that the Mister Ge-orge had sold his claims in the Port Wells district, and he was rich! Two thousand dollars paid on a thing called a bond! He was building the so swell a house, four rooms, a bathroom. Imagine of a bath in which to lave all of yourself at once! At dinner he had said four rooms should be the large enough for the two person, if one was a small? Nick's wife exclaimed and rushed to other wives—four rooms and a bath! Only the five staff-officers' houses were so grand. Mrs. Sam Hallett, who taught the Government school, asked Hallett if George Bell were insane, buying that Rosina a fifty-dollar dress and now such house plans! George sent word by Nels Lindquist that he wouldn't take any supper. He and Murphy were using the high tide to raft the building material to the point; and Nels was to aid, when Murphy had to report for work, in packing lumber to the allotted site.

"Have you rhead the letther?" Murphy asked. He stood on the raft, tying a towline to the little craft in which George was cranking the engine.

"Yes," said George, and he flushed.

"A young lady like that one has cour'ge an' intilligence. Sam Hallett's wife's had this school two tarms now, an' the bachelors of a camp should have some chancet. We ought to pull for a single teacher."

"But Hallett's clerk of the schoolboard, an' Carter's the surveyor's director. Mrs. Gardner's treasurer—all staff folks. She'll get a third term."

The engine coughed noisily, Murphy shoved off with a pike pole, and crouching by the engine George headed for the point. It was a windy, raw March evening with a mist of snow muffling the higher peaks of Blaine. These were a smooth cold white. Spruce timber darkened the lower hills. The camp was close to the beach, a long dock reaching into the water, buildings painted company red were set on each side of a long snow shed running from the dock ore bunkers, past the mill and ending at the entrance to the main tunnel. The glory hole of the mine was a big gray gap in a snowy hillside.

George filled the oil cups, wiped his fingers on some waste, and brought from a mackinaw pocket the profile photograph of a girl whom he had decided was chestnut-haired and dark-blue-eyed. Wavy hair, starting from a careful parting, became a sizable knot at the back of her head. Miss Sarah Sherman had written:

I taught last year in the Hawaiian Islands, the year before in New York City. I am a graduate of Smith, can give domestic science if necessary; American, age twenty-six, patient with stupid children, interested in all of them, and well able to handle a mixed-grade room. Climate and accommodations for living are immaterial. I wish to teach in Alaska.

"A new boar-rd may be elected," said Murphy as they landed the raft. "Keep the letther, Garge. A new boar-rd could hire her, you see. Hallett threw that in a basket, an' the Jap janitor he slipped it to me, thinkin' her pretty."

"I kinda like her eyes," said George, and Murphy smiled secretively.

Until long after night had really come, George and Nels dragged lumber. The site was among spruces, away from the other houses whence lamplight sent beams. There was a light in Rosy's window, and a shadow passing often before it. And abruptly Rosy's voice sounded, asking Nels for the Mister Ge-orge.

"Mamma says we got the hot coffee an' grub, you come!"

"I ain't wishin' anything, thank you, Rosy," said George from the gloom.

Nels had already accepted and was striding toward the kitchen.

"Better go home, it's too wet, snow an' mud mixed here," George advised.

"Pleas' you, me I say it?" said Rosy coquettishly.

"Some other night! An'—uh—uh, Rosy, it's been takin' me too long to get up an' down the hill lately, so I got to go eat in the mess again. Will you tell your maw I won't be to any more meals?"

"What—what you—mean?" stammered Rosy. She gripped his arm. "I do somesing, you mad I tell Nick's wife you rich now? Oh, Mister Ge-eorge!"

They were moving forward, and the Gellinis' open door sent light enough to show her large, affrighted black eyes. Gently George said she hadn't done anything—she was a good, nice, little girl! Heaving and whimpering, she hung to him, begging him not to leave her, what was it? was it her letting old Giovanni kiss her? he was just like the uncle, just ——

"Now, now, kid, I ain't your company, an' as—as to that, you'll find some young Italian guy, an' he'll love you desperate."

"You no love me!" she gasped, panting when he said coldly:

"No, Rosy."

"You buy the so fine house! You say it for the two person, the ——"

George broke from her then, for there was a picture between him and her wild black eyes—the new house, furnished, warmed, himself hustling home as he came off shift, and some one different from Rosy, some one cleverer, finer, better—better than he, too, waiting. As he fled along the windy beach, slipping on coils of kelp, he whispered: "Sarah! Sarah Sherman, American, twenty-six!"

The bunk-house schoolboard ticket won by four votes. Alaskan women have the vote, and of the seventeen who were citizens or wives of men holding first papers, one only registered her preference for George Bell as director; William Murphy, treasurer; Nels Lindquist, clerk. She was Mrs. Hanlon, and George had leaped in and saved Hanlon when the latter was blown off the dock, while working with the pile-driver crew. Mrs. Sam Hallett cut George, and early and often she declared that she had a mind to write to Governor Strong about the disgraceful plot—one hundred and sixty men, because they happened to be bachelors, voting down the respectable element whose children made a school necessary! Because there was one little chance to get married! She declined to deliver certain song books bought with the cash result of a cake and pie sale. Let the new board make pies and cakes, if they could, and sell them!

"I stand like a cache robber with these women," George told Murphy, as on a June night they unwound snakes of paper and excelsior from furniture which caused Murphy to mutter delightedly:

"Intelligence! A lady's taste for thrue bird's-eye maple for the bidroom, rale mahogany for the rist!"

"The swellest part is Sarah marchin' in here when I bring her over, an' discoverin' it was her own stuff she was buyin'," said George. "I know her eyes are mighty blue, Murph, with her pickin' blue patterns in the rugs an' the flossy hangin's that's the silk didos. She says they're to drape on the sides, an' with the net things in the middle. I told her to shoot the whole bank roll to have the house right. Ain't the blue kitchen truck handsome! Little change from a smoky lard bucket an' one fryin' pan on the trail, eh?"

The whole camp knew that Miss Sherman, the incoming teacher, had selected the furniture, because an obliging and curious young officeman had typed the new director's request—George announcing that he preferred to chop down a big tree and make shapes of it to writing a little letter. He asked if, as she was coming, would she buy furnishings for a bride's home, not ordinary cheap camp stuff, but, say, the sort a lady like herself would like, with one leather armchair for a big man! There had been an entertaining reply, with a check for cash left from the money orders, and on the next freighter the goods arrived. Headed by Mrs. Hanlon, the camp's ladies stepped over a consignment of mine timbers, boxes of blasting gelatin, sacks of Danish flint pebbles for the mill and, dodging slingloads of freight, inspected, sniffed at and peered at George's furniture.

"As soon as we're married, she can resign, an' Mrs. Hallett can go to it again. I don't want Sarah botherin' with a bunch of kids," said George, while Murphy spread papers on two chairs, and they sat down to rest and admire. "The doggone families will be takin' kids out of school an' puttin' 'em in again while the pas and mas fix up their scraps, an' the way these women have been glarin' at me this spring, I wish Sarah wouldn't even notice any of the lot."

"Sure, they're all sore, you ownin' a betther house than the staff folks," said Murphy. "Well, me an' Nels an' Joe Donelli have spr-read the war-rnin' for gints to rustle their own schoolma'ams to cour-rt, just as you rustled yours. You may have some battles."

"They better have a place bet on theirselves, if they start," said George ominously. "That goes for staff men too."

The teacher was due on the last boat in August, so Murphy told feminine inquirers. And Mrs. Hallett called a meeting, during which it was determined that, sun, rain or blow, the teacher should be properly greeted by her own sex and instantly given the facts of various matters. Everyone was going to the dock. Meanwhile from Cotter's, in Seward, came a new gray suit for George, with suitable shirts and scarfs, and even kid gloves, and from Blum's, in Valdez, ten pounds of costly Outside chocolates.

It was only the middle of August when a halibut smack anchored at flood tide before the power house, and to a cautiously low query from Murphy, on the walk above, the skipper said the Olympia ought to make Blaine by seven that night. Then he said remember him to George, upanchored, and aped off. With a fresh haircut, a shave so close that his ruddy face was redder than normally, George Bell got shakily into his gray suit and French-cuffed silk shirt. Nels was imposing in a new overcoat from Chicago. Murphy, leaving a substitute in the power plant, arrayed himself in neat drabs. The nights were dark now and rainy, and the lower deck of the dock held three inches of water, topped by fuel oil leaked by a just-departed tanker. When the ship whistled down at Carlson's sawmill, and the searchlight sent questioning white tongues at a certain reef, George was waiting on the edge of the dock.

She was on that slow-moving ship, peering at Blaine. Curse the rain that stopped it from looking its best! His heart pelted and his hands were sweaty-cold. Maybe they had the curtains wrong and the furniture mixed. Oh, she wouldn't mind; she was a good fellow. Her two letters had been licking smart, and funny and kind—hoping the lady had liked the furniture! Bless her—his Sarah, his girl. There wouldn't be any lonely aches any more. The ship rocked the dock as it slid alongside, stern and bow lines went over piles, a single plank—camp style with the boat in a hurry—was put over.

"She ain't very big, George. Ketch holt her hand, y'slob!" hissed Murphy, and George lunged forward, swarmed up the plank, and caught a girl in a paperish raincoat who was crying was it always so, or was this a special? George fearfully asked if she would meet Mr. Murphy, Mr. Lindquist—where in time was he?—of the board! And he was Bell! Then Sarah Sherman screamed heartily, having stepped off into the flood, and in a second George lifted her, and she cried:

"Oh, thank you lots! I'd have been drowned, I think!"

He was carrying her through bewildering piles of massed freight, and lights were infrequent, but by one swinging in the wind he saw that her eyes were darkish blue and that her mouth was upturned and sweet.

"You been sick, girlie?" he asked, mounting the steps to the upper deck. "You look right pale—now I can set you down—right pale, and some tired, ain't you?"

"I haven't been very well, it was so hot below," she said, and he sensed that she was pleased at his concern. "But your things—were they satisfactory? If it's for others I always just go out and do the best I can, but it's hard to buy for another woman. What did she say?"

They left the dock, descending some steps to the beach, the gallant board following with hand baggage. Nels stripped a tarp from George's boat, George lifted the teacher in, and Murphy shoved off, remarking privately:

"You won't find a finer lad in the Northland than George Bell, mom."

"Oh, I was sure I'd like him," she said blithely, and to George, who sat by her while Nels ran the engine:

"I was scared about that dressing table, but that'd be about the first item a girl would give up, with freight so awful, and a man wouldn't realize her sacrifice, and, of course, you wish your wife always looking smart, don't you?"

"Yes," said George, and he held a fold of her coat. "The blue runnin' through was mighty skookum. I'm strong for blue."

"So am I—I've a blue gown on this minute! Oh! Is it safe?"

"All shoal water, that's why it's so rough," he said, thrilling because as the boat rose on a ground swell she had crept nearer him. "Here we are! Mind that rock, Murphy, you'll bust in her bow! The schoolhouse's just back a bit, an' the teacher has to bach in a couple rooms upstairs. We got a fire goin'!"

"This is going to be bully fun," said Sarah Sherman. "I can't see an inch! May I hold to your hand?"

"Dose teacher rooms are not much for an Outside lady," said Nels. "George he's got the nice shack."

"He must have, and I have a real interest in it. You know I bought the furniture," she laughed, and Nels relievedly told Murphy he guessed it was a match. The board went gayly ahead, and they were just at the school door when a lantern showed fifty feet away, and a female voice cried: "Welcome to Alaska, and hurry over to a chicken supper!"

"It's Mrs. Hanlon, an' she's been a-cookin' all day for you," said George. "S'pose you take just a quick look an' then go eat, an' by then the boys'll have your trunks over. Will you?"

In another ten minutes George and the teacher were seated at the Hanlon table, stout Mrs. Hanlon garrulously admiring the guest's V-necked, crêpe-sleeved frock of marine blue, Al Hanlon, worried and nervous in a starched collar, mumbling answers when he must. Roasted chickens, canned shrimp salad, canned spinach and corn, potatoes, ice cream—made with a little iceberg George had towed in earlier—a tremendous cake, and coffee. George could not eat and was winkingly rallied by his hostess. Miss Sherman ate restrainedly and praised the banquet with an honest air. Later she insisted on drying the dishes, and the two men were driven into another room, conversing unhappily until Mrs. Hanlon's loud tones sent:

"Why George Bell's not married, honey! Why, yes, he's got the house! My sakes, he got your picture an' began a buildin' same day!"

The other voice was pitched too low to carry. Then:

"But, honey, George is a lovely provider. Why a girl he throwed down after he knew of you, he staked her to a lovely dress, an' he paid two dollars each for the chickens to-night, an' sent over groceries 'nough for a week, an' he says, 'Now, Lulu, spare no pains, no expense, my girl's goin' to be like a queen!' he says. He engineered the election to get you, him an' the bunk houses, he leads 'em all. An' Mis' Hallett, teacher that was, she was beat!—Naturally the ladies don't like Bell now, but my land—— How? Oh, surely, we all knowed of the furnishin'; they can't keep nothin' in a camp, you know. Oh, give George a chance, dearie! He makes good wages; drawed five an' a half a day when he was pile drivin'!"

"Wages?" The other voice ascended. "Is he a common laborer?"

"He's a miner, Miss Sherman." Mrs. Hanlon sounded huffy. "My mister's a rough carpenter, an' handles freight an' such sometimes. Laborin'—I s'pose it is."

"I—really I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hanlon, only I thought—writing of being a miner, I thought it meant ——"

"Oh, now, honey, that's all right! You figgered him a staff man, but lots of them are ninnies—— How? Why surely it was me askin' you to supper, not merely him, but George's so masterful, he sent them chickens, sayin' his girl ——"

Miss Sherman was heard repeating that Mrs. Hanlon must excuse her. It was the briefest parting, and in the blackness the girl was feeling for the schoolhouse door, when George's large warm hand found hers.

"Sarah—little girl—nev' mind that fool woman, listen!"

They were inside then, stumbling against the little desks, and he righted her while she hissed how dared he humiliate, deceive, yes, plain lie—oh, disgusting, contemptible deceit! Would he leave her instantly? It ought to be enough, making a woman the jest of a camp of laborers.

"I'll take it all, only gimme a chance for my life," said George unsteadily. "No, you can't git loose. I love you! I'm goin' to be good to you, I got your blue house ready, sweetness—blue like your eyes, them curtains are—you'll resign from the doggone school, this board business can be sloughed off. I love ——"

"You are an impossible vulgarian and I scorn you!" said Sarah Sherman hotly.

In the friendly gloom George raised her, fighting, actually clawing him, until his mouth reached hers. He laughed when she viciously clacked her teeth at him.

"You'll git loose if you kiss back—not before. That's how us laborin' vulgarians are," he said, and thought his heart would split. Suddenly her lips gave him a remote, impersonal touch, and as he quickly lowered her, she said, in what was certainly her schoolroom voice:

"Come, come, no more nonsense, my good man! Run along, and don't ever come back!"

She kept the job. Presently the mill superintendent, the dock boss and the head bookkeeper, all college men, were calling evenings. Mrs. Hallett had been the first woman to appear, and Sarah walked along the beach to the store with Mrs. Hallett after the visit. It was reported that the teacher accepted no invitations, replied that she would like to, but to go everywhere would take time from her work, and to go to a few places might create ill feeling. She was friendly but not familiar to the mothers of the school children. Mrs. Hallett had allowed children under school age to come with their elders—one reason for Mrs. Hallett's popularity, because the mothers were relieved of a care. Sarah's dictum prevented this, nor were they permitted, as formerly, to entertain themselves by roosting on a tundra bank before the school windows, making faces at their relatives within. Mrs. Al Hanlon called once and was received with kind formality and, leaving, Mrs. Hanlon declared the teacher an upstart! Just mentioned the name of George Bell, poor fellow, and been looked at by that girl as if the latter hadn't heard!

The teacher had been told about Rosy, now the fiancée of young Johnny Riva, but still wistful as she gazed at the beautiful new house that could never be hers. Johnny had tried to rent it, but George Bell sharply said the house was

(Continued on Page 45)

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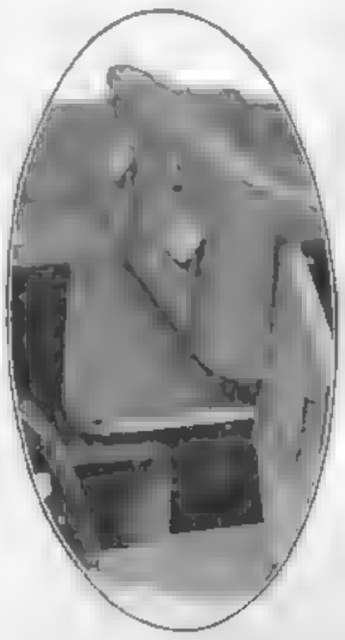

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The leather sole was a good servant—but it is now outdone.

TEXTAN is NOT rubber, but a Fibre sole and is manufactured to a standard quality; it is flexible to the point where it never has to be "broken in"; it is good-looking enough to go on your Sunday shoes; it is positively water-proof; and, best of all, *it outwears leather.*

You would prefer TEXTAN Soles for *one* of these advantages alone. You might as well enjoy them *all.*

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It is the Sole for the Whole Family.

TEXTAN

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neither for sale nor for rent. He wrote—in his own hand this time, and it was an easy, loopy one that astonished her—offering the residence, rent free, to the teacher, who ignored the note and bought more pans to put under the leaks in her apartments. The board was afraid of her. She did not consult them at all, but merely gave them orders, which she sent in letters left for Murphy at the power plant. She ordered a better trail cut from the school to the creek, and the board hastily obeyed. Must have more desks, more books; disgraceful not to have those on Alaskan bird life and Northern flowers! A phonograph—the fifty-dollar sort—records so the children could sing with them, a large globe, more blackboards, more materials!

"Sure, I'll infarm her nobs we got no appropriation this year excipt for her hundred monthly an' jan'tor sarvice. These extrys are comin' from your poke an' not the Alaska school fund," said Murphy angrily; but George said:

"Money's no good to me now; git what she hollers for. An' when they delay sendin' her warrant from Juneau, tip me off an' we'll slip her the cash!"

"Ah, Garge lad, ain't there a way to square things with her—you in misery, the house goin' to waste?"

"I don't want her anyhow," said George bitterly. "A guy'd need to be a quick jumper, married to her, Murph. She's mean. She cut me with a mess of native brats lookin', an' she laughed an' went on. I scorn her now!"

The women of Blaine were delighted. Good enough for George Bell! The bunk houses were divided. Winter came. Nothing to do off shift but sit round the big stoves and explain how the property ought to be managed, and what ailed the new compensation law, and plan the boats to be built in the spring. On the moonlit clear nights the livelier people climbed the iced hill back of the snowshed and skied wildly past impeding tree tops. The teacher went, using the ski Al Nordstrom had ordered from Outside. Nels Lindquist was always of the party, scurly observing her, wondering how the girl could laugh and slide and catch eager hands. The mill superintendent was forever round her. She wore a clever suit of dull-blue mackinaw, short-skirted and yellow-sashed, and a blue cap on her glinty chestnut hair. Her cheeks were round, and the Outside paleness had fled before a Northern pink. It was during one of the snow-party nights that a note signed S. Sherman was left at George's bunk house, and instead of going to the schoolhouse very soon, as requested, he sat on a snowdrift before the snowshed, awaiting her passing.

"You wish to see me, madam?"

The mill superintendent, who was her escort, stepped aside at her low explanation, and she began:

"Mr. Bell, I have discovered that you have been paying my salary when the boats were late. This must stop!"

"All right," said George.

"It's not that I don't appreciate your action!"

To his silence she said:

"There was absolutely no reason for it!"

"Thought you might need the money—the laborin' classes do sometimes."

"I hardly think I have shown any—any distress!" said the teacher tartly.

"Well, if there's apologizin' to be done, you better do it—not me," said George, and he left her. Her eyes were glittery when to the mill gentleman she said it had just been some school business. Next day she heard, and verified through the company-store's order book, that it was George who had bought the fine coal heater she had demanded. Did the board think her children could study and be efficient, snuffing coal dust from that old stove that no repairing would put in a state to draw properly? The stove had been ordered by cable. The teacher made her own social laws on Blaine, and the fact that females were not supposed to enter the bunk houses did not prevent her from appearing in Number Five that night and requesting a few words with George Bell. They stood on the chilly porch, banked round with snow and hung with somebody's just-washed, stiffening underwear; and when she had flamed upon him, George said:

"I staked you to the stove, an' the music machine, an' books, an' all the truck. What of it? We don't go round in Alaska cryin' an' whinin' when somebody spends a few two-bit pieces! I done it for the kids, not for you—you ain't nothin' to me! You've had your nose in the air at the common laborin' man, an' they tell me your old man's a farmer on Long Island, wherever that is!"

"He has an estate there—farmer indeed!" said the teacher scornfully.

"Let him have it! You might be a graduate of Smith; my mother was the first woman in her state to be admitted to the bar! But she came up here an' did the best she could, an' she never lost her good manners neither!"

"You haven't followed an excellent example then! But I came here to hand you this check for the stove. Take it!"

"Say, that's plenty. I'm the board an' I'll put what I please into that school, an' bein' the board, the teacher better listen when I talk! Do you git me?"

"I know you are a—perfect—bully!" said Sarah furiously. "All over this camp you've sent the story that I felt myself better than workers, when I ——"

"When you're just a workin' woman yourself!"

It was a short, unusual winter in the Northland. In March salmonberries had budded above the snow on the Blaine beaches. The wind brought a fresh smell of ferns that were pushing through the tundra. The channel was often smooth, and the sun shone warmly from a rich-blue sky. The peaks were streaked with brown from snow and rock slides. Spring coming, and another election! When the ships, in early April, changed to the six-day summer schedule instead of the winter's ten, the papers they left were not so exciting as the news that Nick Pavlov, John Larsen and Mrs. Jackson were on one ticket; Sam Hallett, Mrs. Gardner, the assayer's wife, and Boyd, a mill shift boss, made another. The Pavlovs wanted a different teacher, because when Anna Pavlov stayed at home the teacher came for her and warned the household that actual illness was the only excuse for absence; helping mamma get ready for a party would not suffice. Mrs. Jackson was a friend of the Gellinis, who still felt Rosy's wrongs had come through teacher. John Larsen had taken George's soap in the bunk-house change room, and later had run into a left hook and a few crisp remarks tossed out while John sat foggily on the slopped floor.

"Just One Minute, Gentlemen. I Have Here a Cable From Governor Strong at Juneau"

The camp tattled that Harlowe, the mill superintendent, was making it unpleasant for his shifter, who had unwarily been swept into the Hallett fold. Then suddenly, a third ticket: Harlowe; Cabell, a mine shifter; and Crothers, the manager of Blaine! Their slogan was Sarah Sherman for teacher. Cabell and Crothers each had two children in school. Mrs. Crothers began electioneering—Sarah and she were consulting and walking together daily; Mrs. Cabell called at certain homes where she had failed to stop previously; and Harlowe indicated to the mill men that their support would make them popular.

"By jolly, I like for see them Pavlovs beat," fumed Nels Lindquist. "Dose staff guys are all big its now, settlin' dose teacher games. I radder see a new teacher, though Pavlov he don't savvy much, an' a yealous wife she don't leave him get a looker, er, Murphy?"

"The fight's growin' vicious," said Murphy, as the board sat after supper, with legs hanging over the walk before the power plant.

"Election's last Monday in April, ain't it?" asked George. "How many in camp would follow me, Murph?"

"I'll figger," said Murphy, interested. He made a list, whistling dubiously. George censored it.

"I couldn't buck the mill when they've got two tickets now. But I can do this—they say she's goin' to marry Harlowe, an' I'll stop 'em from havin' everything their own way! We three'll be the board again—an' she won't be teacher!"

Crothers, the manager, was angry. Mrs. Crothers was at home, crying. The Cabells and Halletts had definitely quarreled, and the storekeeper was almost a madman from the strain of holding office as election judge. Watchers for all tickets, voters and pickets had swarmed into the store. The polls closed at eight, and countings by the three parties left them undecided. There were thirty voters not heard from. These were the George Bell faction, and earnest whisperings to those either at work or off shift seemed useless. At six o'clock a large fishing smack steamed to the dock, and George Bell, handsome in blue serge and soft gray hat set on the back of his head, walked out there smiling. Thoughtfully he tore the mucilaged edge from a paper, creating a cigarette with his left hand, while his right greeted men who jumped nimbly ashore from the smack.

"Hello, George! What d'you know? Kelly Olsen's comin' on the Daisy B, an' he's got sixty with him, like your letter said!" bawled the little fat captain who led the crowd. There were fifty round George as the Daisy B's

(Concluded on Page 49)

Mallory Hats

"Cravenette"

The *style* of Mallory Hats is as good as their *quality*—and since 1823 their quality has never been questioned. Made and fashioned for American gentlemen, by American hatters—the most skillful in the world. Mallory Hats exclusively have the well-known "Cravenette" feature. Mallory dealers—identified by the Mallory sign—are showing the new Spring styles now at $3., $3.50, $4. & $5.

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.

234 Fifth Avenue, New York

Factory: Danbury, Connecticut

NEVER AGAIN!

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Not this time!" he said grimly, a curious calm succeeding his rage. "That's old stuff, and I don't fall for it any more. Hold her, Rance, till I finish with this half portion."

Then he stepped close and stood over me.

"Git up!" he commanded. "Git up and come on outside! I don't want to mess up Rance's p.ace."

But I would not. That he should expect it betrayed a selfishness and ignorance in keeping with his behavior. No; I remained on the floor.

"Are you going to git up and let me finish?" he demanded impatiently.

"Why should I?" was my haughty rejoinder. "I am quite comfortable where I am. Besides, I do not understand."

"That's what I aim to explain to you."

"Possibly; but I can hear the explanation here. What is the meaning of this assault, sir?

"I chance upon a lady whose motor has stalled in the street, and endeavor to aid her. And this is my reward for kindness! Blows and abuse—and indignity for her. Shame upon you, m'sieu!"

"Also, fie, fie!" he said with a sneer. "I suppose you two were fixin' the machine at that table over there—huh? Don't pull anything like that on me! If you wanted to help a lady crank her car, why wasn't you at it, instead of lappin' up drinks with her? I guess that'll hold you—both of you!"

"MISTER Thomas!" cried madame.

"And you shut up," continued her ogre of a husband, "or I'll give you somethin' to blubber about. Do you hear? Fine state of affairs—ain't it?—when a pal has to phone a man to come git his wife! Only for ol' Rance, I might never of knowed!"

He could hardly expect either of us to enthuse over the druggist's loyalty, m'sieu, and I made no pretense of doing so. Instead, happening to descry M'sieu Field going past the store in his roadster, dragging the flivver at the end of a rope, I tried to attract his attention by waving my arm.

"Who's that?" he asked truculently.

"Another Good Samaritan who sought to befriend madame. Perhaps you would like to attack him also, m'sieu!"

"No; because he's decent. He's a gen'l'man! You don't catch him trying to mash a respectable married lady ——"

"No, indeed; you do not!" I said significantly.

"He's out there doing his best to start the car, while you —— Dog-gone! I've talked all I'm agoin' to. Will you come outside, or won't you? I'm sure sorry, Rance, but if he won't I aim to clean him here."

"This," exclaimed madame in a voice whose tragedy I shall never forget, "is what I get for marryin' a bum! It serves me right! Ma warned me!"

I glanced at her. Memories of the maternal adjurations, so unhappily ignored, dimmed her eyes, and she was on the verge of breaking down. Her distress was harrowing to witness. I instantly formed a resolution.

"Do not be uneasy, m'sieu!" I cried, springing briskly to my feet. "I am at your service. We will go outside and settle our little difference. But, that we may avoid the unwelcome attentions of the rabble, I propose we step into the lane at the back. Is the proposition agreeable to you, sir?"

"Why, one place is as good as another, I reckon," he replied, completely taken aback.

Aha! I had scored against him! I could detect it at once in his altered demeanor, m'sieu—in the very tones of his voice. He instantly dropped all bluster. Not for a moment had he anticipated that I would accept his challenge, especially with such cheerful alacrity—an alacrity that seemed to render the issue less certain than he had supposed. And here I would like to observe, my friend, that this has been my observation of fighters: their eagerness for the combat wanes in proportion to their antagonists' zest for it.

Completely restored to poise by the success of my maneuver I now approached the fair cause of it all and said to her, with respectful ardor:

"Have no fear, madame. I will administer a lesson to this bully that he richly deserves. Do not weep, I beg of you. All will be well." Then, bowing to the husband, who remained a puzzled spectator of this tableau, I added coldly, "After you, m'sieu!"

"Uh-uh!"

"And why not, pray? You desired me to go outside!"

"Sure! But we'll go alongside each other. You don't git me from behind like that."

Such were the boor's notions of honor, m'sieu! My blood boiled. It was the one thing needed to fire me for the fray. And in that moment I determined that no false notions of chivalry should hamper me in the struggle; that I would cast away all nice considerations of fair play between combatants and make a whirlwind of the affair which would leave the more desperate of us winner. It was the only possible plan with such a wretch, my friend. It was, as M'sieu Joe Hicks often impressed upon me, the only sure method of bringing home the bacon.

Eh bien! We issued out into the lane—the druggist, my enemy and myself—and I started leisurely to remove my coat. Mark now his treachery, m'sieu—a treachery undoubtedly begotten of fear. The rascal did not give me time to remove it. No; with a profane word, he sprang at me, and the battle was on.

So sudden was his onslaught that he caught me unprepared. Dimly I saw his arms flail the air, and when I attempted to dodge under, something arrested the movement. Simultaneously I became aware of a shock to my whole frame, followed by an excruciating pain in the right eye, which seemed to dim my vision. Indeed, the optic was practically useless to me during the rest of the encounter.

Obviously it was of paramount importance that I should evade further blows, for this Charlie delivered them with a force and malevolence that stunned. Accordingly, when he drew back his arm for another stroke I ducked my head and plunged under his fist, straight at his middle. Do you divine my purpose, m'sieu? It was to butt him in the stomach.

The attempt brought the happiest results. The impact was as violent as I could have wished, and he let out a grunt. Then over he went, with myself on top. Eureka! I had him!

But even as this exultant conviction forced itself upon me and I was essaying to choke him with my hands, the better to insure victory, the tables were reversed. Yes, my friend; the traitorous Charlie did not remain down. No sooner had his back touched the ground than he gave a heave with his knees that precipitated me headlong and, before I could even turn over, he had pounced on me again. Striding my recumbent form, the brutal fellow pressed my face into the dirt with one sinewy hand, while he belabored my body with the other.

"Charlie!" shrieked madame from the doorway. "Shame on you! To pick on a little fellow like that! Let him up! Let him up or I'll go fetch a policeman!"

What response, if any, he would have made to this appeal will never be known, for as luck would have it his attention was diverted by a fortunate accident. In the mêlée the bottle of paregoric had rolled out of my pocket and now lay on the ground near his hand. The moment his eyes beheld this he left off beating me to seize it.

"Look here, fellers!" he shouted to the crowd of spectators who had flocked into the lane at the first sound of our combat. "Paregoric! Just what this li'l rat needs! I'm agoin' to make him swallow the whole bottle."

Instantly acting upon this plan, he pinned my arms down with his legs and prepared to administer the dose.

So! The barbarian would even deprive my adorable boys of the medicine they needed! The thought gave me the strength of Samson. I executed a mighty wrench and hurled him off.

"Ouch!" he wailed in agony. "He bit me! He bit me on the knee!"

Your American crowds, my friend, are ever true sportsmen. Their sympathies run to the dauntless contestant who strives against odds. They now set up whoops of pure delight.

"Hooray!" they yelled. "Go to it, Frenchy! Bite him agin!"

You may well suppose that I was resolved to do so should the opportunity present itself. I shook the hair out of my eyes and made ready.

But he did not come on again with his former enthusiasm. I had taught him a lesson. He had tested Henri Giraud's mettle and had no relish for it.

However, the cries and jeers of the crowd spurred him to renew the attack. He ceased rubbing the leg I had so adroitly nipped, and made another rush.

And then, m'sieu—then I executed a ruse that I had been planning from the outset. Because of his larger dimensions and weight he might be my superior in the *combat de boxe*, but he was sadly deficient to cope with me in other respects; for, united to a higher order of intelligence and keener wits, I possessed a training in acrobatics against which he could not hope to contend. Little did he suspect, as he came rushing blindly upon me, that Henri Giraud had enthralled audiences the world over with feats of agility that deceived the eye, and had more than once earned the plaudits of crowned heads. Yes; he little recked that, even as I pretended to flee, I was meditating a *coup de revers*.

But such was the case. The second he leaped forward I turned my back and ran—yes, ran! A moment, however, and I dropped upon my hands. And then, in full view of the astonished natives, I swung both feet with full strength, catching this Charlie under the chin.

"Charlie's knocked off work for the day all right, all right!" said the druggist, bending over to examine my senseless foe. "Some wallop—believe me!"

I rose and nonchalantly dusted my clothes. The eager populace quickly swarmed round me, patting my back and applauding. Their admiration of my exploit was boundless, and filled me with gratitude and pride.

"Just what d' you call that?" inquired one gentleman. "Gee! It's got an uppercut beat fifty-two ways from the ace."

My satisfaction was doomed to be short-lived, however; for as I was standing there modestly receiving their congratulations I heard a shrill cry close to my ear, and without any warning whatsoever madame fell upon me from behind, scratching and striking with her little fists. The fickle crowd immediately swerved to her cause and cheered uproariously.

This engagement might have gone hard with me, m'sieu—for I hesitated to strike a lady with whom I had recently been on such amicable terms—had not a policeman arrived. He came running up the lane, and close behind him was M'sieu Sam Field.

"What's this?" demanded the officer, dragging the lovely Bertine away, despite her grip on my hair.

I explained as well as I was able, aided by spokesmen among the spectators.

"Is that guy hurt bad, Rance?" he inquired of the druggist.

"I don't reckon so. But he ain't come to yet."

"Best get the ambulance, while I take this bird along to the station," said the policeman; and the druggist entered the store to telephone for it.

"But, officer, I assure you I am guiltless," I protested.

"Tell that to the judge. That's what they all say," was his unfeeling reply.

M'sieu Field now interfered, suave and smiling. Truly, *savoir-faire* is an inestimable quality, my friend.

"Sergeant," he said amiably, "I happen to know that this fight was forced on my friend here. It would hurt his position if you took him along in the ding-a-ling wagon. Now I've got my car out in the street. Why not let me drive you to the station? Or, better still, let me take him home. If any charge is laid against Henree I'll put up bond for his appearance—any amount up to a million."

The officer hesitated, looking from M'sieu Sam to me.

"All right, Mr. Field," he said at last. "If you say you'll bring him into court, it's good enough for me. But take him away before he gets into another scrap."

"Come on," cried M'sieu Sam eagerly, and we started out of the lane. First, however, I regained possession of the bottle of paregoric.

"Say!" called the policeman. "Are there any mules in your family?"

"There are not, m'sieu," I answered, somewhat puzzled by the question.

"Well, beat it before this lady gets loose. You behave now, ma'am! Charlie'll be all right in an hour or two; so cut out the hollerin'."

Eh bien! M'sieu Sam and I hastened joyously into the street.

"Gee! That's some eye you've got, Henree!" he exclaimed. "You'd best put a piece of steak on that, Ol' Settler, or it'll look like a map of Serbia."

"Very well," I assented. "It causes me no pain, but let us do so. Here is a restaurant."

As we were about to enter the place I perceived the flivver madame had driven standing inertly at the curb.

"Did you not, then, succeed in getting it started?"

"Nary a sound out of it! I dragged the cussed thing ten blocks, Henree, and still it wouldn't fire. Must be busted I reckon. Come on! Let's get that beef."

We approached the lady at the lunch counter, who eyed me very dubiously.

"My friend, here," explained M'sieu Field, "wants a steak. And he wants it quick!"

"Sure!" she said, and departed to the back regions.

While we were waiting, numbers of the spectators followed us in and ringed us round. Loud were their praises of my skill and courage, and I received many flattering suggestions. One gentleman urged me to sign up for a contest with M'sieu Jess Willard; but I could not, of course, countenance such a proposal, and pooh-poohed the idea.

We sat there a quarter of an hour, M'sieu Sam growing more impatient each minute, and then the waitress brought the steak. My friend, she had fried it, with potato chips on the side!

"Let's get out of here and go home!" he cried; to which I willingly agreed.

We emerged on to the sidewalk, and there was madame preparing to step into her machine for a fresh trial. Behind her stood M'sieu Charlie, supported by the druggist. He appeared very weak and shaken; but I was relieved to perceive that he would not require the services of the ambulance, even then storming down the street toward us. Neither of them would so much as glance in our direction, and accordingly we walked across to M'sieu Field's roadster.

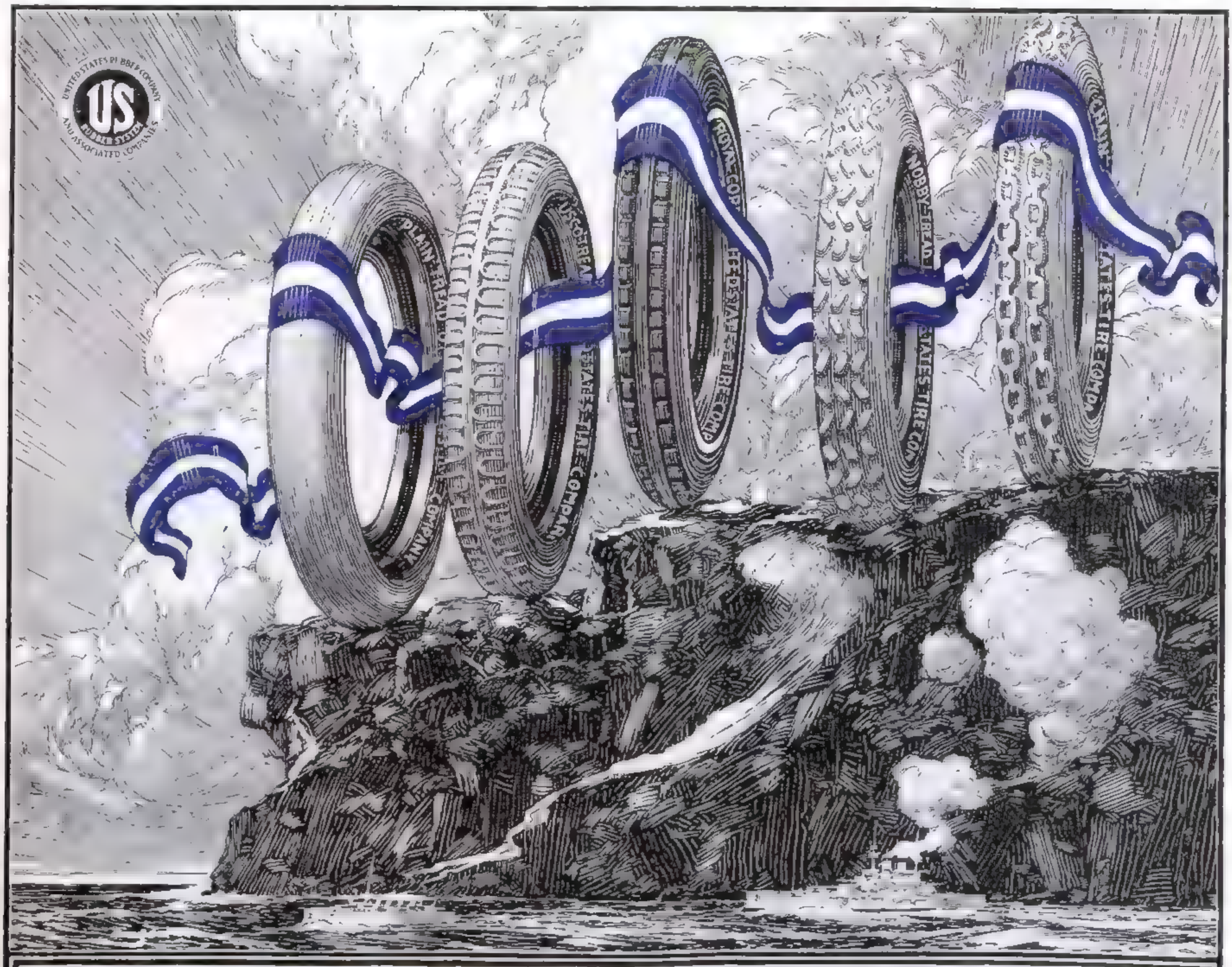
The druggist now undertook to crank madame's car. I watched, with secret elation. He spun and spun; but there was not so much as a pop to reward him.

A jitney came rattling along and pulled up opposite them. The driver surveyed the druggist's efforts a while, and then alighted. He had an exceedingly harsh countenance, and the back of his neck was shaved. "Won't she start?" he demanded gruffly. "Here; lemme try. This is the only way to treat 'em."

And, approaching the stubborn Lizzie, he administered several hearty kicks.

"Now," he said, seizing the crank, "you git agoin'! Hear me? I've had enough trouble with you!"

And the flivver, m'sieu, ran right along.



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A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

GEORGE BELL'S NEW TEACHER

(Concluded from Page 45)

stacks showed above Clam Point's trees, and in fifteen minutes she was tied up, and a black-haired, lawless-eyed young Norwegian was roaring:

"Hello, kid! How goes it?"

"'Tis Kelly Olsen an' a rigular mob, me bhoy," said Murphy, awed.

"You bet, an' they're with me. I'll show her!" said George, and his mouth laughed while his eyes stayed cold. Into the vestibule of the store they went, an orderly file. In one side, out by the other, was the command. The little fat captain grandly dropped his vote into the ballot box and, challenged, said:

"Residence? I'm an Alaskan."

"That don't go! You've no residence on Blaine Island!"

"Put 'em out, Shuey!"

"Why, they can't vote here; don't accept it, Billy!"

"Just one minute, gentlemen," said the voice of George Bell. He was standing on a counter, stacks of blue overalls in upset about his tan-shod feet. "I have here a cable from Governor Strong at Juneau, which states that a residence of one day in Alaskan Territory entitles any citizen, or those holding first papers, to vote at school elections, anywhere in the territory!"

"It's a fake!"

"No, he got the cable last boat; I took it from the mail clerk!" said a voice. "I remember him sayin' we ought to have wireless here."

"Well, by Jove, they've got to prove residence! They may all be sailors," cried Harlowe, and some one shouted:

"Any cables about that?"

"The two boatloads have been camped down at Jack Wilson's bay for thirty hours, my friend," said Kelly Olsen. "My word's good on the mainland! I don't know if it goes here."

"I knew Olsen in Nome!"

"So did I! George's got 'em all on the hip, ain't he?"

"Hand in your votes, boys," said George, as he stepped down. "New teacher due!"

In the general uproar of that evening, coal for the schoolhouse, weighed and sacked earlier and piled on a landing stage, was not delivered. Sarah Sherman had seen it, while on the bank above she conferred with Mrs. Cabell.

She went home and waited, and determined to have coal. She started along the beach, climbed a stairway to the store, arriving as George took his stand among the overalls. She backed out hurriedly and, with a blazing face, rushed to the beach, thinking chaotically. The last humiliation, was it? Maybe his new teacher that his pirate crew would bring was buying more furniture—Outside! But anyway she would have that coal, and no board needed to help. She could take it! In the blue-satin gown, with blue-silk stockings and patent-leather pumps, and a delicious little dull-blue hat wreathed in pink rosebuds; and gloves—all assumed for this special day that Harlowe had sworn to make a triumph—she hauled blindly at a dory. It was a hard pull over the gravel, but she got it in the water and close to the landing stage. Hot flashes stung her. Before all of them he had announced his new teacher! With white-gloved fingers she tugged at a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound coal sack which burst as it hit the bottom of the dory. Then another—and more. Coal heaving was easy when you were excitedly strong. Gloves still buttoned, she raged and rowed—not very well; she had a diggy motion, and the twelve-foot oars of a work dory were awkward.

George Bell saw her as she passed the point. The tide was mostly taking her then. He began to run, and in the Fourth-of-July races in many camps he had beaten the swiftest dog mushers, seasoned from winter trails. The schoolhouse was close to the shore of a little bight where Hanlon kept a boat. He could catch her, if the coal didn't put the dory down so much that the leaky side seams sank it.

Through slippery kelp and over upreared driftwood he streaked, plunging into concealed waterholes, when he struck the tundra flat of the point, and bursting through a spruce jungle to the shore again. Hanlon's boat was gone. He heard a wild cry from the water, and he stood staring bewilderedly, for there was no dory in sight. The channel stretched away toward the other islands and the open sea beyond; he would have seen if she had turned back. Abruptly the undulating ground swell came beachward, and far out he glimpsed a head, chestnut hair loose, and a little blue hat departing on the tide.

He ripped off his coat. Strong swimmers cannot stay afloat long in Alaska's freezing waters, and in anguish he thought of her sinking before he caught her. Faintly her voice came:

"Don't you come for me, George Bell! I'm not drowning! The coal sunk the boat on a reef and I'm standing; I'm perfectly all—all—don't you ——"

"Shut up, you little fool!" he bellowed, and drove toward her through the water.

"I'll die before I'm saved by you! I hate ——" A screech ended it, for the swell had swept her off the reef's edge. He could not swim as he could run, for the native-born Alaskan seldom has water warm enough to learn in, and he thrashed the waves like a killer whale. But he neared her, and bullishly he fought the tremendous ebb tide that was sucking her toward the open. A wave that he made broke over her white face; he saw her bright eyes dull as his arm shot out and grabbed her. She was limp as he towed her ashore.

"Open the little mouth, lovey!" Sarah heard. "It's coffee. Drink, baby! Little more—an' some more—swallowin' the salty stuff's had you pretty sick."

It was strong and black and comforting. She was certainly on land, lying on a springy couch. A stove was pleasantly noisy, there was a wolf robe over her, and peering from drowsy eyes she saw blue hangings on a window.

"This isn't my house!" she said weakly.

"Yes, it is!"

She looked again. There were small pools of sea water on the blue-patterned rugs. She pulled out a hand in a coaly white glove and eyed it thoughtfully, then gazed at George Bell, who was whistling as he dripped about, making toast on the Yukon heater. The room had a lived-in air. By the lamps on the table were books and a typewriter.

"I come over nights an' study engineerin'. I'm goin' to take a real technical course later on," he observed, arriving with a plate of buttered toast. "Goin' to try my cookin'?"

Sarah Sherman moved, sat up, and looked at him. George put aside the plate, knelt, and stared hungrily into her eyes. He saw a sudden blush creep over her cheeks; she bent toward him and sobbed:

"You shan't have that new teacher. I won't let you!"

"Just my own teacher!" said George huskily. And she put the coaly-gloved hands about his neck and kissed him impetuously. Still in a tight embrace, she sighed:

"Well, you've got her, dear."

"An' you've got your laborin' man!"

THE HOLD-OUT

(Continued from Page 10)

"That'll do, boys!" I hollered to them. "We'll quit. The express rates on caskets between here and Davenport is somethin' fierce."

I walked back to the hotel with Mr. Edwards. I never seen a guy so blue.

"He's impossible," he says.

"Never mind," says I. "He won't be with us long. One o' these days his luck'll desert him and he'll get killed."

"I think we'd better send for Hagedorn," says the boss.

"Oh, no," I says. "He'll show up before long."

"Yes," says Mr. Edwards; "but he'd ought to be here right now to get used to playin' with Gould and Berner. And I ain't so sure he'll show up, neither."

"I'd like to make you a little bet," I says. "I'd like to bet you five that we hear from him before the end o' the week."

"I'll just take that bet," says Mr. Edwards, "and I'll be glad to pay if I lose."

Well, knowin' him pretty well, I didn't hardly believe that. But I told him the bet was on.

The first train into the Springs from the North is supposed to arrive at nine in the mornin' and it don't hardly ever get in later than 3 P. M. On this Thursday it come at one-thirty. I snuck down alone to meet it, and there was Bill. "Mighty glad to see you, Hagedorn," I says.

"I'm glad to get here," says Bill.

"You don't need to work to-day if you don't want to," says I, "but we want you out there as soon as you feel like it."

"Why, what's happened to this wonderful Lahey?" says Bill.

"Not a thing," I says; "but, as you pointed out, he's a left-hand hitter, and we're overloaded with 'em."

"I suppose you'll play him when they's right-hand pitchin' against us," says Hagedorn.

"No," I says, "I don't believe in switchin' on the infield. Still, you'll have to keep hustlin' to hold him on the bench. He's one o' the most remarkable first sackers in baseball."

"I'm just as good as he is," says Bill.

"You'll have to show me," I says.

"That's just what I'm goin' to do," says Hagedorn.

"And how's everything at home?" I ast him.

"Well, Frank," he says, "it's been a tough winter—the toughest I ever put in. I'm in debt so far that it scares me to think of it."

"Where was that $2000 you had saved?" I says.

"I was just stringin' you about that," says Bill. "I never had a nickel saved. But $2000 is just about what I'm behind."

"Good lord, Bill!" I says to him. "What have you done, bought a limousine?"

"No, sir," he says. "I ain't bought nothin' only clothes and food and not much o' that. But I was way in the hole before, and just this week they've ran up about $200 more on me."

"What for?" I ast him.

"Well, Frank," he says, "the wife presented me with a little boy last Sunday mornin'. If it hadn't been for that, and the way she worried about things, I'd of never been down here to sign for $4000. It was a case of have to, that's all."

I'd left orders for the boys to be out for practice at a quarter to two, and I knew Mr. Edwards would be out there with 'em. I and Bill was pretty near to the hotel by this time, but I stopped him short.

"Bill," I says, "you ain't givin' me no bull like that $2000 fortune, are you?"

"No, Frank," he says, "I'm tellin' you the truth."

"All right, Bill," I says; "I'm takin' your word. They's a northbound local train leavin' here at three bells. You go down and get aboard it and ride to Silver Creek. That's a station about twenty miles up the line. They's a hotel there, and that's about all. You go there and stay till I send for you."

"What's the idear?" he says.

"You'll find out later," I says. "I just tell you now that it's to your interest to do what I say."

"I can't go nowheres," he says. "I've got just forty cents."

"I'll stake you," says I, "and you'll hear from me in three or four days."

"But I want to get out there and see this here Lahey," says Bill. "I want to get busy showin' him up."

"He'll tend to that end of it himself," I says. "But you're on this ball club and I'm manager of it, and if you want to stick on this ball club you'll obey the manager's orders."

So Bill took the local for Silver Creek and I beat it out to the orchard to see that nobody got killed.

I set down with the boss at supper that night.

"Mr. Edwards," I says, "I've changed my mind about Hagedorn."

"What do you mean?" he says.

"I mean that I think he's through with us," I says.

"But good lord!" says the boss. "We can't get along without him."

"Well," says I, "we can get him by givin' him $6000."

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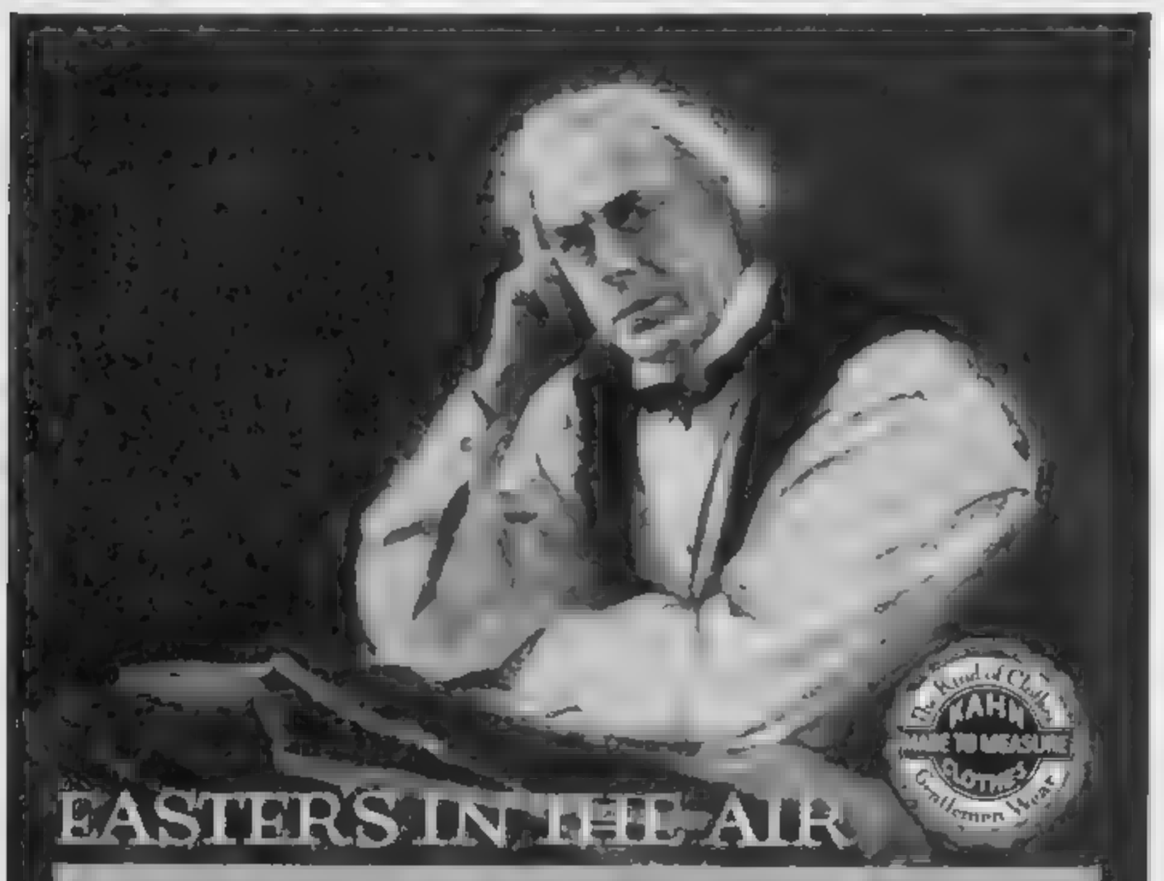

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Mr. Edwards shook like he had a chill.

"Give in to him now!" he says. "When he's tried to hold us up! And I thought you was so sure he'd come round."

"I did think he would," says I, "but I'm sure now that he won't. He's stuck this long, and he'll stick forever. He's gamer'n I figured."

"But I'd rather lose another $18,000 than let him hold us up," says the boss.

"Well," I says, "that's up to you. But you'll lose the $18,000 all right, and maybe then some, if you don't get him. Because without him on first base we'll be the worst ball club in the league."

Mr. Edwards didn't say nothin' more for maybe five minutes. Then he give up.

"I got a lot o' confidence in you, Frank," he says. "I'll go by what you tell me. If you want to you can wire Hagedorn. Tell him we'll meet his terms, and tell him to get here on the first train."

"I think it's the best thing to do," I says. And I went out and pretended to send Bill a wire.

It takes two days and a half to get to the Springs from home. So I called Bill up at Silver Creek and had him blow into camp on the Sunday train. I met him and tipped him off. He fell all over himself thankin' me and says he was goin' to name the boy Frank. And then he made a request.

"Keep this a secret from my missus," he says. "I want her to think that I got what I was after because I insisted on it. Because she kept tellin' me all winter that I wouldn't never get it and was a sucker to try."

"Don't worry," I says; "I want it to be kept a secret from certain people myself, and I certainly ain't goin' to spill it to no woman."

Mr. Edwards was on the walk in front o' the hotel when I and Bill showed up.

"Well, Hagedorn," he says, "you got what you wanted and I hope you'll try and earn it."

"I'll earn it all right, Mr. Edwards," he says, "and I'm mighty grateful to you for comin' acrost."

The boss turned to me.

"How about our little bet?" he says.

"What bet?" says I.

"You bet me five," he says, "that we'd hear from Hagedorn before the week was over. And this is another week."

"So you want me to pay you that five?" I ast him.

"I certainly do," he says.

Well, I give him the five, and afterwards Bill told me he'd make that up to me as soon as he could. But I can't accept it from him. I'd feel like I was takin' candy from a baby, a baby named Frankie Hagedorn.

PROTECTING AMERICA FROM ESPIONAGE

(Concluded from Page 15)

of the United States. And it has asked the Congress to prevent any alien in the United States from acting as agent of any foreign government without first having notified and obtained the consent of the Government of the United States.

This is a step exceedingly important in protecting the country against espionage.

During the entire period of the present war we have been embarrassed by the activities of aliens whose position with respect to belligerent governments has not been entirely clear to us. Many persons appearing to act in an official capacity for foreign governments have carried on various propaganda in the United States. The activities of aliens who appeared to be acting in an official or quasi-official capacity for foreign governments have given us a great deal of trouble. If all such persons were prohibited from acting as the agents of foreign governments, except in cases where the United States was first notified and its consent obtained, the whole matter would be at once so simplified that our government could easily handle it.

Another powerful weapon the Administration is asking the Congress to put into its hand, in this fight against the activities of resident alien spies, is the search warrant. Heretofore there seems to have been no provision for the issuance of a general search warrant in the enforcement of the Federal criminal laws. Such warrants were authorized only in statutes relating to customs and internal revenue, and in certain particular cases, such as introduction of liquor into the Indian country, presence of unmailable matter, and vessels violating the Alaska Fisheries Law.

No plan of general procedure against espionage in the country could be effective without adequate search-warrant authority.

The government must have the right to search localities it has reason to believe may be used as spy headquarters, the domiciles of suspected resident aliens, and the like. If it were unable to act under search warrants the arrest of an individual spy or group in an organization might prove entirely barren of results.

The recent experience of the government with the German liners in our ports has suggested the need of fuller authority on the part of the Federal Government to deal with dangerous situations that may at any time arise. The customs officers have not had sufficient authority to enable them to keep the government informed with respect to the uses made of these vessels. They have not been able to inspect them or to prevent them from being dismantled, injured or used as headquarters for activities at variance with our national policy.

The Congress has been asked to give the government authority to inspect any foreign private vessel within the jurisdiction of the United States for the purpose of detecting any use of such vessel in violation of our statutes or treaties; and, if it sees fit, to take entire charge of such vessels, removing their officers and crews.

In the face of the present international situation there must be no locality in this country that is not open to governmental surveillance. Any place that is exempted, in any degree, would be the very locality selected by spy organizations. The demand of the Administration for this right is amply justified and must be apparent to everybody.

One is astonished at the inadequate authority of the government to protect the country against espionage before the presentation of the measures requested by the Administration.

These measures undertake to cover this deficiency in a number of directions. They prohibit anybody, who does not act with lawful authority, from endeavoring to obtain any information with respect to the national defense. One cannot approach or even fly over any war craft or navy yard, naval station, submarine base, coaling station, fort, battery, torpedo station, dock yard, canal, railroad, arsenal, factory, mine, telegraph, telephone, wireless or signal station building, office, or any other place connected with the national defense, owned by the United States or under the control of the United States; or any place in which any vessel, air craft, arms, munitions or other materials or instruments for use in time of war are being made, prepared, repaired or stored, under any contract or agreement with the United States.

Everybody is prohibited from making any sketch or photograph, writing or note of anything connected with the national defense. Severe penalties are provided for the punishment of anybody who obtains from any source whatever any document, writing, code book, signal book, sketch, photograph, blueprint, plan, model, instrument, appliances or note of anything connected with the national defense.

The greatest care is provided to see that no code or signal book of the United States is permitted to fall into the hands of any person not entitled to have control over it; and anybody who undertakes to turn over to a foreign government any information relating to our national defense can be imprisoned for a period of twenty years.

In addition to this, any person who harbors or conceals anybody whom he knows or has reasonable grounds for believing or suspecting to be a spy may be fined ten thousand dollars and imprisoned in a Federal penitentiary for two years.

The President of the United States is given authority to extend the law to cover any other places he may wish to exclude from public inspection. He may also enlarge the scope of the law, with respect to information relating to the national defense, if he considers it necessary in order to protect the country from espionage.

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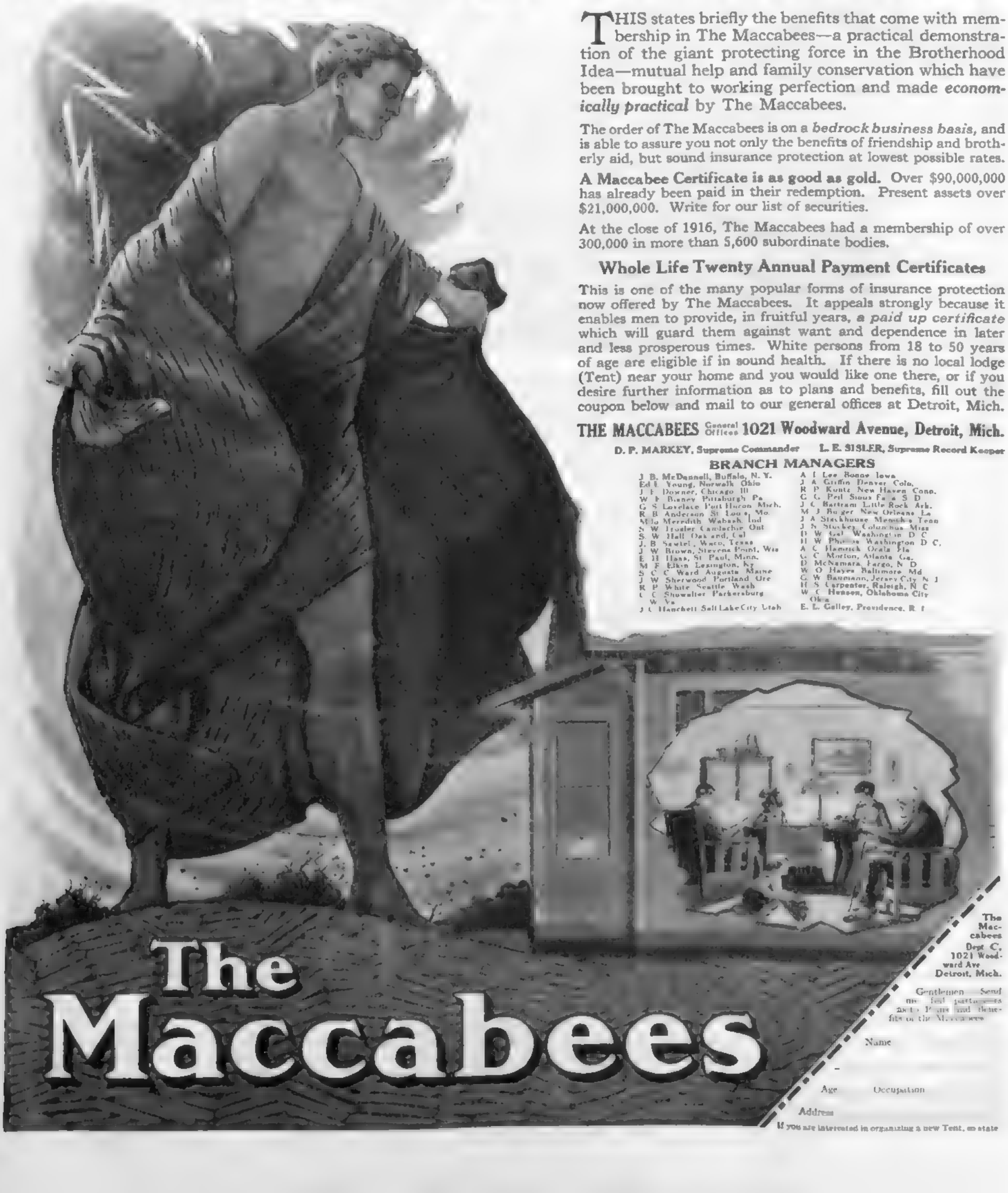

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The Noncombatant

By IAN HAY

WE WILL call the village St. Gregoire. That is not its real name; because the one thing you must not do in wartime is to call a thing by its real name. To take a hackneyed example, you do not call a spade a spade; you refer to it, officially, as Shovels, General Service, One. This helps to deceive—and ultimately to surprise—the enemy, and as we all know by this time surprise is the essence of successful warfare. On the same principle, if your troops are forced back from their front-line trenches you call it "successfully straightening out an awkward salient."

But this is by the way. Let us get back to St. Gregoire. Hither, mud-splashed, ragged, hollow-cheeked, came that redoubtable battalion, the Seventh, after four months of continuous employment on the firing line. Ypres was a household word to them, Plugstreet was familiar ground; Givenchy they knew intimately; Loos was their washpot—or rather, a collection of washpots; for in winter all the shell craters are full to overflowing. In addition to their prolonged and strenuous labors in the trenches, the Seventh had taken part in a push—a part not altogether unattended with glory, but prolific in casualties. They had not been "pulled out" to rest and refit for over six months, for divisions on the Western Front were not at that period too numerous, the voluntary system being at its last gasp, while the legions of Lord Derby had not yet crystallized out of the ocean of public talk which held them in solution. So the Seventh were bone tired. But they were as hard as a rigorous winter in the open could make them—and they were going back to rest at last. Had not their beloved colonel told them so? And he had added, in a voice not altogether free from emotion, that if ever men deserved a solid rest and a good time "you boys do!"

So the Seventh trudged along the long, straight, nubbly French road well content, speculating with comfortable pessimism as to the character of the billets in which they would find themselves.

Meanwhile, ten miles ahead, the advance party were going round the town in quest of billets. Billet hunting on the Western Front is not quite so desperate an affair as hunting for lodgings at the seaside, because in the last extremity you can always compel the inhabitants to take you in—or at least exert pressure to that end through the *mairie*. But at the best one's course is strewn with obstacles, and fortunate is the adjutant who has to his hand a subaltern capable of finding lodgings for a thousand men without making a mess of it.

The billeting officer on this, as on most occasions, was one Cockerell—affectionately known to the entire battalion as Sparrow—and his qualifications for the post were derived from three well-marked and invaluable characteristics—namely, an imperious disposition, a thick skin, and an attractive *bonhomie* of manner.

Behold him this morning dismounting from his horse in the Place de St. Gregoire. Round him are grouped his satellites—the quartermaster sergeant, four company sergeants, some odd orderlies, and a forlorn little man in a neat drab uniform with light blue facings, the regimental interpreter. The party have descended, with the delicate care of those who essay to perform acrobatic feats in kilts, from bicycles—serviceable but appallingly heavy machines of government manufacture, the property of the "Buzzers," or Signalers, but commandeered for the occasion. The quartermaster sergeant, who is not accustomed to strenuous exercise, mops his brow and glances expectantly round the *place*. His eye comes gently to rest upon a small but hospitable-looking *estaminet*.

Lieutenant Cockerell examines his wrist watch.

"Half past ten!" he announces. "Quartermaster sergeant!"

"Sir-r!" The quartermaster sergeant unglues his longing gaze from the *estaminet* and comes woodenly to attention.

"I am going to see the town major about a billeting area. I will meet you and the party here in twenty minutes!"

Master Cockerell trots off on his mud-splashed steed, followed by the respectful and appreciative salutes of his followers—appreciative, because a less considerate officer would have taken the whole party direct to the town major's office and kept them standing in the street, wasting moments which might have been better employed elsewhere, until it was time to proceed with the morning's work.

"What is your strength?" inquired the town major.

Cockerell told him. The town major whistled.

"That all? Been doing some job of work, haven't you?"

Cockerell nodded, and the town major proceeded to examine a large-scale plan of St. Gregoire, divided up into different-colored plots.

"We are rather full up at present," he said; "but the cemetery area is vacant. The Seventeenth Geordies moved out yesterday. You can have that." He indicated a triangular section with his pencil.

Master Cockerell gave a little deprecatory cough.

"We have come here, sir," he intimated dryly, "for a change of scene!"

The stout town major—all town majors are stout—chuckled.

"Not bad for a Scot!" he conceded. "But it's quite a cheery district, really. You won't have to doss down in the cemetery itself, you know. These two streets here"—he flicked a pencil—"will hold practically all your battalion, at its present strength. There's a capital house in the Avenue Jean Jacques Rousseau, which will do for battalion headquarters. The corporal over there will give you your *billets de logement*."

"Are there any other troops in the area, sir?" asked Cockerell, who, as already indicated, was no child in these matters.

"There ought not to be, of course. But you know what the Heavy Gunners and the A. S. C. are! If you come across any of them fire them out. If they wear too many stars and crowns for you, let me know, and I will perform the feat myself. You fellows need a good rest and no worries, I know. Good morning."

At ten minutes to eleven Cockerell found the quartermaster sergeant and party, wiping their mustaches and visibly refreshed, at the exact spot where he had left them; and the hunt for billets began.

A Company was easily provided for, a derelict tobacco factory being encountered at the head of the first street. Lieutenant Cockerell accordingly detached a sergeant and a corporal from his train and passed on. The wants of B Company were supplied by commandeering a block of four dilapidated houses farther down the street—all in comparatively good repair except the end house, whose roof had been disarranged by a shell during the open fighting in the early days of the war.

This exhausted the possibilities of the first street, and the party debouched into the second, which was long and straggling and composed entirely of small houses.

"Now for a bit of the retail business!" said Master Cockerell resignedly. "Sergeant McNab, what is the strength of C Company?"

"One hunner and thairty-fower o' ther ranks, sir-r," announced Sergeant McNab, consulting a much-thumbed roll book.

"We shall have to put them in twos and threes all down the street," said Cockerell. "Come on; the longer we look at it the less we shall like it. Interpreter!"

The forlorn little man, already described, trotted up and saluted with open hand, French fashion. His name was Baptiste Bomboninet—"or words to that effect," as the adjutant put it—and may have been so inscribed upon the regimental roll; but throughout the rank and file Baptiste was affectionately known by the generic title of Alphonso. The previous seven years had been spent by him in the congenial and blameless atmosphere of a ladies' tailor's in the West End of London, where he enjoyed the status and emoluments of chief cutter. Now, called back to his native land by the voice of patriotic obligation, he found himself selected, by virtue of a residence of seven years in England, to act as official interpreter between a Scottish regiment which could not speak English and Flemish

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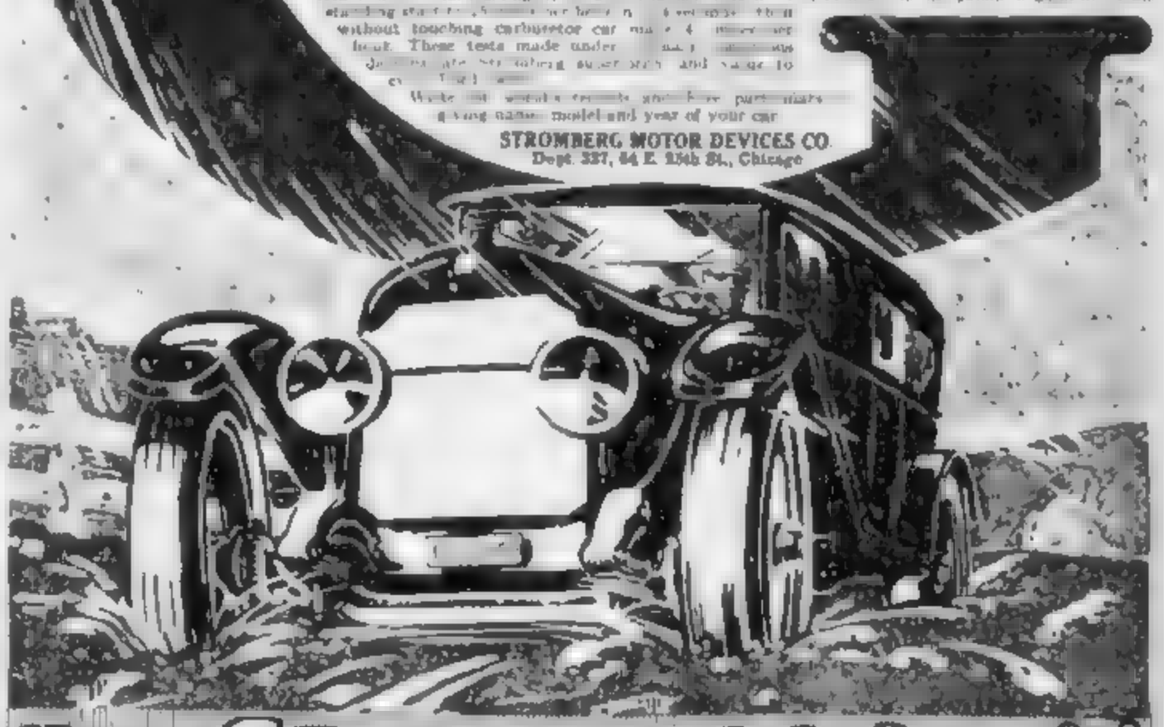

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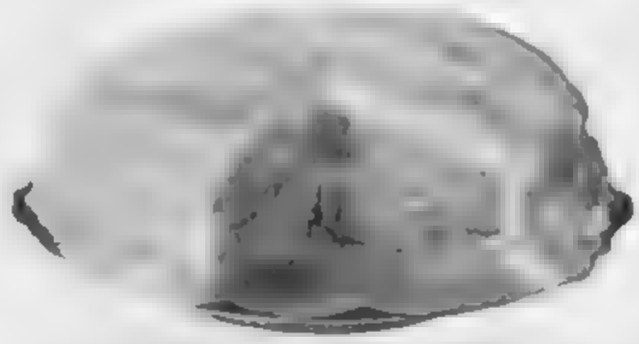

CREAM LAYER CAKE

1 cup sugar
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 egg
2 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon flavoring

The old method called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Cream the sugar and shortening together, then mix in the egg. After sifting the flour and Royal Baking Powder together two or three times, add it all to the mixture. Gradually add the milk and beat with spoon until you have a smooth pour batter. Add the flavoring. Pour into greased layer cake tins and bake in a moderately hot oven for 20 minutes. This cake is best baked in two layers. Put together with cream filling and spread with white icing.

EGGLESS MUFFINS

2 cups flour
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt

Makes 18 muffins

The old method for plain muffins called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk, stirring until all lumps are out, add melted shortening. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven from 20 to 25 minutes.

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peasants who could not speak French. No wonder that his pathetic brown eyes always appeared full of tears. However, he followed Cockerell down the street and meekly embarked upon a contest with the lady inhabitants thereof, in which he was hopelessly outmatched from the start.

At the first door a dame of massive proportions but keen business instincts announced her total inability to accommodate *soldats*, but explained that she would be pleased to entertain *officiers* to any number. This is a common gambit. Twenty British privates in your attic, though extraordinarily well-behaved as a class, make a good deal of noise, buy little and leave mud everywhere. On the other hand, two or three officers give no trouble, and can be relied upon to consume and pay for unlimited omelets and bowls of coffee.

That seasoned vessel, Lieutenant Cockerell, turned promptly to the sergeant and corporal of C Company.

"Sergeant McNab," he said, "you and Corporal Downie will billet here." He introduced hostess and guests by an expressive wave of the hand. But shrewd madame was not to be bluffed.

"*Pas de sergents, monsieur le capitaine!*" she exclaimed. "*Officiers!*"

"*Ils sont officiers—sous-officiers,*" explained Cockerell, rather ingeniously, and moved off down the street.

At the next house the owner—a small wizened lady of negligible physique but great staying power—entered upon a duet with Alphonso which soon reduced that very moderate performer to breathlessness. He shrugged his shoulders feebly and cast an appealing glance toward the lieutenant.

"What does she say?" inquired Cockerell.

"She say dis 'ouse no good, sair! She 'ave seven children, and one *malade*—seek."

"Let me see," commanded the practical officer.

He insinuated himself as politely as possible past his reluctant opponent and walked down the narrow passage into the kitchen. Here he turned and inquired:

"Er —*où est la pauvre petite chose?*"

Madame promptly opened a door and displayed a little girl in bed—a very flushed and feverish little girl.

Cockerell grinned sympathetically at the patient, to that young lady's obvious gratification, and turned to the mother.

"*Je suis très triste,*" he said; "*j'ai grande miséricorde. Je ne placerai pas de soldats ici. Bonjour!*"

By this time he was in the street again. He saluted politely and departed, followed by the grateful regard of madame.

No special difficulties were encountered at the next few houses. The ladies at the house door were all polite; many of them were most friendly; but naturally each was anxious to get as few men and as many officers as possible—except the proprietress of an *estaminet*, who offered to accommodate the entire regiment. However, with a little tact here and a little firmness there, Master Cockerell succeeded in distributing C Company among some dozen houses.

One old gentleman, with a black alpaca cap and a six-days' beard, proprietor of a lofty establishment at the corner of the street, proved not only recalcitrant but abusive. With him Cockerell dealt promptly.

"*Çà suffit!*" he announced. "*Montrez-moi votre grenier!*"

The old man, grumbling, led the way up numerous rickety staircases, to the inevitable loft under the tiles. This proved to be a noble apartment, thirty feet long. From wall to wall stretched innumerable strings.

"We can get a whole platoon in here," said Cockerell contentedly. "Tell him, Alphonso. These people," he explained to Sergeant McNab, "always dislike giving up their lofts, because they hang their laundry there in winter. However, the old boy must lump it. After all, we're in this country for his health, not ours; and he gets paid for every man who sleeps here. That fixes C Company. Now for D! The other side of the street this time."

Quarters were found in due course for D Company; after which Cockerell discovered a vacant building lot which would serve for transport lines. An empty garage was marked down for the quartermaster's ration store, and the quartermaster sergeant promptly faded into its recesses with a grateful sigh. An empty shop in the Avenue Jean Jacques Rousseau, conveniently adjacent to battalion headquarters, was appropriated for that gregarious band, the regimental Signalers and Telephone section; while a suitable home for the Anarchists, or Bombers, together with their stock in trade, was found in the basement of a remote dwelling on the outskirts of the area.

After this, Lieutenant Cockerell, left alone with Alphonso and the orderly in charge of his horse, heaved a sigh of exhaustion and transferred his attention from his notebook to his watch.

"That finishes the rank and file," he said. "I breakfasted at four this morning, and the battalion won't arrive for a couple of hours yet. Alphonso, I am going to have an omelet somewhere. I shall want you in half an hour exactly. Don't go wandering off for the rest of the day, pinching soft billets for yourself and the sergeant major and your other pals, as you usually do!"

Alphonso saluted guiltily—evidently the astute Cockerell had touched the spot—and was turning away, when suddenly the billeting officer's eye encountered an illegible scrawl at the very foot of his list.

"Stop a moment, Alphonso! I have forgotten those condemned machine gunners, as usual. *Strafe* them! Come on! Once more into the breach, Alphonso! There is a little side alley down here that we have not tried."

The indefatigable Cockerell turned down the Rue Gambetta, followed by Alphonso, faint but resigned.

"Here is the very place!" announced Cockerell almost at once. "This house, number five. We can put the gunners and their little guns into that stable at the back, and the officer can have a room in the house itself. Ring the bell—for the last time before lunch!"

The door was opened by a pleasant-faced young woman of about thirty, who greeted Cockerell—tartan is always popular with French ladies—with a beaming smile, but shook her head regretfully upon seeing the *billet de logement* in his hand. The inevitable dialectics with Alphonso followed. Presently Alphonso turned to his superior.

"Madame is ver' sorry, sair, but an *officier* is here already."

"Show me the *officier!*" replied the prosaic Cockerell.

The duet was resumed.

"Madame say," announced Alphonso presently, "that the *officier* is not here now; but he will return."

"So will Christmas! Meanwhile I am going to put an Emma Gee* officer in here." Alphonso's desperate attempt to translate the foregoing idiom into French was interrupted by madame's retirement into the house, whither she beckoned Cockerell to follow her. In the front room she produced a frayed sheet of paper, which she proffered with an apologetic smile. The paper said:

"This billet is entirely reserved for the supply officer of this district. It is not to be occupied by troops passing through the town.

BY ORDER."

Lieutenant Cockerell whistled softly and vindictively through his teeth.

"Well," he said, "for consummate and concentrated nerve give me the underlings of the Army Service Corps! This pot-bellied blighter not only butts into an area which doesn't belong to him, but actually leaves a chit to warn people off the grass even when he isn't here! He hasn't signed the document, I observe. That means that he is a newly joined subaltern, trying to get mistaken for a brass hat! I'll fix him!"

With great stateliness Lieutenant Cockerell tore the offending screed into four portions, to the audible concern of madame. But the lieutenant smiled reassuringly upon her.

"*Je vous donnerai un autre, sous susez,*" he assured her.

He sat down at the table, tore a leaf from his field-service pocketbook and wrote:

"The supply officer of the district is at liberty to occupy this billet only at such times as it is not required by the troops of the combatant services.

"Signed, F. J. COCKERELL, Lt. & Ass. Adj.,
"7th B. & W. Highes."

"That's a pretty nasty one!" he observed with relish. Then, having pinned the insulting document conspicuously to the mantelpiece, he observed to the mystified lady of the house:

"*Voilà, madame.* I shall see this bloke when he turns up, myself! *Bonjour!*"

And with this dark saying Sparrow Cockerell took his departure.

The battalion, headed by their tatterdemalion pipers, stumped into the town in due course and were met on the outskirts

*Emma Gee, or M. G., stands for machine gun.

(Continued on Page 57)

STETSON HATS

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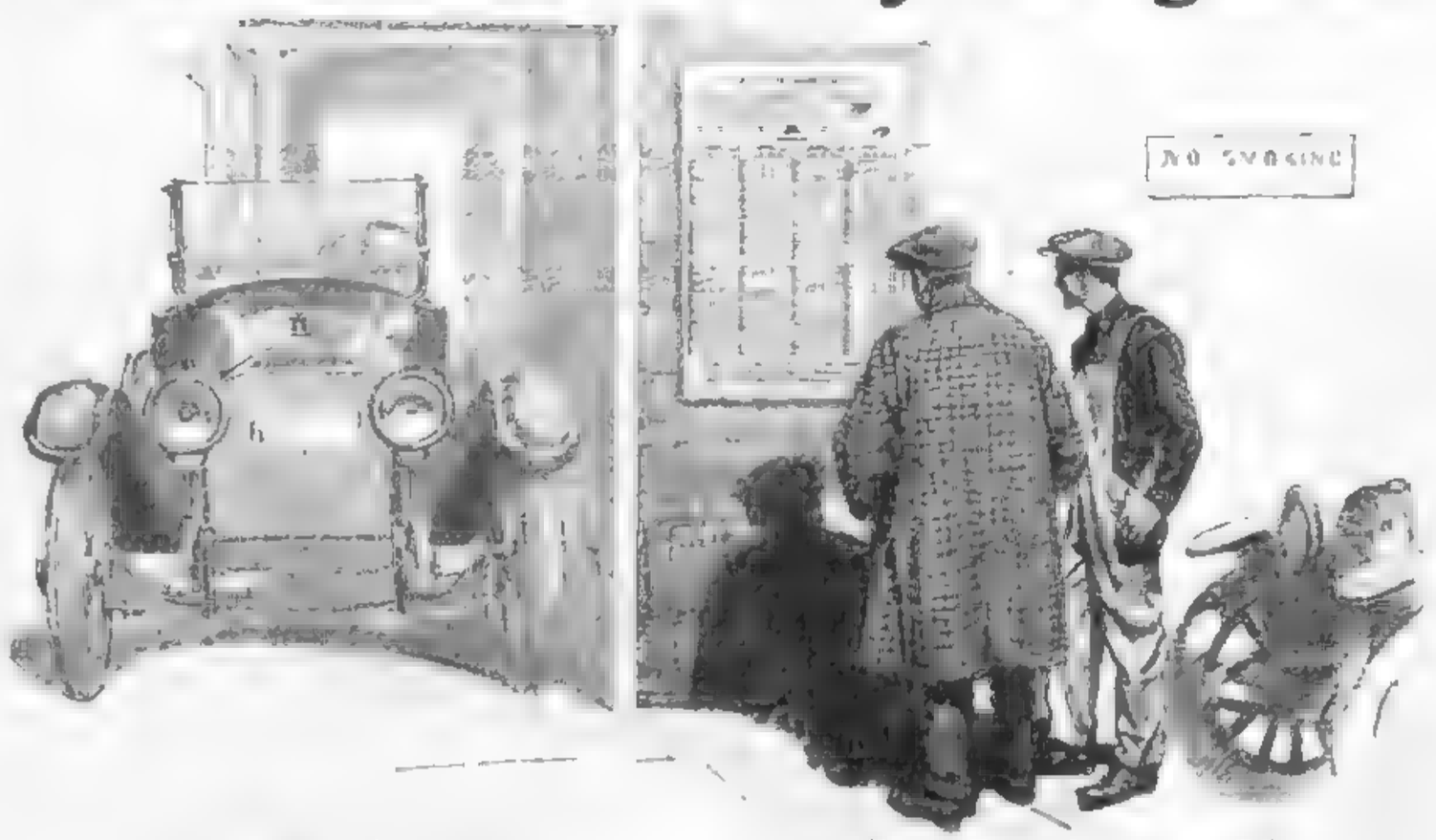

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They realize that scientific lubrication is a problem for specialists. Since the dealer has neither time nor equipment for studying this intricate subject he draws on the experience of a recognized authority.

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In keeping this Chart up to date, each new model of every automobile is carefully analyzed. This work involves lengthy and painstaking engineering study by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations of this Chart are proven correct by repeated practical tests.

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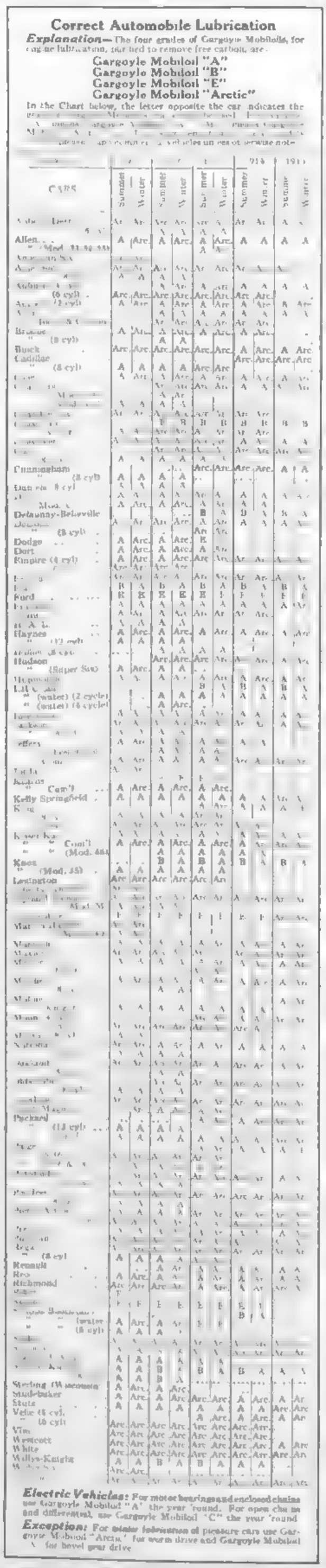

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Exceptions: **For winter lubrication of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" for bevel gear drive.**

(Continued from Page 54)

by the billeting party, who led the various companies to their appointed place. After inspecting their new quarters and announcing with gloomy satisfaction that they were the worst, dirtiest and most uncomfortable yet encountered, everybody settled down in the best place he could find and proceeded to make himself remarkably snug.

Battalion headquarters and the officers of A Company were billeted in an imposing mansion which actually boasted a bathroom. It is true that there was no water, but this deficiency was soon made good by a string of officers' servants bearing buckets. Beginning with Colonel Kemp, who was preceded by an orderly bearing a small towel and a large loofah, each officer performed a ceremonial ablution; and it was a collection of what Major Wagstaffe, the second in command, termed "bright and bonny young faces" which collected round the mess table at seven o'clock.

It was in every sense a gala meal. First, it was weeks since anyone—except Second Lieutenant McCorquodale, newly joined and addressed, for painfully obvious reasons, as Tiny—had found himself at table in an apartment where it was possible to stand upright. Secondly, the mess president had coaxed glass tumblers out of the ancient *concierge;* and only those who have drunk from army ironware for weeks on end can appreciate the pure joy of escape from the indeterminate metallic flavor which such vessels impart to all beverages. Thirdly, these same tumblers were filled to the brim with inferior but exhilarating champagne, purchased—as they euphemistically put it in the supply column—locally. Lastly, the battalion had several months of hard fighting behind it, probably a full month's rest before it, and the conscience of duty done and recognition earned floating like a halo above it. For the moment memories of Nightmare Wood and the Kidney Bean Redoubt—more especially the latter—were effaced. Even the sorrowful gaps in the ring round the table seemed less noticeable.

The menu, too, was almost pretentious. First came the *hors d'œuvre*—a tin of sardines. This was followed by what the mess corporal described as a savory omelet, but which the second in command condemned as "a regrettable incident."

"It is false economy," he observed dryly to the mess president, "to employ mark-one* eggs as anything but hand grenades."

However, the tide of popular favor turned with the haggis, contributed by Lieutenant Angus McLachlan, from a parcel from home. Even the fact that the mess cook, an inexperienced æsthete from Islington, had endeavored to tone down the naked repulsiveness of the dainty with discreet festoons of tinned macaroni failed to arouse the resentment of a purely Scottish mess. The next course—the beef ration, hacked into the inevitable gobbets and thinly disguised by a sprinkling of curry powder—aroused no enthusiasm; but the unexpected production of a large tin of Devonshire cream, contributed by Captain Bobby Little, relieved the canned peaches of their customary monotony. Last of all came a savory—usually described as the savory—consisting of a raft of toast a person, each raft carrying an abundant cargo of fried potted meat and provided with a passenger in the shape of a recumbent sausage.

A compound of grounds and dishwater, described by the optimistic mess corporal as coffee, next made its appearance, mitigated by a bottle of liqueur and a box of panetelas; and the mess turned itself to more intellectual refreshment. A heavy and long-overdue mail had been found waiting at St. Gregoire. Letters had been devoured long ago. Now each member of the mess leaned back in his chair, straightened his weary legs under the table and settled down, cigar in mouth, to the perusal of the Spectator or the Tattler, according to rank and literary taste.

Colonel Kemp, unfolding a week-old Times, looked over his glasses at his torpid disciples.

"Where is young Sandeman?" he inquired. Young Sandeman was the adjutant.

"He went out to the orderly room, sir, five minutes ago," replied Bobby Little.

"I only want to give him to-morrow's orders. No doubt he'll be back presently. I may as well mention to you fellows that I propose to allow the men three clear days' rest, except for bathing and reclothing. After that we must do company drill, good and hard, so as to polish up the new draft, who are due to-morrow. I am going to start a bombing school too; at least seventy-five per cent of the battalion ought to pass the test before we go back to the line. However, we need not rush things. We should be here in peace for at least a month. We must get up some sports, and I think it would be a sound scheme to have a sing-song one Saturday night. I was just saying, Sandeman"—this to the adjutant, who reëntered the room at that moment—"that it would be a sound ——"

The adjutant laid a pink field-telegraph slip before his superior.

"This has just come in from brigade headquarters, sir," he said. "I have sent for the sergeant major."

The colonel adjusted his glasses and read the dispatch. A deathly sickening silence reigned in the room. Then he looked up.

"I am afraid I was a bit previous," he said quietly. "The Royal Stickybacks have lost the Kidney Bean, and we are detailed to go up and retake it. Great compliment to the regiment, but a trifle mistimed! You young fellows had better go to bed. Parade at four A. M. sharp! Good night! Come along to the orderly room, Sandeman."

The door closed and the mess, grinding the ends of their cigars into their coffee cups, heaved themselves resignedly to their aching feet.

"There ain't," quoted Major Wagstaffe, "no word in the blooming language for it!"

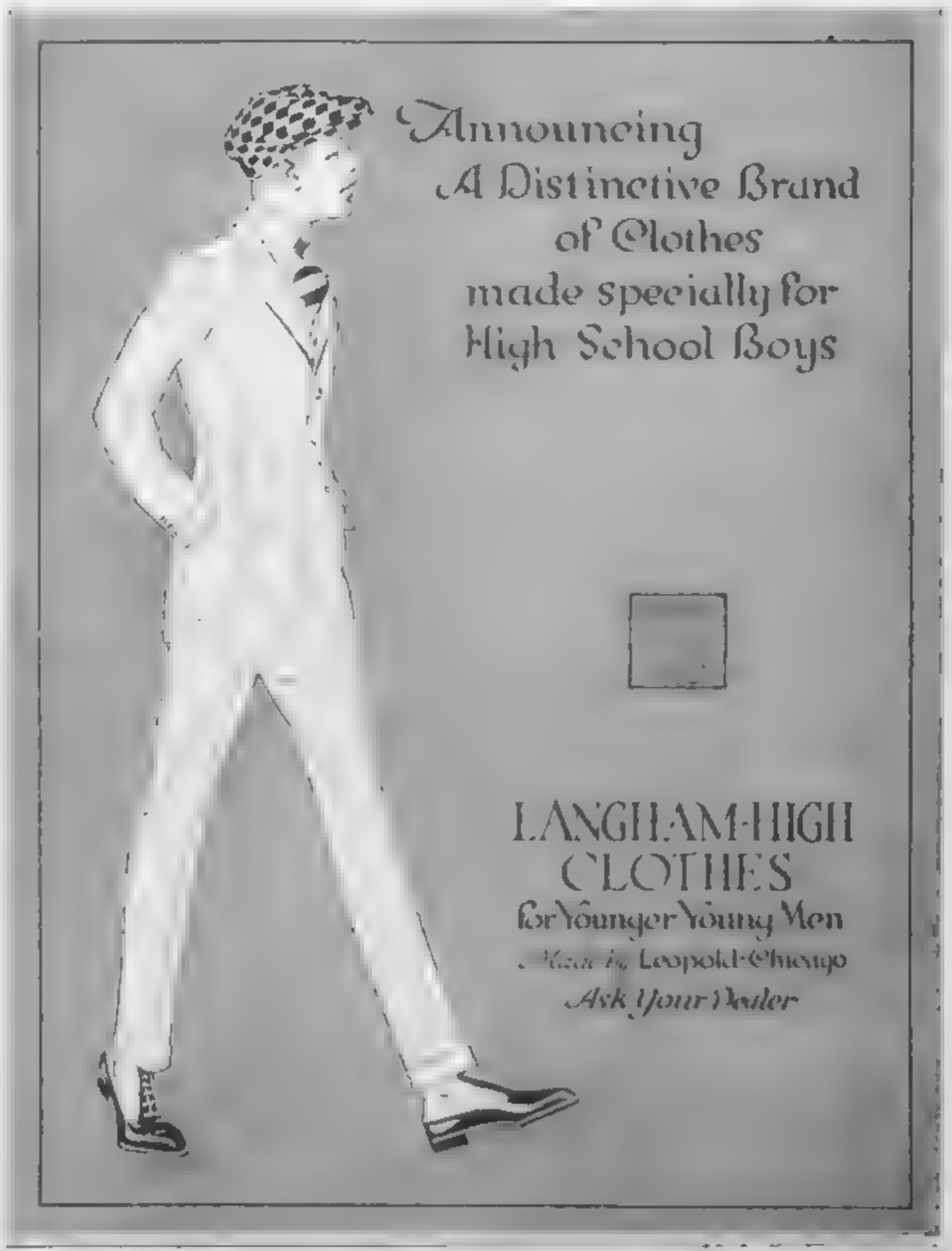
The Kidney Bean Redoubt is the key to a very considerable sector of trenches. It lies just behind a low ridge. The two horns of the bean are drawn back out of sight of the enemy, but the middle swells forward over the skyline and commands an extensive view of the country beyond. Direct observation of artillery fire is possible; consequently an armored observation post has been constructed here, from which gunner officers can direct the fire of their batteries with accuracy and elegance. Lose the Kidney Bean and the boot is on the other leg. The enemy has the upper ground now; he can bring observed artillery fire to bear upon all our tenderest spots behind the line. He can also enfilade our front-line trenches.

Well, as already stated, the Seventeenth Royal Stickybacks had lost the Kidney Bean. They were a battalion of recent formation, stout-hearted fellows all, but new to the refinements of intensive trench warfare. When they took over the sector, they proceeded to leave undone various vital things which the Seventh had always made a point of doing and to do various unnecessary things which the Seventh had never done. The observant Hun promptly recognized that he was faced by a fresh batch of opponents, and, having carefully studied the characteristics of the newcomers, prescribed and administered an exemplary dose of frightfulness. He began by tickling up the Stickybacks with an unpleasant engine called the *Minenwerfer*, which dispatches a large, sausage-shaped projectile, in a series of ridiculous somersaults, high over No Man's Land into the enemy's front-line trench, where it explodes and annihilates everything in that particular bay. Upon these occasions one's only chance of salvation is to make a rapid calculation as to the bay into which the sausage is going to fall and then, to double speedily round a traverse—or, if possible, two traverses—into another. It is an exhilarating pastime, but presents complications when played by a large number of persons in a restricted space, especially when the persons aforesaid are not unanimous as to the ultimate landing place of the projectile.

After a day and a night of these aërial torpedoes, the Hun proceeded to an intensive artillery bombardment. He had long coveted the Kidney Bean, and instinct told him that he would never have a better opportunity of capturing it than now. Accordingly, two hours before dawn, the redoubt was subjected to a sudden, simultaneous and converging fire from all the German artillery for many miles round, the whole being topped up with a rain of those crowning instruments of demoralization—gas shells. At the same time an elaborate curtain of shrapnel and high explosive was let down behind the redoubt, to serve the double purpose of preventing either the sending up of reënforcements or the temporary withdrawal of the garrison.

(Continued on Page 60)

*In the British Army rank[illegible] figure or figures and roman X as a distinctive mark. Mark one denotes the earliest period.



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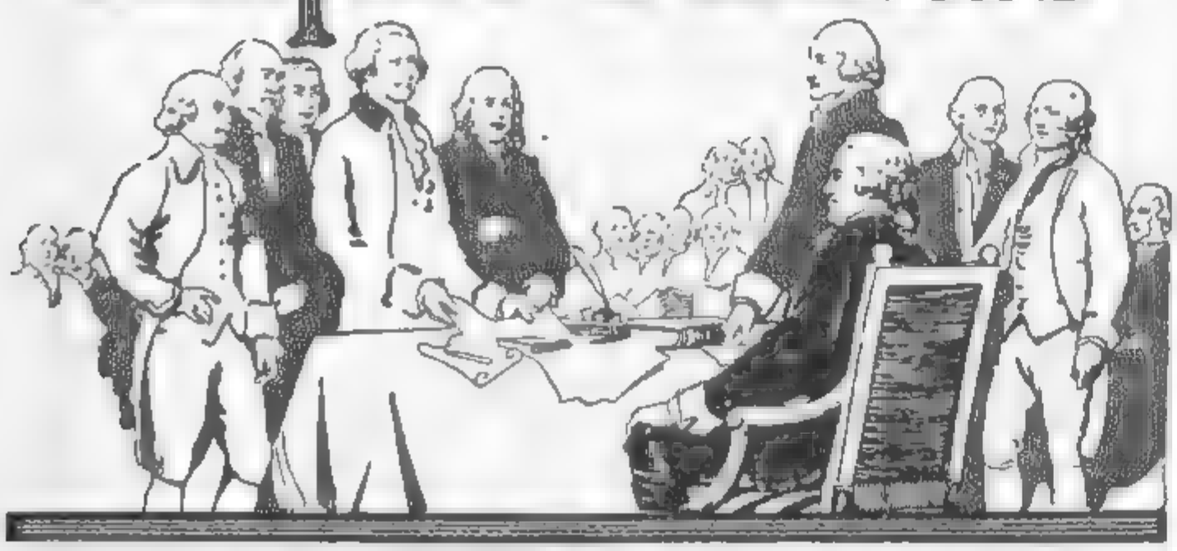

On June 27, 1810, thirty-five years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a group of men gathered around a table in Ransom's Inn and organized the Hartford Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. They were men of the same character and affiliations as the founders of the United States—business men, mayors, governors, members of the legislature and of Congress—and as Jefferson and his associates planned the foundations of the United States of America, so Nathaniel Terry and his associates laid a firm basis for the

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(Continued from Page 57)

At the first streak of dawn the bombardment was switched off, as if by a tap; the curtain fire was redoubled in volume; and a massed attack swept across the disintegrated wire into the shattered and pulverized redoubt. Other attacks were launched on either flank; but these were obvious blinds, intended to prevent a too concentrated defense of the Kidney Bean. The Royal Stickybacks—what was left of them—put up a tough fight; but half of them were lying dead, or buried, or both, before the assault was launched, and the rest were too dazed and stupefied by noise and chlorine gas to withstand—much less to repel—the overwhelming phalanx that was hurled against them. One by one they went down, until the enemy's troops, having swamped the redoubt, gathered themselves up in a fresh wave and surged toward the reserve-line trenches, four hundred yards distant. Here, however, they met a strong counter attack, launched from the brigade reserve, and, after heavy fighting, were bundled back into the redoubt itself. Here the German machine guns had staked out a defensive line, and the German retirement came to a standstill.

Meanwhile a German digging party, many hundred strong, had been working madly in No Man's Land, striving to link up the newly acquired ground with the German lines. By the afternoon the Kidney Bean was not only "reversed and consolidated," but it was actually included in the enemy's front-trench system. Altogether a well planned and admirably executed little operation.

Forty-eight hours later the Kidney Bean redoubt was recaptured, and remains in British hands to this day. Many arms of the service took honorable part in the enterprise—heavy guns, field guns, trench mortars, machine guns; sappers and pioneers; infantry in various capacities. But this narrative is concerned only with the part played by the Seventh.

"Sorry to pull you back from rest, colonel," said the brigadier, when the commander of the Seventh reported; "but the divisional general considers that the only feasible way to hunt the Boche from the Kidney Bean is bomb him out of it. That means trench fighting, pure and simple. I have called you up because you fellows know the ins and outs of the Kidney Bean as no one else does. The brigade who are in the line just now are quite new to the place. Here is an aëroplane photograph of the redoubt, as newly constituted. Tell off your own bombing parties; make your own dispositions; send me a copy of your provisional orders; and I will fit my plan in with yours! The corps commander has promised to back you with every gun, trench mortar, culverin and arquebus in his possession."

In due course battalion orders were issued and approved. They dealt with operations most barbarous, amid localities of the most homelike sound. Number Nine Platoon, for instance—commander, Lieutenant Cockerell—was to proceed in single file, carrying so many grenades per man, up Charing Cross Road, until stopped by the barrier which the enemy were understood to have erected in Trafalgar Square, where a bombing post and at least one machine gun would probably be encountered. At this point they were to wait until Trafalgar Square had been suitably dealt with by a trench mortar. Here followed a paragraph addressed exclusively to the Trench Mortar Officer. After this the bombers of Number Three Platoon would cross the Square and bomb their way up the Strand. Another party would clear Northumberland Avenue, while a Lewis gun raked Whitehall, and so on. Every detail was thought out, down to the composition of the parties which were to clean up afterward—that is, extract the reluctant Boche from various underground fastnesses well known to the extractors. The whole enterprise was then thoroughly rehearsed in some dummy trenches behind the line, until everyone knew his exact part. Such is modern warfare.

Next day the Kidney Bean redoubt was in British hands again. The Hun—what was left of him after an intensive bombardment of twenty-four hours—had betaken himself back over the ridge, via the remnants of his two new communication trenches, to his original front line. The two communication trenches themselves were blocked and sand-bagged and were being heavily supervised by a pair of British machine guns. Fighting in the redoubt itself had almost ceased, though a humorous sergeant, followed by acolytes bearing bombs, was still combing out certain residential districts in the center of the maze. Ever and anon he would stoop down at the entrance of some deep dugout, and bawl:

"Ony mair doon there? Come away, Fritz! I give ye five seconds! Yin—twa—three ——"

Then, with a rush like a bolt of rabbits, two or three close-cropped, grimy Huns would scuttle up from below and project themselves from one of the exits, to be taken in charge by grinning Caledonians, wearing tin hats very much awry, and escorted back through the barrage to the prisoners' base in rear.

All through the day, amidst unremitting shell fire and local counter attack, the Seventh reconsolidated the Kidney Bean; and they were so far successful that when they handed over the work to another battalion at dusk, the parapet was restored, the machine guns were in position, and a number of knife-rest barbed-wire entanglements were lying just behind the trench, ready to be hoisted over the parapet and joined together in a continuous defensive line as soon as it was sufficiently dark.

One by one the members of Number Nine Platoon squelched—for it had rained hard all day—back to the reserve line. They were utterly exhausted and still inclined to feel a little aggrieved at having been pulled out from rest; but they were well content. They had done the state some service, and they knew it; and they knew that the higher powers knew it too. There would be some very flattering reading in divisional orders in a few days' time.

Meanwhile, their most pressing need was for something to eat. To be sure, every man had gone into action that morning carrying his day's rations. But the British soldier, improvident as the grasshopper, carries his day's rations in one place and one place only—his stomach. The Seventh had eaten what they required at their extremely early breakfast; the residue thereof they had abandoned.

About midnight Master Cockerell, in obedience to a most welcome order, led the remnants of his command, faint but triumphant, back from the reserve line to a road junction two miles in the rear, known as Dead Dog Corner. Here the battalion was to rendezvous and march back by easy stages to St. Gregoire. Their task was done.

But at the crossroads Number Nine Platoon found no battalion—only a solitary subaltern with his orderly. This young Casabianca informed Cockerell that he, Second Lieutenant Candlish, had been left behind to bring in stragglers.

"Stragglers?" exclaimed the incensed Cockerell. "Do we look like stragglers?"

"No," replied the youthful Candlish frankly; "you look more like sweeps. However, you had better push on. The battalion isn't far ahead. The order is to march straight back to St. Gregoire and reoccupy former billets."

"What about rations?"

"Rations? The quartermaster was waiting here for us when we rendezvoused, and every man had a full ration and a tot of rum." Number Nine Platoon cleared their parched throats expectantly. "But I fancy he has gone on with the column. However, if you leg it you should catch them up. They can't be more than two miles ahead. So long!"

But the task was hopeless. Number Nine Platoon had been bombing, hacking and digging all day. Several of them were slightly wounded—the serious cases had been taken off long ago by the stretcher bearers—and Cockerell's own head was still dizzy from the fumes of a German gas shell.

He lined up his disreputable paladins in the darkness and spoke:

"Sergeant McNab, how many men are present?"

"Eighteen, sir-r." The platoon had gone into action thirty-four strong.

"How many men are deficient of an emergency ration? I can make a good guess, but you had better find out."

Five minutes later the sergeant reported. Cockerell's guess was correct. The British private has only one point of view about the portable property of the state. To him, as an individual, the sacred emergency ration is an unnecessary encumbrance, and the carrying thereof a fatigue. Consequently, when engaged in battle, one of the first—of many—things which he jettisons is this very ration. When all is over he reports with unctuous solemnity that the provender

in question has been blown out of his haversack by a shell. The quartermaster sergeant writes it off as "lost owing to the exigencies of military service," and indents for another.

Lieutenant Cockerell's haversack contained a packet of meat lozenges and about half a pound of chocolate. These were presented to the sergeant.

"Hand these round as far as they will go, sergeant," said Cockerell. "They'll make a mouthful a man, anyhow. Tell the platoon to lie down for ten minutes; then we'll push off. It's only fifteen miles. We ought to make it by breakfast time!"

Slowly, mechanically, all through the winter night the victors hobbled along. Cockerell led the way, carrying the rifle of a man with a wounded arm. Occasionally he checked his bearings with map and electric torch. Sergeant McNab, who, under a hirsute and attenuated exterior, concealed a constitution of ferro-concrete and the heart of a lion, brought up the rear, uttering fallacious assurances to the faint-hearted as to the shortness of the distance now to be covered, and carrying two rifles.

The customary halts were observed. At ten minutes to four the men flung themselves down for the third time. They had covered about seven miles and were still eight or nine from St. Gregoire. The everlasting constellation of Verey lights still rose and fell upon the eastern horizon behind them, but the guns were silent.

"There might be a heavy battery dug in somewhere about here," mused Cockerell. "I wonder if we could touch them for a few tins of bully beef. Hello! What's that?"

A distant rumble came from the north, and out of the darkness loomed a British motor lorry, lurching and swaying along the rough cobbles of the *pavé*. Some of Cockerell's men were lying dead asleep in the middle of the road, right at the junction. The lorry was going twenty miles an hour.

"Get into the side of the road, you men," shouted Cockerell, "or they'll run over you! You know what these motor transport drivers are!"

With indignant haste, and at the last possible moment, the kilted figures scattered to either side of the narrow causeway. The usual stereotyped and vitriolic remonstrances were hurled after the great hooded vehicle as it lurched past.

And then a most unusual thing happened: The lorry slowed down and finally stopped, a hundred yards away. An officer descended and began to walk back. Cockerell rose to his weary feet and walked to meet him.

The officer wore a major's crown upon the shoulder straps of his sheepskin-lined British Warm, and the badge of the Army Service Corps upon his cap. Cockerell, indignant at the manner in which his platoon had been hustled off the road, saluted stiffly and muttered:

"Good morning, sir!"

"Good morning!" said the major. He was a stout man of nearly fifty, with twinkling blue eyes and a short-clipped mustache. Cockerell judged him to be one of the few remnants of the original British Army.

"I stopped," explained the older man, "to apologize for the scandalous way that fellow drove over you. It was perfectly damnable; but you know what these converted taxi drivers are! This swine forgot for the moment that he had an officer on board and hogged it as usual. He goes under arrest as soon as we get back to billets."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Master Cockerell, entirely thawed. "I'm afraid my chaps were lying all over the road, but they are pretty well down and out at present."

"Where have you come from?" inquired the major, turning a curious eye upon Cockerell's prostrate followers.

Cockerell explained. When he had finished, he added wistfully: "I suppose you have not got an odd tin or two of bully to give away, sir? My fellows are about ——"

For answer the major took the lieutenant by the arm and led him toward the lorry.

"You have come," he announced, "to the very man you want. I am practically a department store. In fact, I am a brigade supply officer. How would a Maconochie ration apiece suit your boys?"

Cockerell, repressing the ecstatic phrases which crowded to his tongue, replied that that was just what the doctor had ordered.

"Where are you bound for?" continued the major.

"St. Gregoire."

"Of course. You were pulled out from there, weren't you? I am going to St. Gregoire myself as soon as I have finished my round. Home to bed, in fact. I haven't had any sleep worth writing home about for four nights. It is no joke tearing about a country full of shell holes, hunting for a brigade that has shifted its ration dump seven times in four days. However, I suppose things will settle down again, now that you fellows have fired Brother Boche out of the Kidney Bean. Pretty fine work too. Tell me: what is your strength, here and now?"

"One officer," said Cockerell soberly, "and eighteen men."

"All that's left of your platoon?"

Cockerell nodded. The stout major began to beat upon the tailboard of the lorry with his stick.

"Sergeant Smurthwaite!" he shouted.

There came a muffled grunt from the recesses of the lorry. Then a round and ruddy face rose like a harvest moon above the tailboard, and a stertorous voice replied respectfully:

"Sir?"

"Let down this tailboard; load this officer's platoon into the lorry; issue them with a Maconochie and a tot of rum apiece; and don't forget to put Smee under arrest for dangerous driving when we get back to billets."

"Very good, sir."

Ten minutes later the survivors of Number Nine Platoon, soaked to the skin, dazed, slightly incredulous, but at peace with all the world, reclined, closely packed, upon the floor of the swaying lorry. Each man held an open tin of Mr. Maconochie's admirable ration between his knees. Perfect silence reigned.

A pleasant aroma of rum mellowed the already vitiated atmosphere.

In front, beside the chastened Mr. Smee, sat the major and Master Cockerell. The latter had just partaken of his share of refreshment and was now endeavoring, with lifeless fingers, to light a cigarette.

The major scrutinized his guest intently. Then he stripped off his British Warm coat—incidentally revealing the fact that he wore upon his tunic the ribbons of both South American Medals and the Distinguished Service Order—and threw it round Cockerell's shoulders.

"I'm sorry, boy!" he said. "I never noticed. You are chilled to the bone. Button this round you!"

Cockerell made a feeble protest, but was cut short.

"Nonsense! There's no sense in taking risks after you've done your job."

Cockrell assented, a little sleepily. His allowance of rum was bringing its usual vulgar but comforting influence to bear upon an exhausted system.

"I see you have been wounded, sir," he observed, noting with a little surprise two gold stripes upon his host's left sleeve—the sleeve of a noncombatant!

"Yes," said the major. "I got the first one at Le Cateau. He was only a little fellow; but the second, which arrived at the second show at Ypres, gave me such a stiff leg that I am only an old crock now. I was second in command of an infantry battalion in those days. In these I am only a peripatetic Lipton. However, I'm lucky to be here at all; I've had twenty-seven years' service. How old are you?"

"Twenty," replied Cockerell. He was too tired to feel as ashamed as he usually did at having to confess to the tenderness of his years.

The major nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said; "I judged that would be about the figure. My son would have been twenty this month, only—he was at Neuve Chapelle. He was very like you in appearance—very. His mother would have been interested to meet you. You might as well take a nap for half an hour. I have two more calls to make, and we shan't get home till nearly seven. Lean against me, old man! I'll see you don't tumble overboard."

So Lieutenant Cockerell, conqueror of the Kidney Bean, fell asleep, his head resting, with scandalous disregard for military etiquette, upon the shoulder of the stout major.

An hour or two later, Number Nine Platoon, distended with concentrated nourishment and painfully straightening its cramped limbs, decanted itself from the lorry into a little *cul-de-sac* opening off the Avenue Jean Jacques Rousseau in St. Gregoire. The name of the *cul-de-sac* was the Rue Gambetta.

Their commander, awake and greatly refreshed, looked round him and realized, with a sudden sense of uneasiness, that he was in familiar surroundings.

The lorry had stopped at the door of Number Five.

"I don't suppose your battalion will get back for some time," said the major. "Tell your sergeant to put your men into the stable behind this house—there's plenty of straw there—and ——"

"Their own billet is just round the corner, sir," replied Cockerell. "They might as well go there, thank you."

"Very good. But come in with me yourself and doze here for a few hours. You can report to your C. O. later in the day, when he arrives. This is my *pied à terre*"—rapping on the door. "You won't find many billets like it. As you see, it stands in this little backwater and is not included in any of the regular billeting areas of the town. The town major has allotted it to me permanently. Pretty decent of him, wasn't it? And Madame Vinot is a dear. Here she is! *Bonjour, Madame Vinot! Avez vous un feu—er—inflammé pour moi dans la chambre?*" Evidently the major's French was on a par with Cockerell's.

But madame understood him, bless her! "*Mais oui, m'sieur le colonel!*" she exclaimed cheerfully—the rank of major is not recognized by the French civilian population—and threw open the door of the sitting room, with a glance of compassion upon the major's mud-splashed companion, whom she failed to recognize.

A bright fire was burning in the open stove. Immediately above, pinned to the mantelpiece and fluttering in the draft, hung Cockerell's manifesto upon the subject of noncombatants. He could recognize his own handwriting across the room. The major saw it too.

"Hello, what's that hanging up, I wonder!" he exclaimed. "A memorandum for me, I expect; probably from my old friend Dados.* Let us get a little more light!"

He crossed to the window and drew up the blind. Cockerell moved too. When the major turned round his guest was standing by the stove, his face scarlet through its grime.

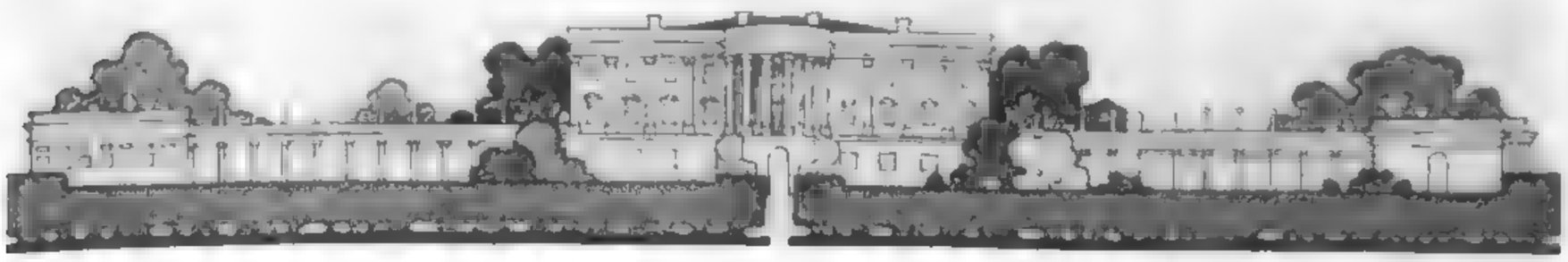
"I'm awfully sorry, sir," said Cockerell, "but that notice—memorandum—of yours has dropped into the fire."

"If it came from Dados," replied the major, "thank you very much!"

"I can't tell you, sir," added Cockerell humbly, "what a fool I feel."

But the apology referred to an entirely different matter.

*D. A. D. O. S.: Deputy Assistant Director of Ordnance Stores.



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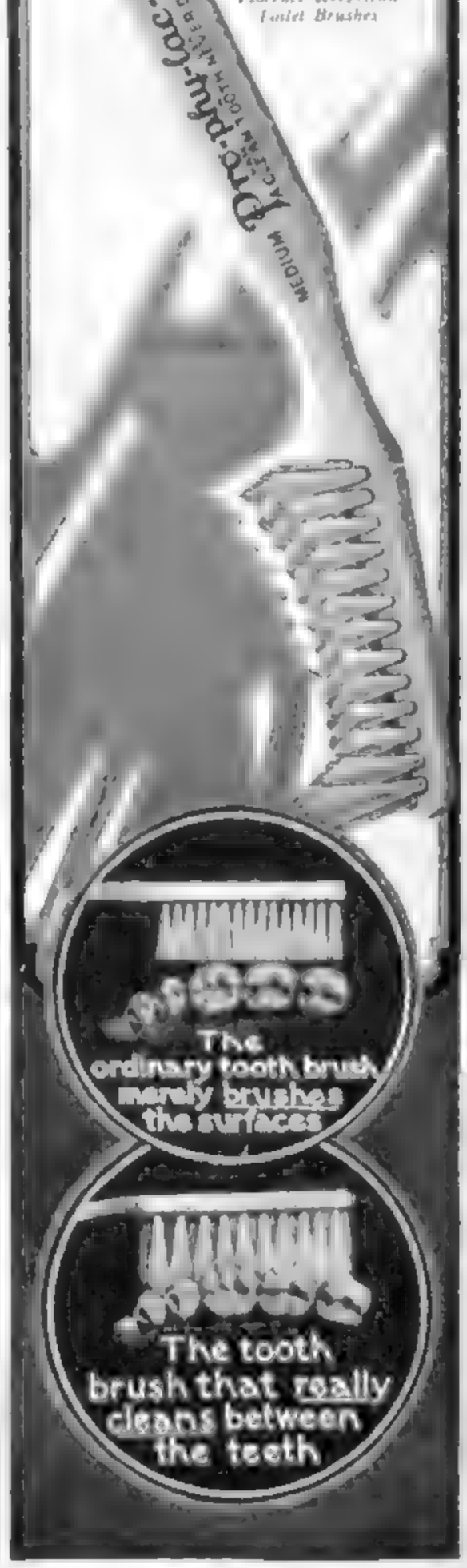
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It must not be inferred that the fabric tire was not a good tire. It was a very good tire, and is still.

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These are minor disadvantages, it is true, and inconsiderable perhaps in view of the fabric tire's immense usefulness, but they are disadvantages none the less.

It was to overcome them—to foster and amplify the fabric tire's virtues while excluding its faults—that the type of construction was contrived then which now has reached its highest development in the Goodyear Cord Tire.

The aim of this construction is the preservation of the fabric tire's strength in combination with an unparalleled resilience—that comfort shall match mileage, that speed shall join with security, that activity shall equal endurance, that economy shall accompany satisfaction.

To this end Goodyear Cord Tires are made strong and supple both—stalwart and spry. Unlike the fabric tire they do not fight the road, but yield and recover under impact, *absorbing* shocks, not resisting them.

They are built up of thousands of tightly-twisted, long-fibre cords, densely strong, established in the tire structure layer upon layer *without interweave*—many layers, of pliant cords.

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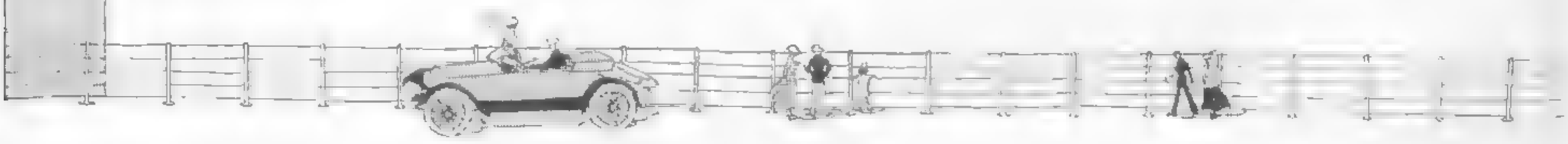

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UP AND DOWN

(Continued from Page 28)

themselves, and that their customers were banks and capitalists. The brokers brought to active business in one city money, desiring investment, lying idle in another part of the country. They were media through which credit might be interchanged among different communities. But at that time the house which had agreed to fund twenty thousand dollars of our indebtedness for a fee of only fifty dollars seemed to me to be operating on much too small a margin of profits to make any money. As a manufacturer I was always used to figuring safely. I did not believe until I saw the check that the brokers would really make the loan.

We cleaned up at our depository as had been planned. Two months later we started borrowing there again. The vice president, with whom our business was transacted, welcomed us as applicants for discounts. I had overcome my earlier feeling of awe when I approached that officer's desk at the bank. I now was as nonchalant when I shook hands with a banker as when I greeted any other acquaintance. I had no fear of my creditors. I knew I was good for more than my debts. The monthly statements of profits my partner prepared, and which I signed as president of the corporation, were all true for several years. The rating our company had was only what our worth entitled us to; the business was growing. I considered myself a prosperous man—as I was, in fact.

My partner seldom mentioned to me his individual business affairs. But I believed he was very successful in all his multifarious undertakings. He told me one day that he intended to sever his connection with the bank, where he had been head of the trust department. He announced he was about to be elected president of another, smaller bank. It was his desire that our company should transfer its account to the depository of which he expected to become the executive. He told me we should be given the same discount line we had been granted by the other bank and as much more credit as the development of the business warranted.

Of course I assented to the transfer, very much pleased that the new bank would be so intimately acquainted with our concern. In a few weeks my partner resigned his old position and moved into the president's office of the smaller financial institution. In a distant, cold way he was proud of his elevation. I congratulated him warmly on the honor he had attained. But in a little while I came to resent the attitude he now adopted. He acted aloof when he talked to me, as if he were on a much higher plane in the business world than I myself. There had been no friendliness before; but after he became a bank president the relations between my partner and myself were only frigidly courteous.

The Financial End

He knew banking thoroughly and he understood human nature. But he had acquired all his knowledge with his brain; none of it through his heart. His highest ambition was to be recognized as a leader among the city's financiers. He took pride in our manufacturing company because it was making money. But when he visited the factory he seldom set foot in the shop. That was dirty, noisy, and full of uncouth workmen. There was no rhythm, to him, in the punch presses; no songs, but only screeching, in the shifting belts of screw machines and lathes. He irritated me every time he did go through the shop. It was his habit to stalk past a man in overalls haughtily, as if he did not see him. He would tuck the skirts of his long-tailed coat about his legs whenever he walked close to an oily machine that was making dollars for him. Without any sharp provocation, my lack of liking for the man intensified to definite dislike.

We did not see each other often now. He was busy with his ambitions in the financial district, where I did not go once in three months. Weeks would pass between our meetings. I knew he was interested only in our making earnings that he could translate into monthly statements of assets and liabilities, with tabulations of comparative profits. Our sales were increasing steadily. We were shipping a third of a million dollars' worth of goods a year. We had a fine factory, fully equipped. On our books were accounts receivable amounting to over seventy-five thousand dollars. We had a valuable stock of raw material and finished products in our storeroom.

Our indebtedness for borrowed money, however, had grown pretty large. Most of the time we owed about a hundred thousand dollars on our notes. Approximately half of our obligations were carried by the bank of which my partner was president. As treasurer of our corporation he placed our notes with various other banks and brokers. There never had been even the slightest hitch in our securing all the credit we required.

For years I had taken it for granted that I need not worry about money matters. It was my custom to sign and to indorse and then give to my partner, from time to time as he asked for them, various notes of the company, payable to its own order, with the dates and amounts blank. He requested me to do this, so that he might have a supply of our paper on hand in his private box at the bank, to facilitate our financing. When I made the first of these notes in blank I was a tyro in banking. Later I executed them from habit, as a matter of course. I did not suspect my partner of misappropriating any of the paper. I thought he was rich and the soul of business honor. He managed our finances, and I ran the shop and the sales organization. I was entirely contented with the situation.

Real Troubles Begin

My partner had told me he intended to double the capitalization of the bank he headed. The capital had been five hundred thousand dollars. He wanted to be president of a million-dollar institution. He did not explain to me at the time how he purposed to increase the stock. I was only casually interested in his plans. He was moving in a different world. The principal impression his announcement made on me was an increased idea of his wealth. I believed then that he must be very rich. I knew he controlled a majority of the half-million-dollar stock of the bank. I assumed he purposed to put in a quarter of a million more, to insure for himself at least fifty-one per cent of the increased capital.

Three or four months after my partner first referred to his intention of doubling the stock of the bank he came to the factory late one afternoon. The moment I saw him I knew he was under a tremendous strain. His face was haggard. His eyes dodged my look. He walked into my private office, shut the door, and dropped heavily on a chair.

The man had nerve. In a tone that, at first, was even and firm he started to tell me of the disaster that had struck his ambitions like a lightning bolt.

"We had the stockholders' meeting at the bank to-day," he said. "The increased capitalization was voted. I had made arrangements with certain men, whom I trusted implicitly, to take a big block of the new stock. They agreed to vote it in combination with me. I never guessed they would double-cross me. They did. When the new directors were elected I found a plot had been made to oust me. Another man was chosen president of the bank. I was given a vice presidency as a sop. But I have lost control over there."

For the first time my heart warmed to my associate. I realized what a blow to his pride this was. My hand shot out to him impulsively.

"That was a dirty trick!" I cried. "But never mind, Pard, you can start another bank on your own hook."

He did not take my hand, but flinched as if I had struck at him. He looked ghastly. His eyes were narrow slits, almost hidden by wincing lids. Suddenly he stiffened. He faced me boldly now. Without a doubt it had been his intention until that moment to admit the knavery he was guilty of. But he changed his mind in a second, and took advantage of my expression of sympathy. Instead of confessing what he had done, he continued to deceive me, relying on my complete trust in him.

So I did not learn until long afterward, by his own admission, that he had covertly discounted our company's notes for enormous sums and had misappropriated the proceeds for his individual speculations.

"I must stay on at the bank temporarily," he said, "to protect our manufacturing

(Continued on Page 68)

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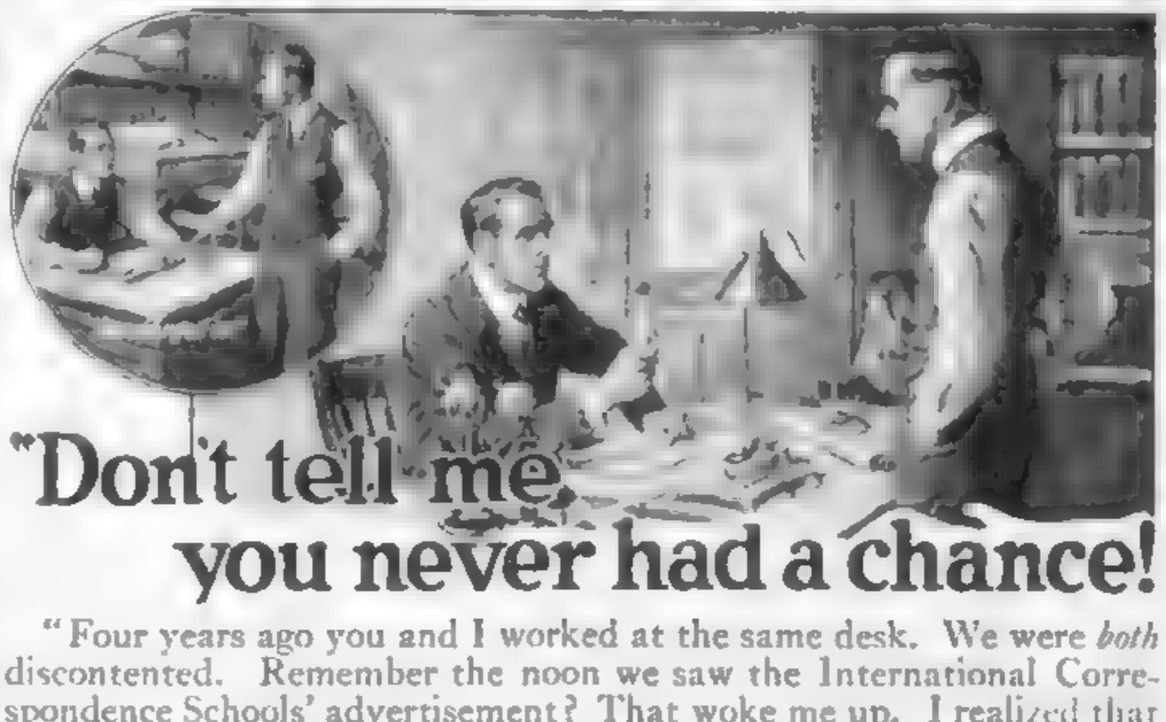
It fits easily into any socket and enables the use of any household electrical device and your light.
$1 at your dealer's.
Address nearest office for free booklet "Trouble-Savers."
Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co.
112 South Sangamon Street Chicago
114 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.
590 Howard St San Francisco, Cal
Canadian Office and Factory
11-17 Charlotte St., Toronto, Ont.
1 A Rosebery Ave., London E. C., Eng.



"Don't tell me you never had a chance!

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same desk. We were *both* discontented. Remember the noon we saw the International Correspondence Schools' advertisement? That woke me up. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and decided to let the I. C. S. help me. I wanted you to do the same, but you said, 'Aw, forget it!' I have been climbing ever since; you had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

There are lots of "Jims" in the world—in stores, factories, offices, everywhere. Are *you* one of them? Wake up! Every time you see an I. C. S. coupon your chance is staring you in the face. Don't turn it down.

Right now over one hundred thousand men are preparing themselves for bigger jobs and better pay through I. C. S. courses. **You** can join them and get in line for promotion. Mark and mail this coupon, and find out how.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 3975, SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

ADVERTISING MAN
Salesmanship
Commercial Law
BUSINESS (Complete)
Cert. Pub. Accountant
Higher Accounting
Bookkeeper
Stenographer and Typist
Traffic Management
WINDOW TRIMMER
Show Card Writer
Outdoor Sign Painter
Common School Subjects
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Civil Service
Railway Mail Clerk
CIVIL ENGINEER
Surveying and Mapping
MECHANICAL ENGINEER
Mechanical Draftsman
Machine Shop Practice
Stationary Engineer
Gas Engineer

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
Electric Lighting
Electric Car Running
Electric Wiring
Telegraph Expert
Practical Telephony
Railroader
Mine Foreman or Engineer
Metallurgist or Prospector
ARCHITECT
Contractor and Builder
Architectural Draftsman
Concrete Builder
Structural Engineer
Plumbing and Heating
Sheet Metal Worker
CHEMICAL ENGINEER
Industrial
Designer
Textile Overseer or Supt
AGRICULTURE
Poultry Raising
Navigation
AUTOMOBILES
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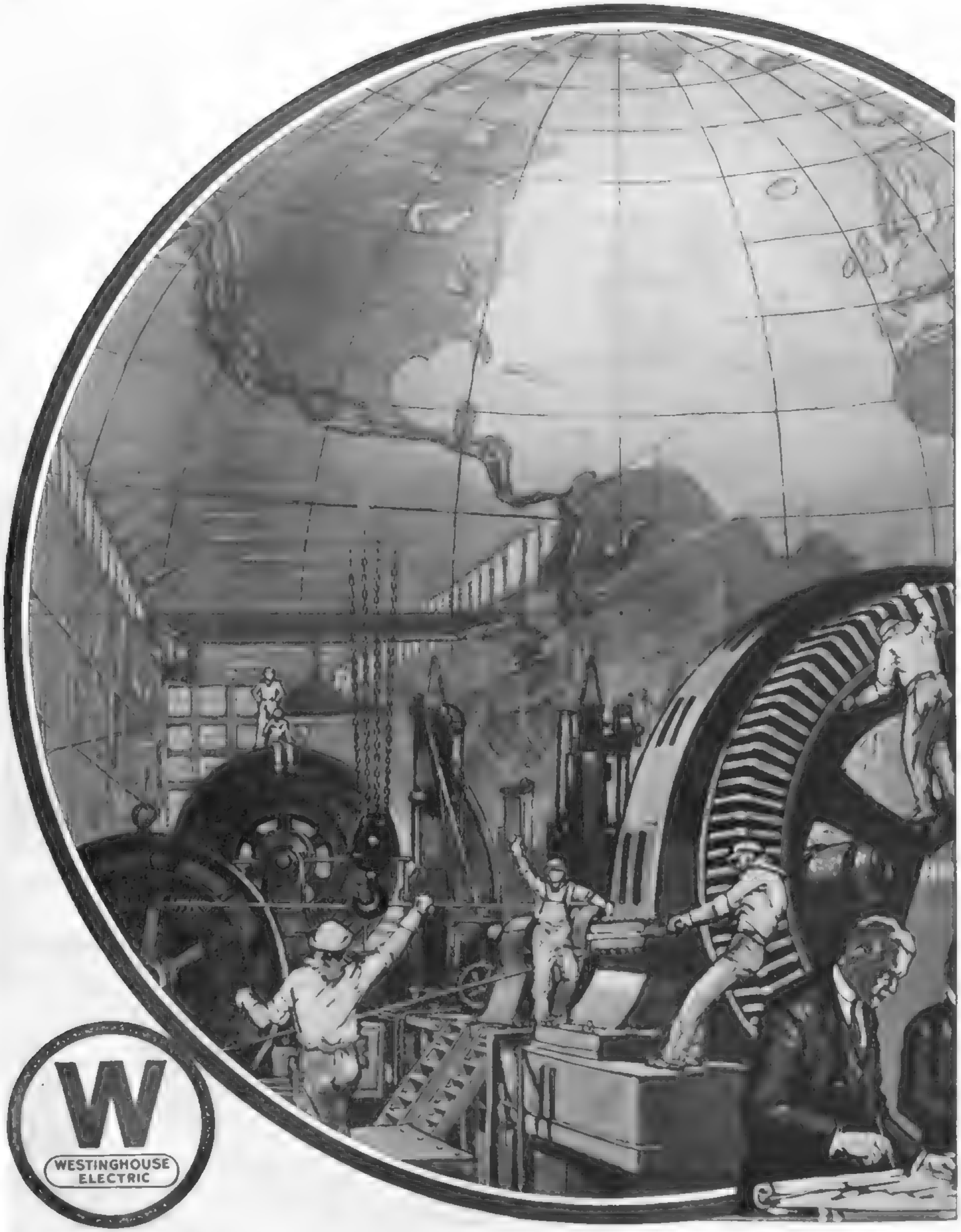

W
WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC

Westinghouse
ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING CO.

MEN

Money, machines and methods are three great factors in modern industrial progress, but each is dependent on a greater factor—men.

Machines and methods may increase output, decrease cost and eliminate liability to human error, but for their perfection and successful operation we must have human resourcefulness, ingenuity and experience.

Money—representing the solid financial backing of great enterprises—is available only because of public confidence in human integrity and business ability.

Therefore, man-building is the first duty and it is the greatest achievement of the far-reaching organization known to the world as Westinghouse.

It is your best guaranty that when you buy any electrical product stamped with the name of Westinghouse, you can rely upon it as representing the quality of materials, excellence of design and care in construction that mean efficiency and durability.

George Westinghouse surrounded himself with men capable of visioning the best possibilities of the coming electrical age.

And to this nucleus were attracted other men whose abilities have added greatly to the human resources of an already great institution.

Men who knew how to create organization, increase engineering and financial resources and provide manufacturing equipment.

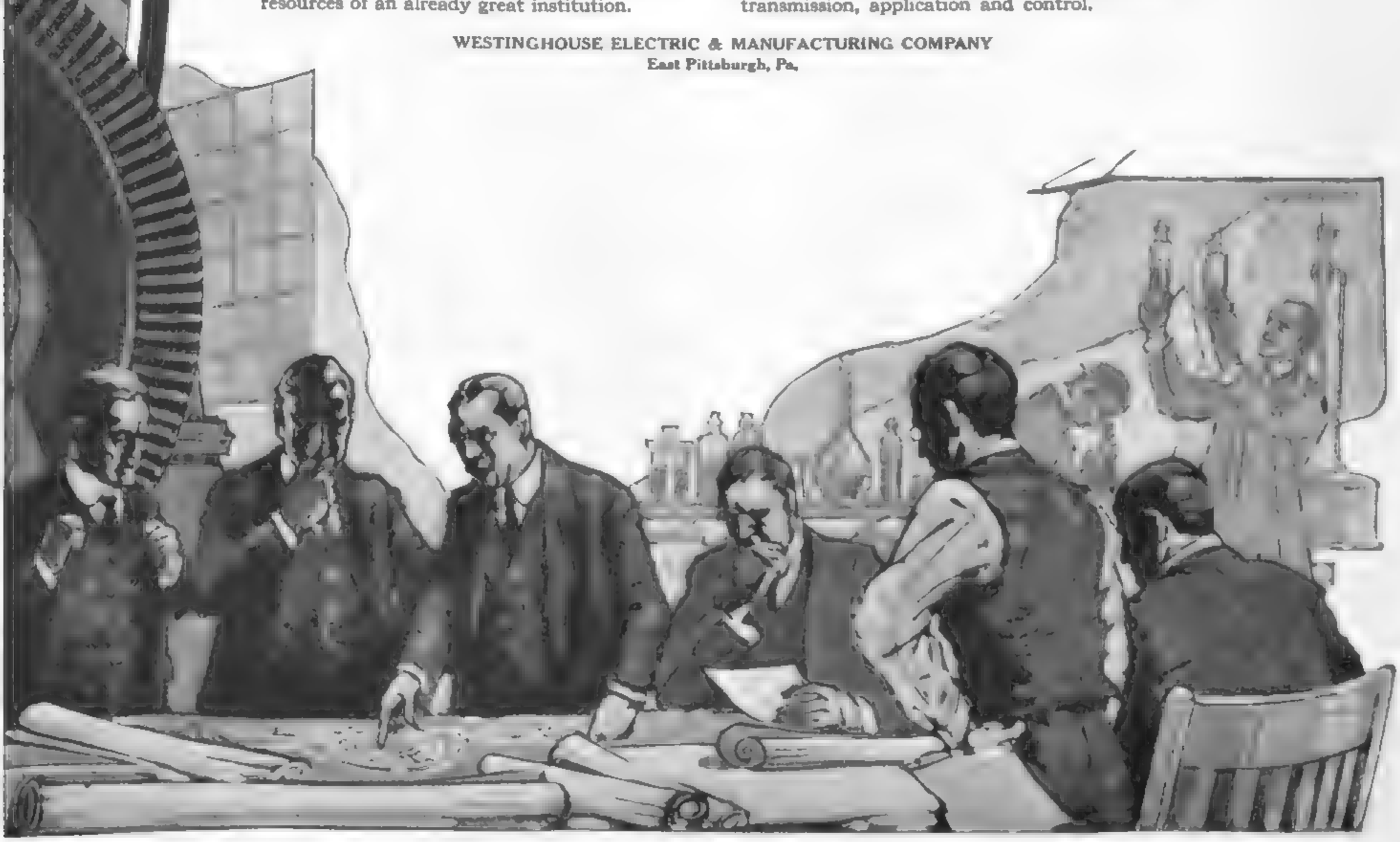
Thus the Westinghouse Electric organization today includes many individuals who have gained wide recognition, and is constantly developing others from within its own ranks.

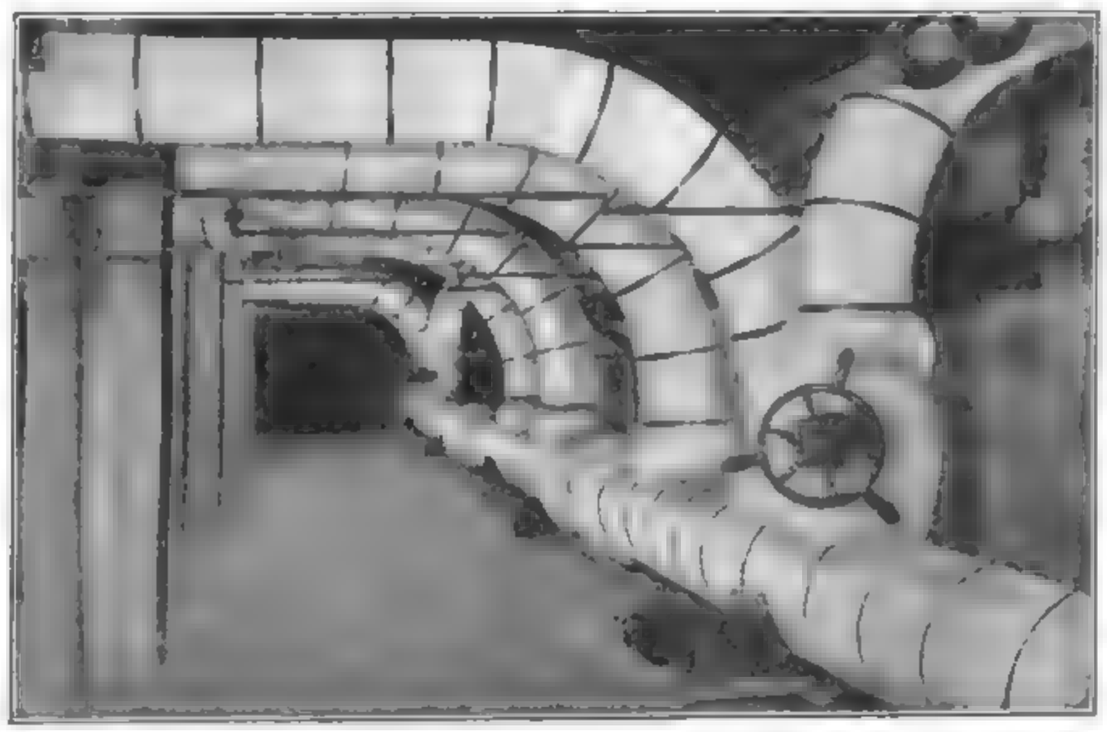
Its engineering and manufacturing resources range over the entire electrical field from the electrification of a great railway system to the construction of a small meter with the accuracy and precision of a watch. They also extend to the selecting and testing of materials, the designing of machines and tools, the mastery of economical production and the solving of the individual problems of customers.

Whether you are equipping a power plant or purchasing an electrical convenience for the home, you can rely upon the human factor represented by the name Westinghouse.

The Westinghouse Electric trade-mark assures you of the highest specialized training of men whose abilities are devoted to any specific group of products *plus* the engineering, manufacturing and financial resources of an organization covering the whole range of electrical generation, transmission, application and control.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.





"Defend your steam"

"I HAVE brought you down here to show you how you must *defend your steam*," says the Consulting Engineer to his new client, "*for to defend steam is as important as to produce it.*"

The Engineer Explains

The Engineer tells how the giant energy of steam is fought at every degree by lower temperatures that steal its power. How the iron pipes are no protection against this incessant attack — they leak heat as a sieve leaks water.

He explains that, for the steam to get from its birthplace to its destination, those pipes require the very best insulating armor. That insulation is as necessary to *defend* the steam as is the coal to make it, or the metal to pipe it.

"85% Magnesia" Saves Coal

"But there's a big difference," says the Engineer; "among pipe-coverings. Because all are white they may look alike, but in their power to *hold in the heat* the '85% Magnesia' Coverings do the best work and save the most coal.

"Put your hand on that '85% Magnesia.' See how cool it is? That coolness means that at least *seven-eighths of the steam is on its job.*"

Millions of Air Cells

When applied according to the best-established practice, "85% Magnesia" is the most efficient armor known to defend steam against loss. Every inch contains millions of tiny air cells, made by Nature herself. Each cell imprisons "dead air" through which the heat has no chance to escape.

To every 85 parts of Carbonate of Magnesia, is added asbestos as a binder to give structural strength. *No wear-out is possible.* After twenty-five years of service these "85% Magnesia" Coverings have been stripped off and re-applied, as efficient as when new.

"85% Magnesia" is Standard

The matchless efficiency of "85% Magnesia" is why it is the regulation covering in the United States Navy; why all modern locomotives use it; why most Power-plants, Terminals, Skyscrapers, and Hotels are equipped with it.

Where coal economy is imperative, "85% Magnesia" is imperative.

A complete Specification for the scientific application of "85% Magnesia" is sent free upon request to all architects and engineers by the Magnesia Association of America.

"85% MAGNESIA"

The Universal Covering for Pipes and Boilers

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, 381 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

George D. Crabbs	The Philip Carey Co.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Alvin M. Ehret	Ehret Magnesia Mfg. Co.	Valley Forge, Penna.
J. R. Swift	The Franklin Mfg. Co.	Franklin, Penna.
R. V. Mattison, Jr.	Keasbey & Mattison Co.	Ambler, Penna.

(Continued from Page 65)

company. I can't fight those fellows now. On the other hand, they will do everything they can to placate me. They're afraid I'll expose how they double-crossed me. That would react to their detriment. I accepted the vice presidency this afternoon in order to preserve our present credit line while I make other arrangements. The bank holds our demand notes for thirty thousand dollars. If that paper should be called it would smash us! We must gain time until we can turn ourselves."

Thus he subtly unloaded on me part of the onus of responsibility for deciding what course we should pursue. He took a memorandum slip from his pocket and laid it on my desk. Even in his rascality, then and afterward, he always was the perfect bookkeeper. His masterly skill as an expert accountant fooled me easily for months, until I was trapped. It was to deceive some of the shrewdest financiers in America too. When my partner was tried and convicted, many years later, for obtaining money and credit under false pretenses, he was paid the tribute in court that he was the most ingenious crook the Bankers' Association ever had caught.

"Here's a list of our outstanding bills payable, with their maturities." He swiftly explained the memorandum to me. "You know that as president of the bank I was able to discount our paper in various places outside the city. Most of our former sources of credit are likely to be cut off, now that I no longer have a free hand to dispose of our notes to country correspondents of the bank. I must establish other credit lines as rapidly as possible, to yield us an amount of new money equal to what we owe at present.

"Previously our indebtedness was not a menace. My position at the head of the bank protected us. Now we are in a very different situation. We cannot count on the discount line at the bank; nor shall I be able to scatter notes all over the country, as heretofore. We are in jeopardy. But our fine reputation will save us if we act at once and keep cool."

Getting in Deeper

I was stunned when my high hopes of wealth came toppling down on my head. I groped dazedly toward comprehension.

"How can we go broke?" I cried. "We've been making money every year."

"Could we pay the thirty thousand dollars we owe on our demand notes if they were to be called to-day?" he snarled. "Should a single piece of our paper be protested, the company would have to make an assignment. But we're wasting time talking about what won't happen. We must save our business. Our rating with the commercial agencies will enable me to raise all we need. This is my plan:"

I leaned forward in tense eagerness to understand his purpose.

"To start with," he elucidated, "it is vitally important not to let anybody suspect we're in straits. It won't do to say we are borrowing at new places in order to clean up with our present bank. The officials over there might hear about it, and would guess that I intended to quit as vice president and fight them. They'd call our loans to break me. I'm indorser on all our paper, you realize. If I should be forced into bankruptcy it would ruin me."

I roused with a start.

"Have you lost all your money in this double-cross deal?" I exclaimed.

He flinched again. His eyes wavered. But he made a specious explanation of his predicament.

"Of course not. I am just tied up in some heavy investments I should not have made if I had thought for a second that I'd be ousted from the presidency of the bank. It will take me several months to extricate myself. I'm short of cash at present. And I have hypothecated most of my bank stock as collateral for some big loans."

I slumped in my chair as if a prop had broken behind me.

"You see, we're in a ticklish situation," he continued. "But I mean to put a bold face on the matter and work out. First, I shall apply to our notebroker to float fifty thousand dollars of our paper. I'll exhibit some of the contracts we have from customers and tell him we need more cash to handle increased business. Our statement of assets and liabilities, our business rating and our fine record will secure the money.

"Then I shall go to New York and open a checking account there, ostensibly to facilitate the handling of our Eastern business. I'll deposit half of the proceeds of the notes I sell our broker. I will say when I open the New York account that a little later we shall need more money to finance some large contracts. I'll request that the bank look us up through the commercial agencies and advise us whether or not we can have fifty thousand dollars in about six weeks. No doubt we shall be welcomed. Our standing is very good, and we have been in business long enough to be regarded as firmly established.

"The hundred thousand dollars I expect to get from those two sources will enable us to pay all our present notes as they mature. As soon as the New York credit line is assured I intend to apply to another bank here in the city to discount our paper for fifty thousand dollars additional, and will transfer our local account there from our present bank. Then we'll be safe."

"But that makes one hundred and fifty thousand dollars you intend to borrow!" I reminded. "A hundred thousand will be enough."

"No," he declared. "We'll need considerable elasticity and large cash balances for a while, until we are well known to our new banks. It will pay us to carry fifty thousand dollars or more on deposit in order that we may appear as strong as possible."

I comprehended his plan and knew it was feasible. I realized he meant to work under cover and that he had suggested an intention to bluff a good deal. But it did not occur to me there was anything shady about the methods he purposed to use. His scheme looked like the clever strategy of a fellow who was cornered. I could understand how even a very rich man might become involved and temporarily be short of cash. I had no reason then to suspect that my partner was not wealthy. The program he outlined confirmed my previous impression that he was a wizard of finance. I felt utterly unable to cope with the crisis myself. Unhesitatingly I agreed to his proposals.

Of course I coöperated thereafter as best I could. I certified to the correctness of the assets-and-liabilities statements he prepared. I executed dozens of new blank notes. His plan was carried through without a hitch. He reported the various successful steps and from time to time brought to the office old notes he had taken up. Our bank balances grew bigger than they had ever been before. I breathed easily again. I did not meddle at all in the financing. But one feature of the situation puzzled me. I asked my partner about it. He had reported that all the scattered notes were paid, but for some reason he had not cleaned up at our old bank, though we were borrowers at the new depository for a large discount line. I asked him why he did not close the first account.

"I do not want to break there until I have perfected certain personal plans," he replied vaguely to my question. "So long as they are willing to renew our paper, I think it best to divide our deposits between the two local accounts."

Jolted Awake

Then he hinted at the possibility of his regaining control of the bank at the next stockholders' election. I surmised he was unwilling to confide all his designs to me. I made no more inquiries. I fully expected he would turn the tables on the men who had tricked him and that before long our company would be protected again by his powerful standing as a bank president. I was free now from the worries of finance. My partner managed all our money matters. I only hoped we should soon be relieved of the large burden of interest we were carrying for money borrowed that we did not need.

I was jolted awake from my delusion. When, with my full knowledge and assent, we had piled up debts only a little less than a quarter of a million dollars, my partner brazenly informed me that he had juggled our funds for years, and had used in his own speculations about a hundred thousand dollars of additional money, which he obtained by the secret sale of company notes through various agencies of distribution he had. He had scattered the paper adroitly. Doubtless, if he had been successful in his private ventures I never should have learned of his misuse of our company credit.

He told me because he was in difficulties. He had left the bank and was devoting all his time now to personal enterprises. In finance he was a genius, but he had talent

(Continued on Page 70)

Firestone
TIRES

Your Place in the Firestone Organization

IN the development of Firestone Tire quality you who use them play an important part. Your demands are the inspiration for constant betterments in Firestone service; your pleasure, your purse, your pride have been met in Firestone building.

More toughness, more resiliency, more speed with complete safety; for all these needs Firestone has found the answer until today wherever motorists travel there is a Firestone user whose good will is our best advertisement.

In numbers, as in personnel, they dominate the road.

Spreading the good news of Most Miles per Dollar, they have built the Firestone reputation through that most efficient medium, the satisfied customer.

The Dealer and Branch nearest you cooperate in service.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Whitman's

Do you know the idea behind this Sampler Package?

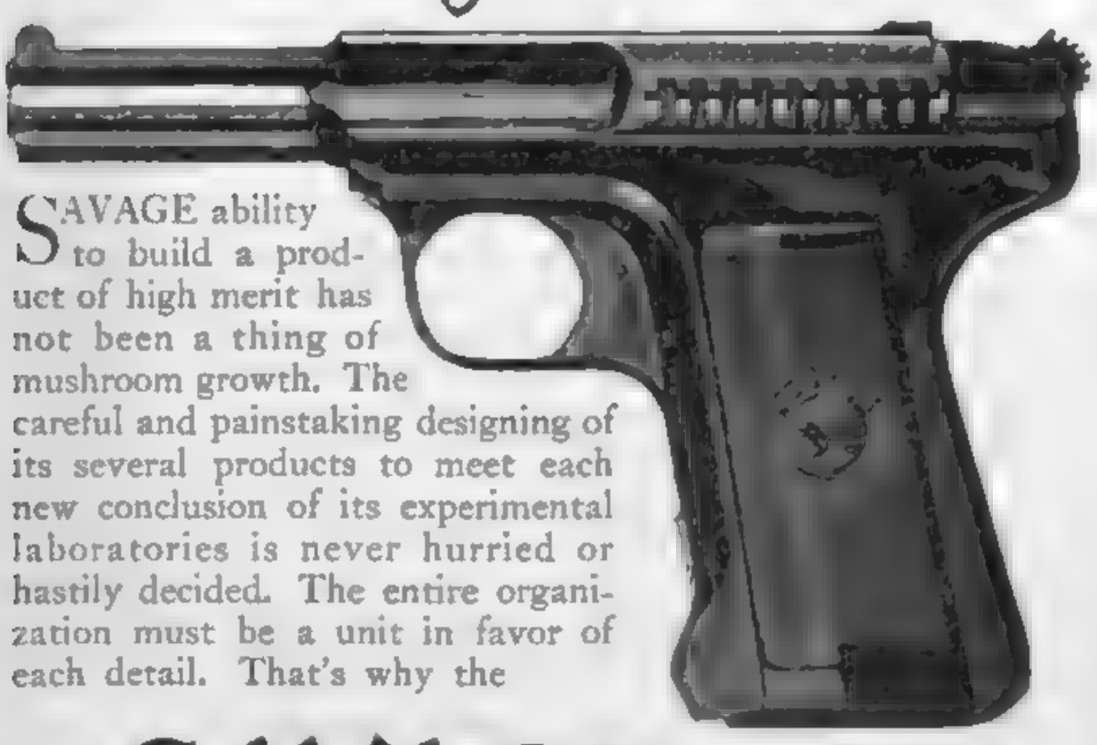
We originated this package as a "get acquainted" assortment, and put in it candies from ten different standard packages of Whitman's, the "Fussy" Assorted Chocolates, "1842" Bitter Sweets, Chocolate Covered Liquid Cherries, Honey White Nougat, Jordan Almonds, and other famous Whitman's specialties. We thought people would buy a Sampler, and thereafter buy the separate packages that they liked best. They did this, but they also adopted the Sampler as the winning assortment in the whole candy field, with a popularity that is astonishing.

The Sampler is the leader among Whitman's—the National Sweets. Buy it from the nearest Whitman agency (usually the leading drug store). If no agency is convenient, send us $1.00 for a 17 ounce box, prepaid.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

Savage for Sureness!



SAVAGE ability to build a product of high merit has not been a thing of mushroom growth. The careful and painstaking designing of its several products to meet each new conclusion of its experimental laboratories is never hurried or hastily decided. The entire organization must be a unit in favor of each detail. That's why the

SAVAGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL

10 SHOTS QUICK

has incorporated within it every improvement, every outstanding feature that modern methods and years of "know how" bring to efficient manufacture.

The Savage dealer in your vicinity is a man who knows guns. Talk it over with him—or send to us for full details and prices.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY

1432 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, NEW YORK

Makers of the famous Lewis Automatic Machine Gun and of military, high power and small caliber sporting rifles.

(Continued from Page 68

for any business except banking. He seemed to blight everything else he touched. As he finally confessed, he never had been rich. For twenty years he had operated on "a shoestring." He had pyramided legitimate borrowings when he began his financial career. He would secure a loan for a thousand dollars at five or six per cent; then he would use the money to buy some security yielding the same interest. He made no profit on such "washes," but built up a reputation for capital that he did not have. Less than twenty-five thousand dollars was the most he ever owned. But he made it look like ten times that much money by keeping it active.

His speculative ventures had promised rich returns at the start, but he had sunk all the cash he raised surreptitiously on our company notes. The endless chain of his maturities and fresh issues of paper threatened to break. He dared not try to float any more of the notes without my knowledge, lest I discover and repudiate some illicit transaction. He was tantalized by the surplus money available to our corporation. Exposure threatened him in a few days. He pretended to make a clean breast to me of what he had done. When I had been told, he ignored his dishonest acts and at once began to show me how ruin might be averted.

"It's a bad mess," he said; "but we mustn't lose our heads. This business can be saved. The important thing is to keep the big debt secret until I can sell out my personal investments. We must avoid suspicion and play our cards carefully."

The Crooked Way Out

He implied that the problem was joint. He had glossed over his deceit and lies. The heinousness of what he confessed did not strike me then with full force; though, of course, my previous faith in his integrity had been shattered. Perhaps I was so dumfounded that vindictiveness did not begin to burn in me at once. Somehow I wasn't instantly furious. I sat silent a minute or two and listened to his scheme, while chills crept up my back.

Suddenly I realized he was proposing not merely that I remain passive, and give him a chance to work out of his predicament, but that I coöperate actively in his desperate plans. All my frozen wrath burst out in a second.

"You go to hell!" I exploded.

I amplified my rage. I made a verbal picture of my partner that stripped him to the bone of all his suavity and smugness. He squirmed. He had avoided using plain words in his confession. Neither then nor afterward, when he and I in concert committed almost every imaginable financial crime, did my partner bluntly recognize the truth in speaking of his knavery. He had expected, undoubtedly, that I should be infuriated. He was ready for my declaration now that I would have him arrested. Instantly he countered with a threat:

"If I go to jail you'll be locked up too! Every one of those notes I discounted has your signature on it. You certified, as president, to the correctness of our company statements of assets and liabilities, the foundation of our credit. Those statements did not show all our present actual obligations by two hundred thousand dollars. Do you think anybody will believe you were ignorant of the facts? You'll be charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. That's a penitentiary offense. You'd better not shout to the world what I've told you. You'd be a fool to let this fine business be destroyed. We can save it by coöperating in my plans."

I am not of powerful physique. I never have been especially pugnacious. Yet, before that moment, I should have resented with my fists an insinuation that I was "yellow." But there must have been a saffron streak in me then. I did not leap at my partner and start a rough-and-tumble fight. I sat in my chair and shivered under the cold malice of his steel eyes. I was scared stiff. I make no defense of my moral cowardice. There is no extenuation for me. I was yellow. Later, retribution brought my pusillanimity its deserts. I wore a shameful uniform for three years and a half. But no other punishment has hurt so much as my own self-contempt.

That afternoon, however, I made excuses for myself. I said in my thoughts it was unjust I should lose by no fault of my own the business I had developed through years of devoted work. I loved every machine in the factory. The life of the company was my own blood and spirit. My partner had a plan that seemed feasible. He assured me that in a few months he would be able to dispose of his personal investments and square his defalcation. Surely it would be foolish to let the business be wrecked when there was a good chance to save it! I realized it was unlikely that a jury would credit my denial against my partner's flat accusation of complicity in his frauds. Even if I should be acquitted in court, the business world's verdict would damn my reputation forever. I decided I might as well die for a sheep as for a lamb. I consented to become a party in the criminal schemes proposed to me. I was afraid to refuse.

If I had not been a fatuous fool I should have foreseen that ultimate disaster was only postponed. It was inevitable. But that afternoon I hoped I could extricate myself from the tangle in which I had been enmeshed. My one thought was of getting free as soon as possible. I wasted no time on recriminations. I sullenly demanded of my partner all the details of his scheme. He smiled his relief and took out his lying pencil. With perfect sang-froid he demonstrated the infallibility of his plan. Before we two crooks separated that night we had agreed on an elaborate plot of deception. The very next day we started to put it into effect.

The basis of the fraud we jointly instituted then was an ingeniously false statement of our assets and liabilities, to the truth of which my partner and I both certified. The mercantile agencies accepted our figures without suspicion. We had a fine history of veracity to substantiate our lies. Our ratings were promptly raised. Thus we laid the foundation for the credit we built. We were well known to have been operating prosperously for many years. No one guessed that we had exaggerated our profit showing.

Brokers were eager to buy our notes. Country banks took them gladly. We opened three new checking accounts in the city and borrowed the money to keep attractive balances. We "kited" checks between our local banks and our New York depository. Sometimes we had as much as forty thousand dollars "in the air." The legitimate debts of our company, with the burden fraudulently foisted on the concern by my partner's outside speculations, amounted to approximately a quarter of a million dollars. But we had to borrow a hundred thousand more to keep up appearances.

A Chain of Bogus Deals

After I started to play the crooked game I balked at nothing. It was a tremendously difficult thing to raise the large amounts of money we needed without seeming unduly eager. Lie bred lie as we made explanations of our purposes in applying for loans. My partner and I acted boldly always. We obtained money from a dozen independent sources, none of which suspected we were getting big credits elsewhere by similar misrepresentations of our needs. We would negotiate successfully discounts of from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars for the purchase of raw material to fill a contract with some customer. Then straightway we would exhibit the same contract to another bank or broker, and secure as much more there, for the same ostensible purpose. I learned that a bank is apt to be favorably disposed toward loan applications made by depositors who carry substantial balances. We kept on hand always an elastic fund that enabled us to pay every note as it matured. Our credit actually seemed to be improved by every bogus transaction we carried through.

I knew the amount of attention and work our intricate operations demanded of my partner. I was spending larger and larger portions of succeeding days in systematic lying myself. I had to neglect the factory and the sales department often while I went about preying on financiers. It was not strange to me that my associate had little time to look for purchasers of his private investments. I continually prodded him to hurry the disposition of his properties at sacrifice prices. I knew that we could get permanent relief only when his locked-up capital should be freed.

But none of the enterprises in which he had sunk cash was an earner. On the contrary, all were losing. There was no possibility of selling out such concerns. My partner had been throwing good money after

(Concluded on Page 73)

How Hudson Solved the Gasoline Problem

Now Furnished on the New Light Super-Six

The gasoline saver is one more new invention of the Hudson Super-Six.

It was shown for the first time at the New York Automobile Show in January. Now most all Hudson dealers are showing the new cars equipped with this and ten other important new features. The gasoline saver is the only new feature shown on automobiles at this year's shows.

Overcomes the Poor Gasoline

Hard starting and wasteful gasoline consumption due to cold weather and the low grade gasoline are overcome. Radiator and hood covers are not needed on the new Hudson Super-Sixes even in the coldest weather.

This device has been in use on hundreds of Hudson Super-Sixes during the coldest winter weather. Its effectiveness has been proved. It is as easily operated as the damper on a stove.

Low grade gasoline gives low mileage and is wasteful and harmful to the engine, unless the motor is operated steadily at a high temperature.

Primer Insures Easy Starting

In zero weather, even at 20 below, the new Hudson Super-Six motor starts. The primer is another new feature of the new Super-Six.

On the new cars there are also other worth-while features you should see. There is the new plaited upholstering, more attractive door fasteners, hard rubber handles, an improved body finish and other details you can see. And then we have made many improvements in the building of the car. The car that last year won every worth-while record is a much better automobile now because we have learned to build them better.

We made those records of endurance for acceleration and speed with cars of the earlier production. No one has yet equaled anything we have done with stock Super-Six cars. And yet the cars we turn out today are infinitely better because of the increased skill and experience Hudson workmen have acquired in building the 25,000 cars that were produced last year.

Think What a Year Has Shown

Remember what was claimed for the Super-Six one year ago. Then we had only our own records to show—records proving the Hudson Super-Six the fastest stock car built.

We then had established only the 100-mile and the one-hour records for a fully equipped stock touring car. But since we have won the 24-hour record for a stock chassis, the Transcontinental Run both ways, the fastest stock chassis mile, and have outsold any other high grade car in the world. So if you want a fine car that out-performs any other car that is built your choice must be a Hudson Super-Six.

Buyers Waited for Months

At this time last season orders exceeded our production by 8,000. At no time during the season were there enough Hudsons to go around. From this you can see what the demand will be this year. We are only producing 30,000 cars as against last year's 25,000 because we cannot build more and build them well. That is not a large increase. It shows, however, that if you want a Hudson you cannot afford to postpone buying. Unless you act now you may be like other thousands who will be disappointed this year because they could not get prompt deliveries.

Don't fail to see the gasoline saver.

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Phaeton, 7-passenger,	$1650	Town Car	$2925	Town Car Landaulet .	$3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	1950	(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)		Limousine	2925
Touring Sedan . . .	2175			Limousine Landaulet .	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

RICORO

the "Self—Made" cigar

Im-ported from Porto Rico

CABINET SIZE—3 for 25c Box of fifty, $4.15

INVINCIBLE SIZE—7c each. Box of fifty, $3.50

SARATOGA SIZE—6c each. Box of fifty, $3.00

"Be Sure You're Right—Then Go Ahead"

We knew we were right when we decided to advertise RICORO—the "self-made" cigar—some months ago. We knew we were right because RICORO already had made good *without* advertising—selling a million a week on merit alone. That is why we call it the "self-made" cigar.

But even then we did not know how "right" we were about RICORO. We *expected* great returns from spreading the news about RICORO—but the results have *amazed* us. RICORO sales have jumped to three millions a week—350 cigars a minute. Every fourth man who buys cigars in a United Cigar Store now asks for RICORO.

Do these figures mean anything to you, Mr. Smoker? They ought to. They ought to make you *hurry* to try this great cigar which—because it pays no duty—sells at *half* the prices of other fine *imported* cigars.

MAKE THIS TEST

Buy a box of RICOROS today at any United Cigar Store—or by mail. Smoke ten of them and if you do not agree that this is the greatest cigar value you have ever had at the price, return what is left of the box and get your money back in full. Could anything be fairer?

RICORO is made in Porto Rico and imported from there, but it pays no duty. Therefore, we can sell it at 6, 7 and 10 cents each and up to 2-for-25c, depending upon the size and shape. Select your favorite size and make your own test *at our risk*. DO IT NOW.

THANK YOU.

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES—EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK CITY

MAIL ORDERS: We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service.

If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

Use order blank on coupon at lower right-hand corner of this advertisement.

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UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY (send to nearest city named below):
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Find enclosed $ for which send me express charges prepaid RICORO Cigars
50 CABINET size 50 INVINCIBLE size 50 SARATOGA size
If Manhattan or Bronx, Saturday delivery desired and otherwise not wanted
If satisfactory and I shall after 5 days notify you to call for same, refund the balance of
order less the specified charges paid by you. If not satisfactory I will return the
cigars in good condition and you are to refund the purchase price.

Name

Address Place

(Concluded from Page 70)

bad. When I realized the situation I knew our little company had saddled on it an enormous debt, with no hope of relief. I had committed crimes enough then to make it certain I should be sent to prison if detected.

Now began a frenzied and desperate long struggle to ward off punishment. The skill in crookedness that my fellow criminal and I developed is well-nigh incredible. For years we found ways to meet all the emergencies that arose. We kept his enterprises going, though they were constant drains, in order to utilize them as manufacturers of "accommodation" notes, which we discounted at our various banks and through brokers as genuine bills receivable for merchandise sold. This kind of fictitious commercial paper netted us in excess of ninety thousand dollars at one time, scattered among a dozen sources of credit. We kited checks almost daily to maintain deposit balances at our banks. We assigned our open accounts at discounts for spot cash. We borrowed wherever and whenever we could on our false statements of assets and liabilities. Brokers floated our notes in half the states of the Union.

Caught at Last

Our enormous interest charges, the cost of discounts, the losses we constantly had to meet in carrying my partner's dead horses, mounted until the drain was more than the earnings of our prosperous little manufacturing concern. In desperation we resorted to the forgery of bills of lading and secured heavy advances of cash on fictitious accounts receivable. We would take up these fraudulent obligations at maturity by sending New York or Boston drafts for the amounts. When the credit companies checked up the accounts we had sold them, my partner, the expert bookkeeper, had our falsified records inspection-proof.

Twice an informal audit was made by sending certification blanks to the real concerns we carried on our books for doctored sales. We steamed open the letters that were mailed back to us with certifications of the trifling amounts our customers actually owed. We inserted forged certifications of the fraudulent items. Then the envelopes were resealed and forwarded to our big creditors. There were a thousand and one crises and hairbreadth escapes. We wriggled out of danger every time.

Day after day, week upon week, month in and month out, for year succeeding year, my accomplice and I dodged just out of reach of the clutches of retribution.

Our total debt swelled to three-quarters of a million dollars. At last my partner and I saw we were nearing the end of our rope. Ruin could not be postponed more than a few months. Already there were indications of the disaster. Our banks began to caution us not to let our manufacturing company grow so fast, even if profits were attractive. Then, when the outlook seemed darkest, my partner and I severally had inspirations.

He proposed that we go to our largest creditor and confess the exact situation. He declared that this large creditor was unlikely to have us arrested, because he would lose so much if we were to be smashed. The factory was earning honest profits of more than six thousand dollars a month, not counting the added burden of interest and discounts on our fraudulent excessive borrowings. This one creditor was a capitalist who had loaned us about two hundred thousand dollars. My partner believed that the man would hush up our frauds and buy off other creditors to whom we were paying more than banking interest. The company was worth, in tangible assets, half of its debts if it could be continued as a going concern. Its goodwill was as valuable. It would pay ten per cent on a capitalization equal to all its obligations.

The one idea my partner had now was to escape arrest. I did not believe the big creditor would swallow the truth if we two liars should tell him the real earnings of the business after confessing our deceptions. I felt there was little chance of avoiding retribution in that way. So I proposed the course that my own inspiration suggested as an alternative:

"If the business will pay our creditor ten per cent in case he should liquidate our debts so that the excessive interest charges and losses would be cut off, it will pay that much to anybody else. We are reputed to be very prosperous. Let's sell out for half a million dollars, if possible. That would cancel all our fraudulent debts and leave only the legitimate obligations of the concern. You and I own all the capital stock now. We can use the proceeds of selling it and clean up the company. We could turn the business over to new stockholders on a basis that would make them big dividends. True, we individually should have nothing left; but we'd keep out of jail."

"It's impossible to find a buyer without offering our operations for close investigation that would expose us," he objected.

"An investigation can be avoided" I argued. I knew a great deal about finance now. "I'll pretend I'm buying you out. I'll sell the stock to the public. Plenty of people in our trade will be glad to have it as an investment."

He saw the scheme was feasible, though the odds against success were heavy. We started work at once on our final strategy. A prospectus was prepared in which truth and lies were cunningly mixed. The sale of stock began auspiciously. Checks came in a steady stream. It seemed as if the impossible would happen—that we should escape punishment. But when our prospects appeared brightest the long-cheated law grabbed us. One of our forgeries was discovered—quite by accident. A bank confronted us with the proof of our fraud. After years of dodging we were caught at last. Our elaborate edifice of credit tumbled in a moment, like a house built of cards.

The shame shriveled me. I slunk out of the bank to hide my face while I awaited arrest. When the sheriff brought the warrant to my house I was thankful for the night that cloaked me on my way to jail. I was glad to be locked out of the world's sight. I did not think, then, I ever could look my fellowmen in the face. I made no fight against the inevitable. I felt tired—utterly tired. I told the judge I was exactly fifty per cent guilty of all the crimes that had been committed. I asked him to sentence me at once. I was sent to prison for a term of from four to fourteen years. My partner demanded a trial. He employed the best criminal lawyers. He delayed his conviction two years. Then a jury found him guilty.

To the Last Penny

I wore the felon's uniform of disgrace three years and a half. I have paid the debt the law claimed from me. Now I am paying the obligations of money I owe. Hundreds of people, even some of my creditors themselves, tell me I am a quixotic fool to attempt to square up. They say I paid at the penitentiary in suffering for my crimes. Those good people are wrong. I have not paid. I did not suffer in prison. There I gained again my self-respect and the respect of other men. Prison was not punishment to me, but opportunity. I still owe the debt of restitution.

I am not quixotic. I shall earn the money to discharge my debts. I have a plan. There were a million chances to one against my success in making myself a writer. I have an easier task now. I am only forty-three, and I am earning a thousand dollars a month. I shall be rich, in money as well as in friends, very soon. Fate did not destroy me utterly and then help me build from the wreckage a new man destined to accomplish only a little success. I have done big bad things. I am granted a tremendously larger chance to make good. I have a big theme of life now. Nothing is impossible to a square man with brains! I shall prove that true.

I am writing a vital book. It is to be a record of accomplishment—not a visionary dream. The royalties from that will help. I divide into halves every check I receive for a story or an article I sell to a magazine; one equal share is paid immediately to my creditors. I deliver addresses from the platform in many cities. Fifty per cent of the receipts from my speaking are applied on my debts. I have abundant proof that all the world is with me! I have millions of partners now. They are just the opposites of the two old ones I had. The new firm is a winner. It will earn the quarter of a million dollars necessary to wipe out my past losses.

This has not been a pleasant story to write. It has been unpleasant to read. All of us are glad the chapter is done. The happy ending is in sight. I am home again. My little family is continually happier. I have an ever-broadening circle of old and new friends. And round the corner there are no clutching fingers, waiting to grip my shoulder. Ahead are opportunities. I am not wasting my strength in futile, hopeless struggles. The battle I fight now is worth while.

"Find a better *and* a less costly way"—this is the rule that governs the Clothcraft Shops.

By bringing the precision of scientific tailoring into every operation, the makers have earned the right to say: "Clothcraft Clothes—ready-to-wear—yield *the utmost* in fit, looks and wear that can be given men and young men at moderate prices."

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5130 Blue, $16.50
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3130 " Gray, $20.00

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(Signed) F. C. BOWEN,
Barber & Co., Inc.,
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17 Battery Place, New York

Doesn't matter whether you're "going it alone" in a one-man office, or are handling big mailings in a large establishment, there's the very size and style of DIREX-ALL machine for your business.

More than a mailing machine—*more* than a listing machine—*more* than a billing machine. Combines the functions of all three, and can be used for miscellaneous other work now done by hand.

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Protect your electric light, heat and power circuits with Economy renewable Fuses. Whether you use one or thousands of fuses per year, it will pay you to abandon old-fashioned, wasteful and oftentimes undependable methods of fusing circuits, in favor of Economy Fuses—accurately rated, safe under all conditions of service and effecting a cut of 80% of yearly fuse maintenance expense when used instead of "one time" fuses.

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Be sure to use Economy Fuses in your home, not only because they save money, but because they are the best protection obtainable against the fire and accident hazards of overloads, short circuits and effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits.

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Send ten cents in stamps for one 3 to 30 ampere, 250 volt, ferrule type, Economy renewable Fuse, with two "Drop Out" Links. (Retail price, one fuse only, 35 cents; in Canada 40 cents.)

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THE FORTUNE MAKER

(Continued from Page 5)

leave believe the whole gang up there was in cahoots on the bribery business; but Walter Hayes undertook to put it across, and when it came to a show-down old friend John just let him hold the bag. That's what I'd just as soon believe as not. Anyway, there's John Turner's testimony. Repeated on the witness stand, it meant stripes for Hayes, and Hayes knew it.

"You can guess whether he'd be sore about that or not. How deep the woman mess went, and what cause for soreness there was in that, I don't pretend to know. Probably you can find out if you want to. I've got an unverified story about Mrs. Hayes going to Turner's house one evening a few days before the murder. You can look into that if you're interested. Now to go back to this bribery business a minute.

"Walter Hayes and a man named McGregor, who was general manager at the motor works, had just bought a controlling interest in the Arcum Company here and were putting a lot of fresh money into it. Well, I've got the goods on the Arcum Company. You see, these pious, new-rich plutocrats had been running the city and county here to suit themselves, on the beautiful theory that they were making the place rich; and the twenty or thirty thousand poor devils whose labor created all the wealth, including the huge graft of the plutocrats, shouldn't have anything to say about it.

"They practically assessed themselves, and when they wanted any public property they just politely took it.

"I promised to make this Arcum Company cough up a great wad of back taxes and tear down part of its plant that's built over a public alley. Now Hayes, you see, was just getting out of the motor company and into the Arcum Company. If he could use the motor company's money to defeat me that would be a fine stroke of business for his Arcum Company. That explains why he was so hot for the bribery and undertook to put it across himself.

"Well, he was caught. Just one thing could save him. If John Turner testified, it was the pen for him. He took his little gun in hand and made sure Friend John didn't testify. There's that business of the duplicate key to Turner's office. Somebody on the inside must have got that. Well, Walter Hayes was right on the inside. The man who fired that shot was very familiar with the place. He had some means of knowing just when Turner would be alone. Inside workings again. More than that, right at John Turner's finger was a push button that rang a bell out in the anteroom. If a stranger had stepped in there from the hall wouldn't John Turner have pushed that button? You bet he would! It was no stranger that stepped in.

"And get this: I can put you in touch any time with four perfectly responsible witnesses who will swear they saw Walter Hayes at the mouth of the alley beside the general office building within a minute or two of the murder. He went down that alley, climbed into his car, which he'd left some distance from the plant, and drove off. Remember, he'd resigned from the motor company then. He had no business there—no business he was talking about, I mean.

"Now there's the truth about John Turner's murder. Check it up. You'll find there ain't a crack in it anywhere."

Well, I asked him some questions, and went away with some thoughts and emotions surging round in my head that I didn't expect to have when I entered his office. It was clear enough that Dent had a violent prejudice against everybody in what he called the plutocratic gang; clear enough, too, that he was given to reckless statements. For all that, it was a decidedly interesting sort of story.

Of course, if Dent's theory of the murder was right, it was not a case for the Government at all and I had nothing to do but go back to Washington. I was interested in the case, however. Breyfogle and I had worked together more or less on it; that being, in fact, the beginning of our long association. I had a great opinion of him. Certainly I paid no attention to Dent's absurd charges against him.

So I told Breyfogle what Dent had told me. Later on, when he was more famous, they said Breyfogle could make an iron dog talk if that dog had seen anything worth knowing. In time Breyfogle got Walter Hayes' statement, from which, supplemented a little here and there from other sources, the following true account is made up.

II

THINKING all these things over last night, I hunted round the house until I got hold of a Bible and found this half-remembered passage in Ecclesiastes: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all." That was our case, as you will see.

This strange adventure, with its monstrous issue, began in the little tailor shop at the rear of the People's Clothing Emporium, in Marthasville, Illinois, the middle of November, 1895.

Marthasville had a population of about two thousand and not enough business to go round comfortably. The population had been substantially the same ever since Civil War times. It was the sort of town that would naturally hold a low opinion of foreigners. But it made an exception in favor of Simon Weil, proprietor of the People's Emporium—a pursey, round-shouldered, dim-eyed, worried-looking little man. The town's best opinion allowed that Simon was a very respectable man.

Twice before Simon's cousin, Sol Rosenbaum, had appeared in Marthasville for a sojourn of several months. These appearances were coincident with periods of such extreme adversity that the cot in the little tailor shop at the rear of the Emporium and such fare as Simon's wife chose to provide were Sol's only means of keeping body and soul together. He was then about thirty, five feet six or seven inches high, and weighed not much over a hundred pounds. His face was mostly nose, with a stubbly little black mustache. The top of his head was just big enough to hold a hat. Among many other bootless enterprises, he had been in the show business; and in this back room of the Emporium he was secretly rehearsing a vaudeville company.

The members of the company were John Turner, Walter Hayes and Wade Carter. The two former were respectively twenty and nineteen years old; the latter was twenty-one. John Turner and Walter Hayes had grown up together. Between them a romantic boys' friendship subsisted, with the romance rather more on Walter's side perhaps than on John's. John was the leader—active, adventurous, daring, with a great stock of confidence in himself. Walter was really timid by nature—always conscious of it and always trying to hide it; so that whatever John suggested Walter promptly seconded with a bold front, though his heart might be quaking in his boots at the time. The boys had gone together to Macfarlane College, a little fresh-water institution that tried, on wholly insufficient means, to provide higher education with a strong church flavor. Together—under John's active leadership—they had been expelled in disgrace.

John's father was proprietor of the carriage works, Marthasville's only manufacturing industry, and not much of an industry at that. Stories were still current about the elder Turner's unregenerate youth—drinking, gambling, and so on. Now he was a chief pillar of the church and excessively rigorous in his judgments. He had grown stout, and had a fat, pasty white face, with dark, sharp little eyes twinkling out of the infolding flesh. His only worldly indulgence, except business, was shooting. He held the local record for quail and prairie chicken, and possessed a wonderful, much-ornamented shotgun that he had won at a state tournament. The cost and virtues of this gun were a sort of legend among the boys of Marthasville; but it was kept like a crown jewel, to be exhibited on rare occasions and never used.

It was only three years before that he had given over horsewhipping his rebellious son—judging it hardly safe any more. The two hated each other pretty cordially and frankly. After the expulsion from college John was put to work in the carriage factory on a kind of bread-and-iron regimen. He was now nearly six feet tall, well made, handsome, with brown eyes that were dark almost to blackness, and hair to match.

Walter Hayes was shorter and slighter, but agile. He had an almost girlishly fair

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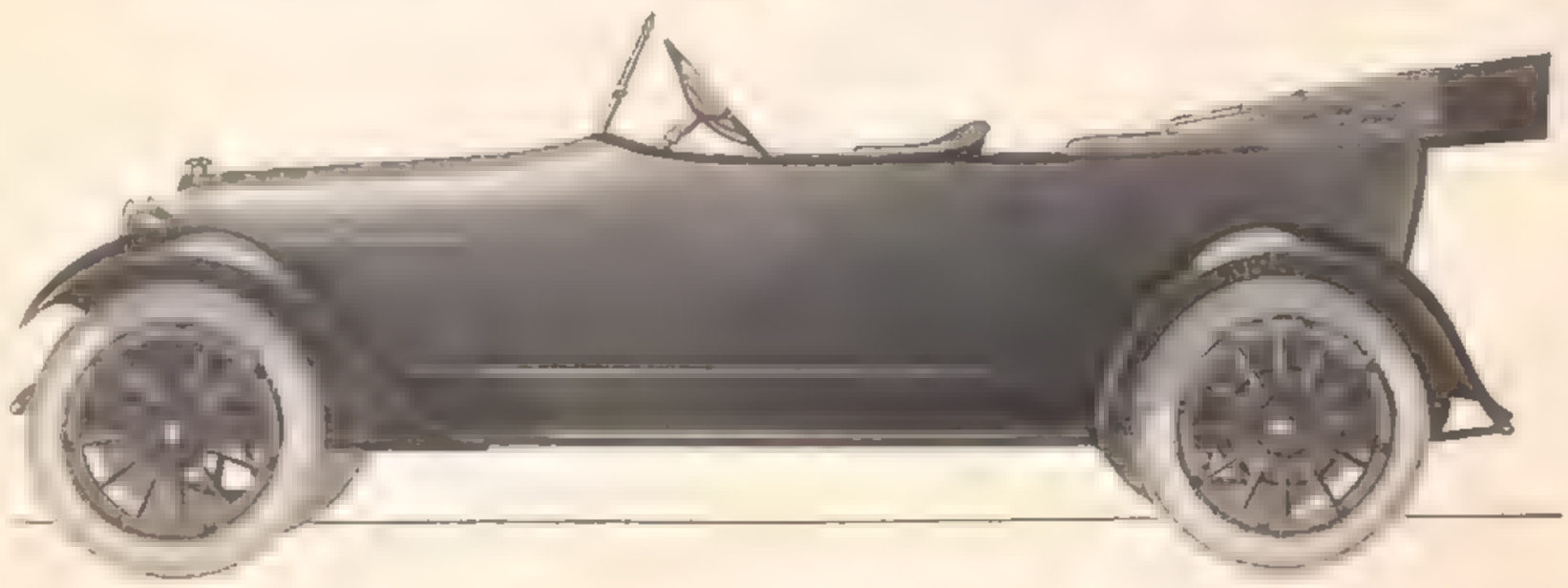
Unnecessary to Pay More



Chalmers 5-Passenger 6-30—$1250

"How unnecessary to pay more than $1250 for a high grade 5-passenger touring car!" Those may not be your words, but that surely will be your thought when you examine this 5-passenger 6-30 Chalmers. This is not the first high grade Chalmers car at a surprising price. Chalmers has been building exceptionally good cars at exceptionally low prices for a good many years.

Uncommon—Distinctive—Attractive

No need to caution you not to miss the Chalmers lines and Chalmers curves. They are too uncommon. Too distinctive. Too attractive. In the front, a high, narrow radiator. A hood with a long straight slope. Chalmers unique molded oval fenders. Large, brilliant double-bulb lamps. A body that is handsome and comfortable.

Note the rear seat cushion. It is three inches wider than it needs to be. And the front seat has four inches more room than you require.

The wheelbase is long. That gives length to the body. There is four inches more room in the front compartment than you need, and eight inches surplus leg room in the rear compartment. The seats are unusually wide.

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Scores of gold, silver and bronze trophies adorn the reception room of the Chalmers factory. They were won for speed, for hill climbing, for endurance and economy.

Just recently, in 1916, Chalmers led its class in the Pike's Peak hill climb, carried off the Giant's Despair climbing classic, set a new record from Chicago to New York, and won many other events.

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You need what Chalmers gives. Beauty plus reliability plus performance. You get those things in the Chalmers at a sensible price. Why go higher? Moreover to go lower may prove poor economy. So pay the sensible price for a sound and sensible car.

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Two " Roadster	1250	Seven " Limousine	2550
Seven " Touring	1350	Seven " Town Car	2550

(All f. o. b. Detroit)

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For all public and semi-public wash-rooms ScotTissue is the logical, practical and most satisfactory Towel Service both for the user and the owner. Heads of stores, office buildings, hotels, theatres, restaurants, factories, offices, schools and institutions should investigate ScotTissue and send for further interesting and valuable information.

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ScotTissue Towels

(Continued from Page 74)

complexion, with blue eyes and reddish hair, which he wore pompadour. His father was assistant cashier of the First National Bank—a strict, precise, rather dry man. He had put Walter humbly at work in the bank. The two youths, under their deep cloud of reprobation, were profoundly dissatisfied, aseethe with vague rebellion, ready for any sort of enterprise that would get them away from Marthasville.

Wade Carter had come to Marthasville that spring, his father having bought the Weekly Herald, which was a dubious, unstable sort of proposition. John and Walter someway took up with Wade Carter—or Smiley, as he at once came to be called. He was just twenty-one then, spare, lean-necked, with a thin face and gray-green eyes. His ambition was to be an actor, which his father regarded as only the vagary of a lazy youth who would rather do anything than work. So Smiley, in a desultory and unsatisfactory manner, was learning the printer's trade in his father's office—also seething with unrest and rebellion. He really had a droll humor and a notable gift of mimicry. He was always learning little monologues and reciting them. Finally, under his prompting, the three youths played a farce, followed by some vaudeville sketches, in the old town hall, charging ten cents admission.

There were the three restless youths, talking together and incidentally talking with Sol Rosenbaum—greatly interesting to them as a person who could tell many strange adventures. Only a little of what Sol told was true, but it was all exciting. Now Sol himself was aching for any sort of stake that would get him away from Marthasville. He proposed the vaudeville business.

Smiley Carter took it up in heart-thrilling earnest as a means of achieving his ambition for the stage. Probably John and Walter would have been attracted by the mere adventure, but Sol flattered them outrageously—especially John, who was naturally responsive to that stimulant. John's acting, in fact, was mostly a display of vocal and muscular vigor; but Sol declared it was great. He was astute enough to see that John, once won, would pull the others. It wasn't long before he had John convinced that a promising stage career awaited him.

There was the question of capital. Sol said they ought to have a couple of hundred dollars, for even a show as meritorious as this was going to be might encounter a streak of lean before it struck the fat. The boys managed among them to scrape together a hundred and forty dollars.

Getting away was not so difficult. Inspired by Sol, they said they were going to Newcomb, thirty miles distant, to give an amateur stage performance like the one they had given in the town hall. So, with parental scoffs and objections, but no positive outburst, they got themselves on the train, with a big, old trunk, which Sol had borrowed from the basement of the Emporium, containing the properties.

The less said of the show the better. Sol had two or three dog-eared, paper-bound books of monologues, dialogues, stock jokes, and the like, for Smiley Carter, who really had a talent for comic acting. Walter Hayes could do some amateur conjuring tricks. John Turner had a good, untrained barytone voice. He and Walter knew some college gymnasium stunts. All three of them could dance after a fashion.

Oddly enough, the little show succeeded for about three weeks in making expenses. This was altogether due to Smiley Carter. It was he who made the audience laugh and got the applause. Sol had sense enough to see that; so the thing soon took the form of an entertainment by Mr. Carter, with incidental accompaniments by Messrs. Turner and Hayes.

Smiley lighted and expanded under it. For him it had the sweet and heady taste of success. He felt sure now of making his way to the real stage. His thin face was always shining, always expanding in a happy grin. He was tireless for the show, continually patching up new monologues, thinking out new strokes of "business," working the other two into a position where a comic result could be got. He devised droll handbills and composed funny advance notices for the village papers to print in consideration of a handful of tickets; but he never crowed over the other two or indicated that they weren't contributing as much as he. On the mere money side, as a matter of fact, he had supplied seventy-five dollars, to John's forty and Walter's twenty-five.

The show had been out two weeks, heading southwest and playing in country towns, when Sol sprung a surprise on his associates—a wonderful piece of good luck, he said. They were barely making expenses, he pointed out; they couldn't make any real money unless they had a woman character. That's what would attract the men. And by most extraordinary fortune the very woman they needed had fallen right into their hands; so he had engaged her forthwith at only twenty dollars a week to begin with.

The boys took their godsend in glum astonishment. The notion of having a strange woman along in their jolly little company was highly disconcerting. But Sol was managing the show. Taken by surprise, it didn't occur to them to rebel. So they suffered themselves to be led up to the dingy little hotel parlor and introduced to their good fortune—Miss Madeline Jones by name, though she appeared on the bills as Señorita Juanita.

She said she was eighteen, and probably wasn't over twenty-three or twenty-four. She also said her mother was Spanish and her father owned a large cattle ranch in Texas. The boys guessed afterward that her descent on the maternal side was Mexican and the ranch largely imaginary. She had dark hair and eyes, and an olive complexion—rather handsome after a fashion, but getting stout. She could dance passably in her threadbare comic-opera costume of a Spanish señorita; also, she could make a loud rhythmic noise, which she called singing, to the strumming of a guitar.

So Señorita Juanita was plumped on their hands. It developed very soon that Sol had known her somewhere and had been writing to her in Chicago, inviting her to join the show. That was how she happened to appear so miraculously in Kirkton, where the boys were introduced to her In fact, Madeline herself let the company know this, in Sol's presence, the very next day. She said he had deceived her grossly as to the character and prospects of the show. She had a temper that went along with her black eyes and was not at all nice in her choice of adjectives. When she finished wiping up the floor with poor, big-nosed, lying little Sol the boys were almost sorry for him.

Madeline's onslaught, in the presence of the boys, reduced Sol to the state of a trampled worm. His little face and figure had never before been particularly expressive of anything. Now they were as eloquent of dejection as a kicked dog is. From that time on Madeline refused to have anything whatever to do with him—talking to Smiley Carter instead whenever there was a bit of business to be discussed; treating Smiley, in fact, as though he were the manager.

Little Sol bore his humiliation four days—always with his abject air of a kicked dog, keeping himself out of sight as much as possible. Then he silently betook himself and his unrequited love to parts unknown, without saying good-by. Incidentally he took all the company's funds except sixteen dollars, which the boys happened to have among them. Madeline was disgusted with them for letting Sol hold all the money, but she stayed on, perforce, hoping the show would make enough to give her her twenty dollars at the end of the week. Sol's defection, however, was practically the end.

By that time Smiley Carter had fallen in love with Madeline Jones and the show business went to smash pretty rapidly—in a dismal fashion John Turner had already got enough of it. The applause was all for Smiley. Really it was Smiley's show; and trailing along as an unimportant accessory to another man's success was not in the least to John's taste. The audiences were cold to him—sometimes jeered him. He was disgusted with the pigs, and wouldn't appear on the stage at all any more except in some gymnastic exercises that exhibited his fine figure and strength.

It may as well be said for Señorita Juanita that she hadn't the slightest notion of involving herself with any one of three raw youngsters who would probably soon be wiring their parents for railroad fare home. Still, if one penniless youngster was in love with her she didn't mind smiling on the others enough to keep his jealousy awake.

Older people talk with foolish derogation of a youth's love affairs. Anybody who has been a youth and in love knows better.

(Continued on Page 78)

The heat in your automobile engine ranges from 200° to 1000°. This terrific heat breaks down ordinary oil. After only a few hours' use a large volume of sediment is formed.

Engineering tests show that over 50% of ordinary oil is turned into sediment in a fifty-hour run and loses all lubricating value. This means a loss of four to five horse power.

How the U. S. Bureau of Standards tests automobile oils

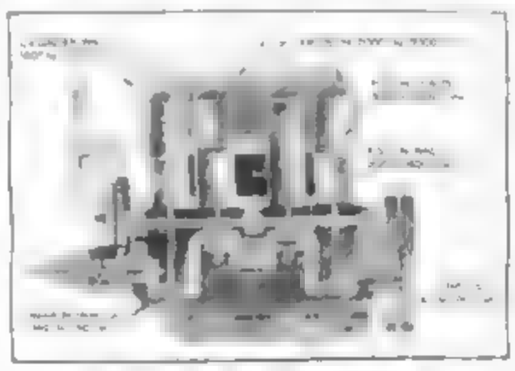
What heat does to automobile oil. How sediment causes friction and wear. What the Faulkner Process means to motorists. 60c to make test will save you over $50 a year

Do you know the greatest weakness of ordinary automobile oils? Do you know the chief cause of wear and expense? Do you know how the U. S. Bureau of Standards tests automobile oils—what test this Bureau considers important?

You will find the answer to these questions in the U. S. Bureau of Standards Technologic Paper No. 73 —"Data on the Oxidation of Automobile Cylinder Oils." This publication explains the testing of automobile oils by the sedimentation method and shows the great importance of this test. It sums up as follows:

The determining value of an oil (sediment test) ... be recognized as a valuable criterion ... and methods ... its determination ... way into text-books.

Today it is generally accepted fact that absence of sediment is the best test of a lubricant's efficiency



These high operating ... deflection

How sediment causes permanent damage

Oil that contains sediment causes metal to metal friction because the sediment takes the place of a large part of the liquid oil. Then the metal surfaces are pressed into each other and the microscopic teeth grab and cut in. That means friction, wear and expense.

The damage caused by sediment cannot be repaired. Eventually the worn parts must be thrown away and new parts purchased and installed.

How to reduce sediment 86%

The illustration at the top of the page shows the sediment test which the U. S. Bureau of Standards has approved. Notice that the left-hand bottle contains fully seven times as much sediment as the other bottle. The first bottle contains ordinary oil after 500 miles of running. The other contains Veedol.

Notice that there is only 5% or 6% sediment in Veedol as against 50% in ordinary oil. This means that by using Veedol you will save friction and wear and greatly reduce your operating expenses.

The Faulkner Process

Veedol is unlike ordinary oil because it is made by the Faulkner Process. This is a new discovery used exclusively by this company, that gives Veedol its remarkable heat-resisting and wear-resisting properties. New equipment for this process costs over $300,000.

Ordinary automobile oil *cannot* be made like Veedol and *cannot* have the same lubricating properties. Veedol resists heat, does not evaporate rapidly, does not carbonize if your motor is in good condition — and finally, reduces sediment 86%.

60c to make test will save you over $50

Five gallons of Veedol will only cost you about 60c more than five gallons of ordinary oil. With five gallons of Veedol you can drive 2000 to 5000 miles, probably two or three times the mileage you get from ordinary oil. Thus you can easily compare costs.

Since friction is the chief cause of friction, when you eliminate 86% of the sediment you save wear and save expense. Users of Veedol who have kept records say these savings run from $50 to $115 a year.

Make the test as follows: Clean out the crank case of your engine. Fill it with kerosene. Run your motor about *thirty seconds* under its own power. Draw out all kerosene and refill with Veedol. Then make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches.

You will find your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability. It will have less vibration and will give greater gasoline mileage. You save friction and cut down expense.

Among the users of Veedol are many large companies that keep a careful record of operating cost... Hudson Motor Car Co..., Ace Coach Co..., the United States, the St... mobile Co..., New York, ... Adams Express Company, and the American Express Company.

These users pay more (per gallon for Veedol because they save money by using it.

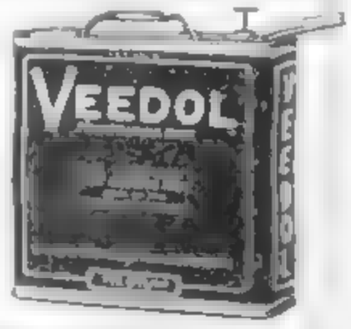
Buy Veedol Today

...dealers sell Veedol. Each dealer has a Veedol Lubrication ... grade of Veedol for your car or tractor for ... If you cannot get Veedol write for name of ... Buy a can of Veedol today—begin now to get ...

A convenient pouring device is supplied with each metal container.

Supplied in
Sealed Cans
½ gallon, 1 gallon, 5 gallons
Steel Drums
...5 gallons
Oak Bar...
28 gallons, 50 gallons

Guaranteed when used in the ...



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PLATT & WASHBURN REFINING COMPANY
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Use Grease of Tested Quality

The Sediment Test shows you how far Veedol excels ordinary oil. Veedol Grease is equally superior to ordinary grease.

There is a Veedol Grease for every purpose:—

1. Veedol Cup Grease.
2. Veedol Graphite Grease—For general lubrication.
3. ... Trans-Gear ... For gears where the housings are not tight
4. Veedol Trans-Gear Oil ... For gears enclosed in tight ...

LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVERS—The Candy Mints
In a Million Pockets
But why not? If you've ever tasted the toothsome flavor of Life Savers you probably have a package in your pocket. It's your misfortune if you haven't, for Life Savers are the daintiest mints that ever put joy into a weary tongue.
Buy a package, but watch out for imitations. Genuine Life Savers have a hole in the middle. The hole is small, but the meaning is big.
Try some Life Savers and "you'll see through it."
5¢
Three Flavors—PEP-O-MINT, WINT-O-GREEN and CL-O-VE
MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY, New York
Canadian Sales Agents
MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd., Montreal
5¢
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

(Continued from Page 76)

Often enough it is exactly round twenty-one that the deepest infatuation occurs. So it was with thin-faced, eager, gray-green-eyed Smiley Carter. He had the right intense bilious temperament for it. He went quite daffy over the girl and she made him helplessly, wretchedly jealous. That, also, disgusted John.

More than ever the show fell on Smiley's shoulders, for John would have hardly anything to do with it. There was not only the acting, but the managing, posting up bills, distributing dodgers, seeing the local papers. Walter Hayes helped, yet he was always taking his cue from John. Well, Smiley worked desperately at it in a hell of longing and jealous pangs—gnawing his thumb nail, hardly sleeping, growing visibly hollow-eyed. And Madeline helped him on by coquetting with John or Walter. She was in bad temper all the time, because of her own unpromising plight.

They got to Planters' Grove with six dollars in the bank roll. The town hadn't been billed; so they must lay over a day, which meant they must get two days' expenses out of one night's receipts. That was unpromising enough, the town itself being only a slow place of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. But there was another reason for discouragement. The leading grocer died the day they came to town. The week before a burglar had broken into his house. Rousing, the grocer grappled with him and received two pistol wounds that proved fatal. The whole town was under the stir and pall of the tragedy—not in quite the frame of mind for a dubious vaudeville entertainment.

John Turner and Walter Hayes talked it over very soberly in the shabby hotel that evening—for, in the dismal division that had befallen, Smiley kept pretty much to himself and found it sorry enough company. Walter said they might as well throw up their hands and telegraph home for funds.

"I'll rot first!" said John gloomily. "You know how I got the forty dollars I put in? I sold father's prize shotgun to a traveling man."

He hadn't told that before, and somehow it struck Walter Hayes with awe, as a kind of crime beyond the imagination. Selling Mr. Turner's prize shotgun seemed to him a thing stupendous, fairly superhuman—vaguely belonging in the awful category of Paradise Lost. He realized that John couldn't go back home. And John even then retained an unshakable confidence in himself. It wasn't a great way to St. Louis, he said. They'd beat their way there if they had to, and get good jobs. He stood up tall and straight as he said it, looking so handsome and confident that it seemed a good job must come to him, hat in hand.

Smiley was miserable enough, too, for Madeline had treated him badly that day. He and John and Walter had a dingy double room, with two beds in it and the old property trunk in a corner. Madeline had a room across the hall.

Smiley came into the double room about half past nine, gnawing his thumb nail, his gray-green eyes smoldering, and dropped down on the trunk. As it happened, Walter Hayes had gone down to the hotel office. After a minute—probably with a helpless stirring of jealousy, for Madeline and Walter had been playing cards that afternoon—he said: "Where's Pips?"

"He's across in Madeline's room playing cards with her," said John maliciously.

"That's a lie!" Smiley shot back, his eyes blazing.

"Oh, well, if you want a row, you know ——" said John, standing up.

Walter Hayes came in just then and it was smoothed over. But it left a mark all round.

The next afternoon John and Walter took a long walk, though the day was lowering, with a nasty drizzle, half rain and half snow. Tickets for the evening's performance were on sale at the cigar store near the hotel. They had put off inquiring about the sales—having a presentiment they would get little comfort from the report. Now, however, they stopped at the cigar store to learn their fate. Their forebodings had hardly prepared them for the appalling fact that only four tickets at twenty-five cents each had been sold. Evidently they wouldn't have money enough to pay the hotel bill—say nothing of railroad fare.

The owner of the cigar shop was a lank and sociable person, in his shirt sleeves—a calico shirt without a collar—and the sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, so his red-flannel undershirt showed from the elbows down to his wrists. He said the proprietor of the opera house had just been in looking up the ticket sales and had said he wouldn't open his opera house for the show unless the management paid him some cash before half past seven. The cigar-store man advised the boys to go see the opera-house man. Having two complimentary tickets, he was anxious that the show should be given.

When John and Walter got out on the sloppy sidewalk they had to stop and laugh. Luck was so bad that it was really amusing. They were still laughing when Smiley Carter materialized out of the soggy gloom in front of them—also coming to inquire about the ticket sales. There was no particular reason for it, but the laughter mysteriously grated on him. Walter, with his irrepressible friendliness and a desire to be on good terms, sang out:

"It's grand, Smiley! Only four tickets sold and the opera-house man won't open up for us unless we pay him some money. Run over and slip him a hundred-dollar bill."

And John, with some undigested irritation in his system, was mysteriously moved to remember that Smiley had called him a liar the night before; so he chipped in:

"You're the whole show, anyway, you know."

Then Smiley:

"All you've done so far is sponge on the rest of us. Suppose you dig up!"

So there they were again, scowling and bristling at each other. Again Walter interposed:

"Aw, for Pete's sake, fellows, cut that out! Great Scott! Can't we be friends? We're all broke together, anyway. Come on; let's all go have a bottle of beer!"

It was seldom any of them drank as much as a glass of beer, but that was still a symbol of good fellowship—as well as a bit of bravado against their bad luck. Possibly it would have answered, but John Turner was still cross-grained. It always irked and nettled him to have anybody bristle at him—there was that much belligerence in his composition. So he said:

"I won't drink with a fellow that's called me a liar and not taken it back."

"Not drinking won't keep you from being a liar," Smiley retorted, and turned on his heel and started toward the hotel.

So there was the fighting word again and John Turner started after him. Walter Hayes slipped his hand through John's arm, pleading with him and holding him back. What difference did it make? They knew Smiley was nutty about the girl; let it go.

There was a narrow, smelly barroom in the basement of the hotel, with stairs that led down to it from the street and other stairs at the rear that led up into the yard back of the hotel, where there was a tumble-down livery stable and a long shed, open in front and divided off into stalls, in which farmers hitched their teams in bad weather while doing their marketing. Smiley went down the front steps into the barroom. John yielded somewhat to Walter's brake and even halted at his entreaty, yet finally kept on; so he and Walter went down into the barroom a couple of minutes behind Smiley—and saw something that changed John's intentions.

Near the front door, when Smiley entered, was a farmer—a gaunt old fellow with a long reddish beard, a tousled cap stuck on one side of his head, and a faded brown overcoat that dangled about his frame. He was so drunk he could barely stand. Lurching unsteadily round at the opening of the door, he bumped into Smiley, who gave him an impatient little push and was going on to the bar.

But the farmer clutched out with an unsteady hand, caught the belt of Smiley's ulster, and hung on. So when John and Walter entered they saw the wabbling old man hanging to Smiley's ulster and inquiring incoherently whether he wanted to fight or to wrestle. Wrestling, it appeared, was his strong point. He could throw any man in the county and was anxious to wager any amount on it.

John and Walter stood against the wall, grinning at Smiley's ridiculous position; and Smiley, mad, but realizing the absurdity of a row with the muddled old sot, tried to get away from him. The bartender, in an amazingly dirty white shirt, came from behind the bar and induced the old fellow to let go. The wrestler lurched over to the bar, before which another man stood; but

(Continued on Page 81)

Three Carpenter-Morton Money Saving Products Each One Makes Old Things New

CAMPBELL'S VARNISH STAIN

For Floors, Furniture and Interior Surfaces

ANY ONE CAN USE IT

Three Reasons Why It Is Better:

1. Because it dissolves grease spots.
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Those are the big reasons why Campbell's Varnish Stain is so much better than so-called "stains" that obscure the grain of the wood, dry with streaked color and fail to wear.

Campbell's Varnish Stain gives a beautiful, even color. It brings out the full beauty of the grain of the wood—it penetrates the wood fibres and covers with a tough, hard finish that will withstand the hardest use.

Easily applied and dries hard in twelve hours with a smooth, glossy finish.

There are thirteen colors: Natural Wood Color, Light Oak, Dark Oak, Golden Oak, Walnut, Cherry, Mahogany, Green, Rosewood, Flat Black, Gloss Black, Piazza Green and Piazza Red.

Be sure you ask your dealer for Campbell's Varnish Stain and see that you get the yellow can with the famous picture of the camel on it.

In ordering, be sure to give color wanted and the name of the dealer nearest you. Read our special offer opposite. $1.30 value for 45 cents.

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There are 14 colors: Jet Black, Dull Black, Cardinal Red, Yellow, Navy Blue, Cadet Blue, Sage Green, Cerise, Burnt Straw, Brown, Violet, Lavender, Old Rose and Natural.

Directions on every package for mixing to get most any desired shade.

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Sold by drug and department stores throughout the United States and Canada. Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, we will send a bottle of Colorite (any color) postpaid upon receipt of 25c. See our special offer below.

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It is a pure white finish produced by a new process that makes it wonderfully elastic, durable and washable. Can be used equally well on metal, plaster, wood or any surface, interior or exterior. Cannot crack, chip or peel off.

Campbell's Virgin White is sold with the Carpenter-Morton iron-clad guarantee of satisfaction or money back. The finest finish for living rooms, halls, dining rooms, bathrooms, kitchens, bedrooms, and other woodwork—white beds and other furniture. Easily applied and keeps virgin white under all conditions.

Don't accept just a white enamel. Insist upon Campbell's Virgin White and be sure of satisfaction. Read our special offer below. $1.30 value for 45c.

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If you are interested in improving the appearance of your home—if you welcome ideas from a national authority on how to select and arrange furniture, rugs, curtains and decorations—this offer of Ekin Wallick's famous book "The Attractive Home" will specially appeal to you.

"The Attractive Home" is a thoroughly practical book, for the family of moderate income. It is superbly illustrated in six colors. Attractively bound in gray boards, it is a book fit to grace your library table and well worth the price of one dollar.

Go to your nearest dealer. He will give you one of Mr. Wallick's books "The Attractive Home" and a ½ pint can of Campbell's Varnish Stain, any color, for 45c, or a 25c bottle of Colorite for 40c. You will be buying $1.30 worth for 45c.

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A Soft Flood of Diffused Light

Warner-Lenz at a Road Turn

Daylight on Every Hand

Some use Warner-Lenz because the laws forbid a glare. And safety argues not to blind the drivers and pedestrians ahead.

But where laws don't reach, and roads are lonely, there are overwhelming reasons for the Warner-Lenz.

Note the turn we picture. What good are ordinary shaft-lights, as shown below, piercing straight ahead?

So it is at every turn and corner. The best way to light those turns is with the Warner-Lenz.

All For $3.50 to $5

The Warner-Lenz makes dimmers unnecessary. Everywhere, in country or city, you can use your full-power light.

There is no glare, no dazzle. The light is softened and diffused. Each Warner-Lenz is 176 lenses in one.

The light still reaches 300 to 500 feet ahead. But it also lights almost a full half-circle. It floods the roadside and the road.

Uphill or downhill, straight ahead or turning, all that lies before you is well-lighted. Night-driving becomes like day-driving.

And all these advantages, for the life of your car, cost but $3.50 to $5. See price list below.

Already 350,000 Cars

The Warner-Lenz is a new invention—only a few months old. But 16 famous makers already have adopted them as standard equipment for all their 1917 cars. Note the names of those makers. All made exhaustive tests. All compared the Warner-Lenz with every other type. And all are paying for Warner-Lenz seven times the price they have previously paid.

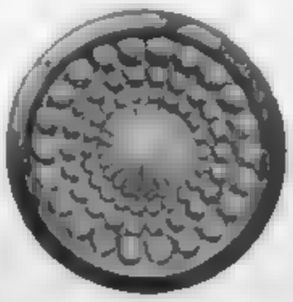
Already, too, some 350,000 owners have displaced old lenses with the Warner-Lenz. Never in the history of Motordom has a new accessory met such sudden, widespread welcome.

All because the Warner-Lenz means safety. Because it complies with all laws. And because no man who once drives with it will ever again drive without it.

Get Them for Tonight

You are bound to adopt them. But this is to urge that you get them for tonight. Don't use dim lights any longer. Don't use lights which dazzle others. Don't use lights which leave the nearby roadside dark. The Warner-Lenz are lenses only. Simply remove your present lenses and put these in their place.

Go to your accessory dealer or send to us. But remember that Warner-Lenz is the one type which leading engineers are adopting. Let no one convince you that others are as good.



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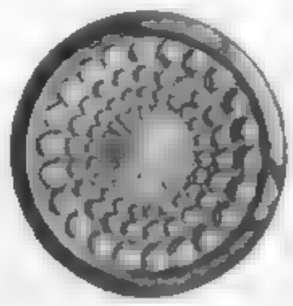
Mr. A. P. Warner, Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer, personally guarantees every pair



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Old-Style Lenses at a Turn

Prices of Warner-Lenz Per Pair

	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive	$3.50
9¼ to 10½, inclusive,	4.00
10⅝ to 12, inclusive,	5.00

West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

Please Note
If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.

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ONE-Button
UNION SUIT

NEW YORK has $330,000,000 invested in subways to save a few minutes in getting about town. Yet you can save time every day by wearing the HATCH ONE-BUTTON UNION SUIT without paying a cent more than for the old-fashioned kind of union suit. Its one master button at the chest does all the work that a row of eight or ten used to do, and does it more comfortably too. This popular, sensible, stylish, unique garment will appeal to you for its quality fabrics and splendid workmanship.

You can get these suits in knit goods or in the famous Keep Kool mesh at most good department stores and haberdashers', but if you have the least difficulty send your size with remittance to the manufacturers at Albany, N. Y., and we will gladly supply you direct, delivery prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PRICES:

Men's Suits—$1, $1.50, $2, $2.50
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A catalog illustrating the complete line of summer and winter weights will be sent free on request.

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Relieves tired, aching feet, weak arch, turned ankles, cramped toes, burning or tenderness on soles.

Prevents flat foot. Equalizes the body's weight and relieves pain. Worn in your regular shoes. Makes walking or standing rest. Scientifically fitted to your foot. Price $2.50 the pair. If not at your dealers, write us.

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(Continued from Page 78)

his sodden brain had just grip enough to hold the idea that he had somehow been affronted. He managed to open his vest and take a long yellow wallet from the inner pocket. Then he kept idiotically slapping the bar with the wallet, calling the bartender and the other man there, and Smiley and everybody in general, to witness that he would wager any amount on a wrestling match between himself and Smiley, or anybody else. Meantime the bartender and the other man were coaxing him to go home.

Presently he staggered over to the rear door. Going out, he attempted to put the wallet in his inner overcoat pocket, but his unsteady hand missed its aim and the wallet fell to the floor by the doorsill. Smiley, John and Walter saw it plainly lying there, and all three started toward it, but Smiley had the advantage of distance, seeing which the other two halted. They saw him open the door and give the wallet a kick with his foot, sending it outside. Then he went out after it.

Immediately John and Walter wondered how much money Smiley had found and whether he was going to divide. It did not occur to either of them that he would restore the money to its owner. Neither of them would have thought of doing that if he had picked up the wallet. They were on a far adventure in a strange country and they frankly regarded the wallet as treasure-trove.

They loitered in the barroom a few minutes and then drifted up to the little hotel office, their minds busy with this odd freak of fortune. They sat over in the corner, speculating under their breaths about the contents of the wallet—all the time rather hoping Smiley would appear and offer to share. After half an hour or so they went up to their room, still in the same frame of mind. Smiley was not there, but after they had sat round some time he came in.

Smiley entered the room quickly, his nervous gray-green eyes shining. It occurred to Walter that he had come from Madeline across the hall. He shut the door after him and sat down on the edge of the trunk. Whatever had been in his mind before respecting them was all swept away in the rush of a new drama.

"There won't be any show to-night," he said. "You fellows can have the properties and go on if you like. I'm going to pull out for Chicago on the night train. We may as well split up."

He pulled the wallet out of his ulster pocket and extracted a sheaf of bills from it. The others caught their breaths as they saw how many there were. With fingers that trembled a little in their eagerness Smiley counted out a hundred and fifty dollars, which he handed over to John.

"There's Pips' share and yours," he said.

They could see that only a few bills remained in his hand. He put them back in the wallet, stuck the latter in his ulster pocket, and stood up, apparently about to go out.

It was the old Smiley's tall, spare frame, his lean face and features; but they felt a certain strangeness in him. He seemed suddenly to have grown up and grown away from them. In his deep excitement there was a man's decision. He took a step and halted.

"We've been all right together," he said. "I wish you fellows good luck. Shake hands."

He held out a lean hand to John, who took it blankly; then to Walter, who managed to say:

"Well, good luck, Smiley!"

He strode out, in his dream, leaving them a good deal agape. But Walter Hayes listened and heard a door across the hall open and shut.

"Say," said he, "he's got Madeline to go with him! I'll bet there was a lot more than a hundred and fifty dollars in that pocketbook."

They stared over that a moment and John Turner vaguely resented it—another man walking off with the stellar rôle!

"Well, let him go," he said. "Smiley's a big fool, but he was square enough with us." Then, abruptly: "Look here, Pips, let's dig right out of this. What do we want to hang round for? I remember there's a train East about six o'clock. Let's take it. Smiley can have the props."

"Sure! That'll suit me," said Walter. In fact, he was nervous about the farmer's money. Neither he nor John had supposed the wallet contained more than ten or twenty dollars at most.

Make YOUR ROOMS BEAUTIFUL at less Cost

Here is a new decorative wall-coating—more beautiful, more modern, more sanitary than wall-paper. Yet in spite of all this it costs you only about One-Third as much to DRESDENIZE a room as to paper it! An average room of 12 by 10 feet can be decorated with this extraordinary paint at a total cost of about Five dollars. One gallon covers 450 to 600 square feet.

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It comes in a wide variety of extremely agreeable colors, shades and tints, and gives you that soft, velvety, flat effect so much sought after today in our best homes. Pictures and furniture show to best advantage against it, and from the list of colors you can find a shade which exactly harmonizes with the color scheme of your rooms.

It comes all ready for the brush, and can be applied over any surface—plaster, burlap, composition board, metal, wood, or wall-paper itself! It is germ proof and non-absorbent, can be washed without injury.

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Though we have a reputation of 62 years to rest on, we are not content to rest. Whatever new is evolved in the principles and practices of Finest Merchant Tailoring, becomes the standard of

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Two Cars Crashed. One Turned Over. Fire!

Three children pinned beneath the wreckage!

I grabbed Pyrene from our car and put out the fire before anybody was burned.

Think what a tragedy there would have been without Pyrene! The fine car burned to a skeleton. The children, imprisoned; held like rats in a trap.

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Every Appliance for Fire Protection.

So the two packed their suitcases forthwith. The train East, they found, went at half past six. They didn't wait for dinner at the hotel, but paid their own bills and trudged out in the snow, suitcases in hand, remembering there was a little lunch room down by the station where they could get a bite to eat. Finishing their sandwiches, apple pie and coffee there, they went over to the platform of the small yellow station, where they strolled up and down in the dark through the soggy snow. The train went to St. Louis and they had decided to go there too.

Huddled in overcoat collars, they were taking a turn up the platform perhaps four or five minutes before train time, when they fairly walked into Madeline Jones.

"Hello!" said Walter. "Not going East, are you?"

"Yes," she said, in a way not to encourage further conversation, and turned her back.

Well, there was one more surprise, which left them staring. They thought of Smiley, of course, and looked round for him in the station and on the platform. In a moment the train was whistling.

They waited until they saw Madeline climb aboard. Then they noticed she had no baggage. This was a local train, with only a smoker and one other coach. They got into the smoker. As the train started Walter Hayes solved it.

"That going to Chicago was a blind," he said. "Smiley's sending her on ahead to St. Louis. He's going to meet her."

But Smiley's case, in fact, was very different.

Picking up the wallet and climbing the steps to the belittered yard back of the hotel, Smiley saw the farmer lurching off toward the shed where his team was hitched; so Smiley walked round the building, into the front hall and upstairs to his room. There he opened the wallet. It contained five hundred dollars, received that day from the sale of hogs.

The sight and feel of the bank notes inflamed his infatuated mind as though his dream were tangibly embodied in them. He went straight across the hall to Madeline and astonished her by talking like a man rather than a moony, miserable boy.

He showed her the money and pleaded with her to go to Chicago. Together they could get an engagement in a real show, he said. Madeline was much impressed by the money. She knew good money when she saw it, but had not encountered a bundle of that size for a long time. She agreed to go readily enough.

He told her about finding the money; but she had no interest whatever in its legal or ethical ownership. The only point in her mind was possession.

She committed herself to nothing beyond merely going back to Chicago; but for poor Smiley even that was deliriously enough, and it cost only a smile and a hand-squeeze to have three hundred dollars of the money put into her keeping. After he gave the hundred and fifty to John and Walter, Smiley had fifty left.

Leaving them he returned to Madeline, eating her up with his eyes. When she sent him away it wanted twenty minutes to the hotel's six-o'clock dinner. In his nervous agitation he went down into the barroom to get himself a glass of beer.

The bartender served him and immediately went over to two men who sat talking at a little table near the wall. Whereupon one of the men left hastily by the front door and the other came back to the bar with the bartender. Hardly aware of them, Smiley finished his beer and turned to go. Both men laid hands upon him.

"You're under arrest!" said the man who had been sitting at the table. "The sheriff will be here in a minute. Keep quiet, now!"

He took a pistol from his hip pocket and held the muzzle of it uncomfortably near Smiley's abdomen, while the bartender, scowling a menace, picked up the heavy beer glass.

Astonished, Smiley thought for a few minutes he had been mistaken for somebody else; yet it seemed pretty clear that both pistol and beer glass would come into play if he tried to break away. Then a word dropped by the bartender made him suspect it was the matter of the farmer's wallet. Still, he kept his nerve, scoffing and calling them blockheads.

Very soon the sheriff arrived hastily—a wiry person in a slouch hat and grizzled beard—accompanied by the man who had gone to summon him. The officer promptly backed Smiley against the bar and searched him, finding the wallet, with fifty dollars in it, in his ulster pocket.

Then Smiley began to explain volubly that he had found the wallet outside the barroom door. Fifty dollars was all it contained when he found it, he said. He still quite misapprehended the situation. The only real point of alarm in his mind was that they might get the three hundred dollars away from Madeline. But the business-like sheriff was disagreeably unconcerned about his explanations. All he wanted was that Smiley should go along with him at once. This brusque treatment a good deal as though he were a dog on a leash suggested to Smiley that he might, after all, have to give up his treasure-trove. He wanted to get word to his companions in some way.

"Hold on a minute now!" he expostulated. "I want to speak to a friend up in the office."

The sheriff had no objection to that—presuming that any friend of Smiley's would be a subject of professional interest to him. So he led his captive up to the office. Still, Smiley didn't want to involve his companions if he could help it, and he was hoping to get off with no greater loss than that of the money found in his own pocket. In the hotel office he made talk, casting about for means to communicate with those upstairs, hoping John or Walter would appear.

Of course there was a commotion in the office. The news disseminated itself, as it has a mysterious way of doing in a country town. Men drifted in, joining the group round Smiley and the sheriff. This was a few minutes past six o'clock and Madeline had just come downstairs to go to dinner. She glanced into the shabby little parlor on the opposite side of the hall from the office, then into the office. Smiley, with an anxious eye on the hall door, saw her, caught her glance but without making any sign of recognition, and at once sang out loudly:

"Well, you can lock me up if you want to; but I tell you I found the pocketbook!"

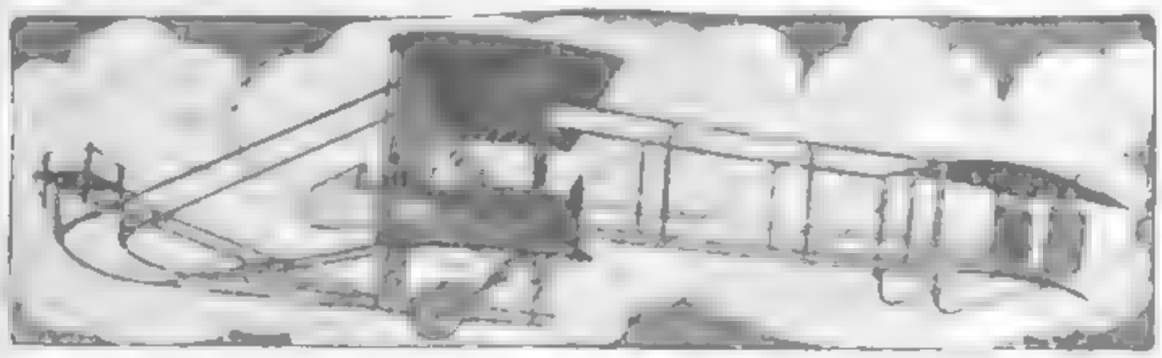
Madeline instantly divined the situation; divined, also, that it was no place for an unprotected young female. She dodged back into the shabby little parlor and waited there until the sheriff, with the crowd trooping after him, led Smiley away. Then she flew upstairs, seized her coat and hat, sped down again and made tracks for the railroad station. She, too, knew about the half-past-six train East. Smiley's three hundred dollars was in her stocking. She hadn't the least notion of involving it or her precious self in his trouble.

Smiley was taken over to the brick jail and locked up, where he awaited word from his companions. It was only the next day he learned that all three of them had gone off together on the half-past-six train. He thought they had deserted him by agreement and his heart turned to a lump of rage and despair that choked him. He imagined John and Walter and Madeline sitting together somewhere and laughing at him.

Smiley shut his teeth, refusing to tell the sheriff and the district attorney anything about himself, sullenly repeating that he'd found the pocketbook and that it contained only fifty dollars. The community was still inflamed against criminals in general by the murder of the grocer.

When John and Walter and Smiley next met strange things had happened.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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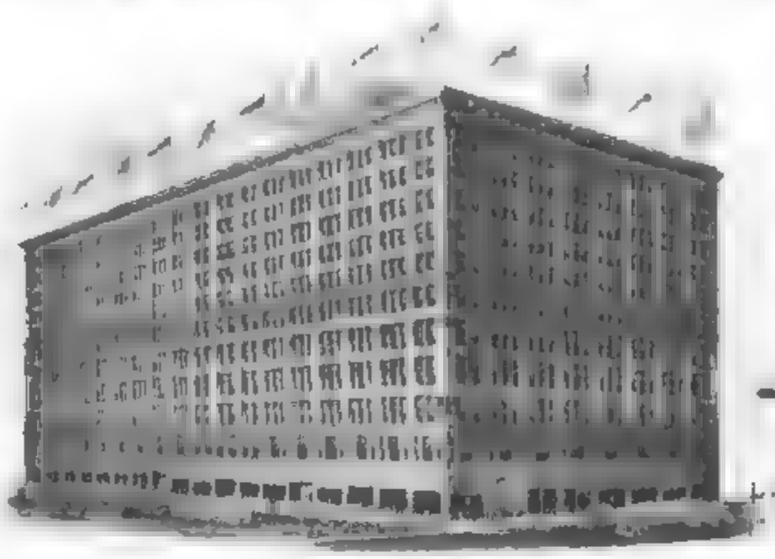

The Fair, Chicago (Population 2,185,283)

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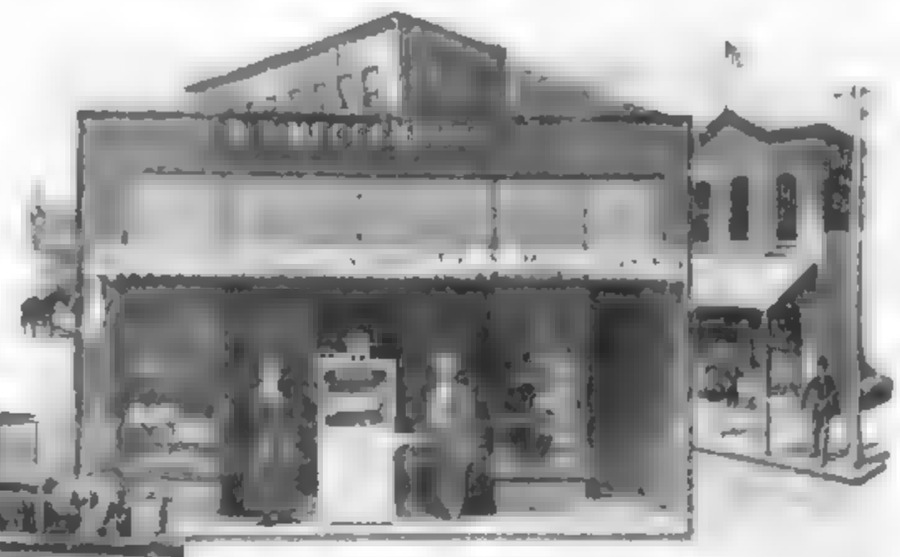
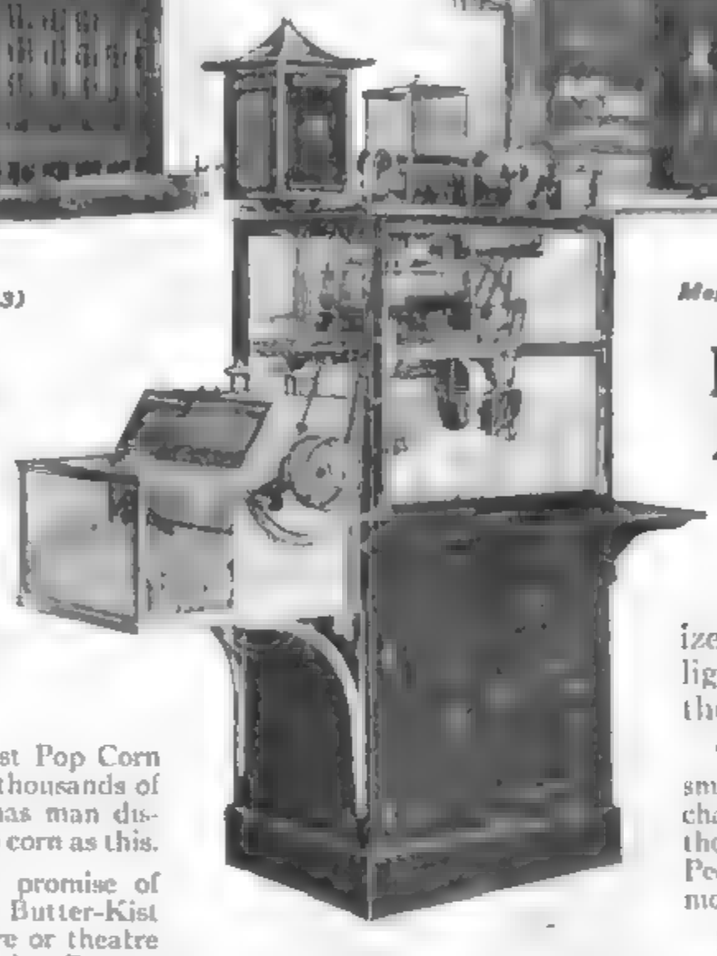


Meggenburg's, Manchester, Ia. (Population 2,756)



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Its coaxing fragrance is but the faintest promise of the tempting treat that you'll find inside the Butter-Kist Bag or Carton. Get one today from the store or theatre in your neighborhood that operates the genuine Butter-Kist machine.

Authorized operators use only pure creamery butter—not cheap fats or lard. They don't have to touch the corn with their hands because this machine does all the work. Pops, removes the unpopped grains and butters each fluffy white tit-bit evenly, *and super-heats it to a piping hot toasty taste!*

That's why millions of folks walk blocks to buy Butter-Kist. You'll not be content with ordinary pop corn when you've once tasted this aristocrat of treats.

Look for the Butter-Kist trade-mark on the package. Don't miss the *toasty flavor!*

Extra Profits for Good Alert Dealers—*Write*

The Butter-Kist sales plan and beautiful machine have put the pop corn business on a dignified, organized basis. It is paying the rent, taxes, light and heat for scores of stores, stands, theatres, etc.

No store too large and no town seems too small to yield a large extra business for merchants and managers. You'll be astonished at the way the Butter-Kist machine attracts trade. People stand fascinated by its super-human motion

Runs itself. Requires no extra help or stock management. Stands anywhere—occupies only 20 by 32 inches floor space. Earns five times as much per square foot as anything known to trade. Capacity 75 cents to $4 per hour

Delivered, ready for business, on payment of small sum. Balance can be paid out of Butter-Kist sales.

Amazing signed sales record for men in your line in towns your size—also photos and full details all contained in our masterly merchandising book called, "The Little Gold Mine." It's FREE!

Get it. Read it! No obligation whatever. Don't lose $2 to $15 daily in Butter-Kist sales by delay. Send today! Use the coupon.

BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn Machine

Dealers! Read What Owners Say

(Names on Request)

Confectioner writes: Butter-Kist sales average $20 per day. We figure about $4500 net per year. (Lexington, Ky.)

Theatre Manager writes: Profits $5.25 to $8.50 a day from Butter-Kist machine in our lobby. (Utica, N. Y.)

Cigar Store Owner writes: Receipts run $2 to $15 per day even with three competitors nearby (Frankfort, Ind.)

Grocery Owner writes: Gross receipts from May 25th to Sept. 1st, $555.18. Bought machine for my two boys to run during their vacation. (London, Ohio)

News Stand Owner: We never expected as much business as we get from our three machines. More than satisfied with net results. (San Francisco, Cal.)

Department Store Buyer says: Sold $642.00 worth of Butter-Kist Pop Corn the first month your machine was in operation. (Lowell, Mass.)

Café Manager writes: Net profit last month $[illegible] from sale of corn [illegible]. Have lost hundreds of dollars by not buying a machine sooner. (Logan, West Va.)

5c and 10c Store Owner: Butter-Kist [illegible] Big interest. Took in $21.55 the first day (Sandwich, Ill.)

Druggist Says: Machine has taken in $58[illegible] Better than anything a druggist has to sell. (Ottawa, Ill.)

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Send free postpaid your [illegible] book "The Little Gold Mine", that tells all about the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine [illegible]

Name

Business

Address

Get your mirror to tell you what your friends will not

GO to your mirror now and try to see your skin as others see it. Take your mirror to a window or a strong light, get close to it and really study your skin! Find out just what is keeping your complexion from being attractive.

Once you have done this, and have found out exactly what is the matter with your skin, you have taken the first step toward actually changing your skin and making it more attractive.

For whatever condition you find, *it can be changed!* Conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, a blemished skin, blackheads or a sallow, colorless complexion—you can begin at once to change any of these.

Don't say, "It's useless to try to change the skin itself"

It changes every day in spite of you! As *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms to take its place. This *new* skin will be just what *you* make it, and will make or mar your entire complexion accordingly.

By giving this new skin proper external treatment, you can make your complexion just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give the new skin proper care as it forms every day, you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "A skin you love to touch."

Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin the charm you have longed for? Then start tonight one of the famous Woodbury skin treatments. Two of them are given on this page. Many others are given in the booklet shown. You will be sure to find among these one suited to the needs of *your* skin. Use it persistently, and your complexion *cannot help* taking on, gradually but surely, the greater clearness, freshness and charm of "A skin you love to touch."

Is one of these treatments yours?

If one of the two treatments given here is suited to the needs of *your* skin, you can begin at once—tonight—to bring to your complexion the charm you have longed for. Ask for Woodbury's today wherever you buy your toilet things—at your druggist's or toilet counter. A 25-cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of either of these treatments. Get a cake today and begin your treatment tonight. You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

So oily and shiny—especially my nose!

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

So sluggish and colorless

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in warm water and run the cake itself over your skin. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible rub the face briskly with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

Send 4c now for book of famous skin treatments

One of the Woodbury treatments is suited to the needs of *your* skin. We have space to give just two of them on this page, but you can get them all, together with valuable facts about the skin and its needs, which few people know, in a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love To Touch." For 4c we will send you this miniature edition and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these famous skin treatments. For 10c we will send the miniature book and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 603 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

THE FAMILY TREE

(Continued from Page 18)

As Olcott had expected beforehand, the talk dealt, in the main, with the Van Nicht family, which is another way of saying that it went back of and behind, and far beyond, all that might be current and timely and pertinent to the hour. There was no substance to it, for it dealt with what had no substance. As he stayed on, making brave pretense of being interested, he was aware of an interrupting, vaguely irritating sound at his rear and partly to one side of him. Patently the sound was coming from without. It was like a sustained and steady scratching, and it had to do, he figured, with one of the window openings. He took a glance over his shoulder, but he couldn't make out the cause; the window was too heavily shrouded in faded, thick curtains of a sad, dark-green aspect. The thing got on his nerves, it persisted so. Finally he was moved to mention it.

"I beg your pardon," he said, taking advantage of a pause, "but isn't somebody or something fumbling at the window outside?"

"It is a bough of the family elm," explained Mr. Van Nicht. "One of the lower boughs has grown forward and downward, until it touches the side of the house. When stirred by the breeze it creates the sound which you hear."

Internally Olcott shivered. Now that the explanation had been vouchsafed the noise made him think of ghostly fingers tapping at the glass panes—as though the spirit of the tree craved admittance to the dismal circle of these human creatures who shared with it the tribal glory.

"Don't you find it very annoying?" he asked innocently. "I should think you would prune the limb back." He halted then, realizing that his tongue had slipped. There was a little silence, which became edged and iced with a sudden hostility.

"No human hand has ever touched the tree to denude it of any part of its majestic beauty," stated Mr. Van Nicht with a frigid intonation. "Whilst any of this household survives to protect it, no human hand ever shall."

From the elder sister came a murmur of assent.

The conversation had sagged and languished before; after this it sank to a still lower level and gradually froze to death. After possibly ten minutes more of the longest and bleakest minutes he ever recalled having weathered, Olcott, being mentally chilled through, got up and, making a show of expressing a counterfeit pleasure at having been accorded this opportunity of meeting those present, said really he must be going now.

In their places Miss Rachael Van Nicht and her brother rose, standing stiff as stalagmites, and he knew he was not forgiven. It was the younger sister who showed him out, preceding him silently, as he betook himself from the presence of the remaining two.

Close up, in the better light of the hall, Olcott for the first time perceived that Miss Harriet Van Nicht was not so very old. In fact, she was not old at all. He had assumed somehow that she must be sered and soured and elderly, or at least that she must be middle-aged. With this establishment he could not associate any guise of youth as belonging. But he perceived how wrong he had been. Miss Harriet Van Nicht most assuredly was not old. She could not be past thirty, perhaps she was not more than twenty-five or six. It was the plain and ugly gown she wore, a dun-colored, sleazy, shabby gown, which had given her, when viewed from a distance, the aspect of age—that and the unbecoming way in which she wore her hair slicked back from her forehead and drawn up from round her ears. She had fine eyes, as now he saw, with a plaintive light in them, and finely arched brows and a delicate oval of a face; and she was small and dainty of figure. He could tell that, too, despite the fit of the ungraceful frock.

At the outer door, which she held ajar for his passage, she spoke, and instantly he was moved by a certain wistfulness in her tones.

"It was a pleasure to have you come to see us, Mr. Olcott," she said, and he thought she meant it too. "We see so few visitors, living here as we do. Sometimes I think it might be better for us if we kept more in touch with people who live in the outside world and know something of it."

"Thank you, Miss Van Nicht," said Olcott, warming. "I'm afraid, though, I made a rather unfortunate suggestion about the tree. Really, I'm very sorry."

Her face took on a gravity; almost a condemning expression came into it. And when she answered him it was in a different voice.

"A stranger could not understand how we regard the Van Nicht elm," she said. "No stranger could understand! Good night, Mr. Olcott."

At the last she had made him feel that he was a stranger. And she had not shaken hands with him either, nor had she asked him to call again.

He made his way out, through the black magic of the tree's midnight gloom, into the pure white chemistry of the moonlight; and having reached the open, he looked back. Except for that faint luminous blotch, like smeared phosphorus, showing through the blackness from beyond the giant tree, nothing testified that a habitation of living beings might be tucked away in that drear hiding place. He shrugged his shoulders as though to shake a load off them and, as he swung down the silvered street in the flawless night, his thoughts thawed out. He decided that assuredly two of the Van Nichts must go into the book which some day, when time served, he meant to write.

They belonged in a book—those two poor, pale, sapless creatures, enduring a grinding poverty for the sake of a vain idolatry; those joint inheritors of a worthless and burdensome fetish, deliberately preferring the shadow of a moldy past for the substance of the present day. Why, the thing smacked of the Oriental. It wasn't fit and sane for white people—this Mongolian ancestor-worship which shut the door and drew the blind to every healthy and vigorous impulse and every beneficent impulse. Going along alone, Olcott worked himself into quite a brisk little fury of impatience and disgust.

He had it right—they belonged in a book, those two older Van Nichts, not in real life. And into a book they should go—into his book. But the younger girl, now. It was a pitiable life she must lead, hived up there in that musty old house under that terrific big tree with those two grim and touchy hermits. On her account he resented it. He tried to picture her in some more favorable setting. He succeeded fairly well too. Possibly, though, that was because Olcott had the gift of a brisk imagination. At times, during the days which followed, the vision of Harriet Van Nicht, translated out of her present decayed environment, persisted in his thoughts. He wondered why it did persist.

Nearly a month went by, during which he saw no member of that weird household. One day he encountered upon the street the brother and went up to him and, rather against the latter's inclination, engaged him in small talk. It didn't take long to prove that Mr. Van Nicht had very little small talk in stock; also that his one-time air of distant and punctilious regard for the newspaper man had entirely vanished. Mr. Van Nicht was courteous enough, with an aloof, and stand-away courteousness, but he was not cordial. Presently Olcott found himself speaking, from a rather defensive attitude, of his own ancestry. He came of good New England stock—a circumstance which he rarely mentioned in company, but which now, rather to his own surprise, he found himself expounding at some length. Afterward he told himself that he had been merely casting about for a subject which might prove congenial to Mr. Van Nicht and had, by chance, hit on that one.

If such were the case, the expedient failed. It did not in the least serve to establish them upon a common footing. The old gentleman listened, but he refused to warm up; and when he bade Olcott good day and limped off, he left Olcott profoundly impressed with the conviction that Mr. Van Nicht did not propose to suffer any element of familiarity to enter into their acquaintanceship. Feeling abashed, as though he had been rebuked after some subtle fashion for presumption and forwardness, Olcott dropped into the handiest bar and had a drink all by himself—something he rarely did. But this time he felt that the social instinct of his system required a tonic and a bracer.

BUFFALO
450 Rooms 450 Baths

CLEVELAND
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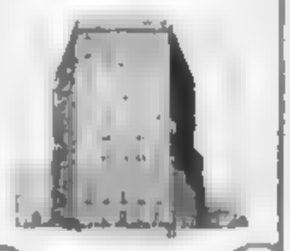
DETROIT
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths



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Before he wakes a morning paper is put under his door—noiselessly—with the compliments of the house.

If he wants to breakfast in his room no extra charge is made for room-service.

If he wants to write letters in his room he doesn't have to ask for stationery—his desk is plentifully supplied. If he wants ice-water he has but to open a faucet.

If he wants to loaf downstairs, comfortable, luxurious lounges, with chairs and sofas built for tired men—and lazy men—await him. There is *good* music at dinner-time. Well-selected libraries are at his disposal—free, of course.

And always there is that courteous, gracious, *interested* personal service that we are proud to call Hotels Statler Service—a complete service, as befits "the complete hotels."

The Largest Hotel in the World

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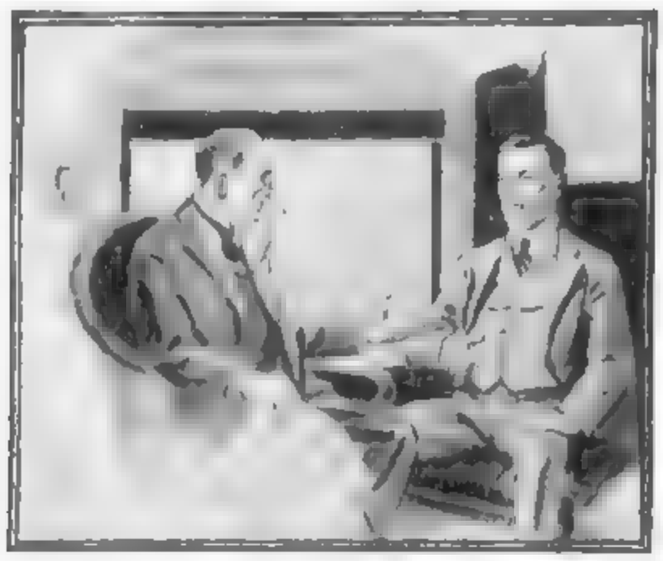
American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



"Life Insurance Without Agents is a Distinct Public Service"

Postal Life Method Sanctioned by the United States Supreme Court

Timely Talk on a Vital Subject

(Scene: Pullman Smoking Compartment. Judge Kirkland and Lawyer Roberts continuing a conversation begun at dinner.)

Judge: "Well, this business of selling direct-by-mail throughout the country is surely very popular with the public."

Lawyer: "Yes, but some of my clients say that in the interest of local merchants the States ought to find some way to check it."

Judge: "I don't see why they should check it or how they can do it. Selling merchandise is an interstate business. I can sell and you can buy in the best market wherever it is. What can a State do about it?"

Lawyer: "You're probably right, I'll admit. The States can't very well put the 'kibosh' on legitimate interstate business."

Judge: "Certainly not. The States cannot hold up arbitrarily any direct-by-mail transaction nor can they tax life insurance premiums that are sent by mail."

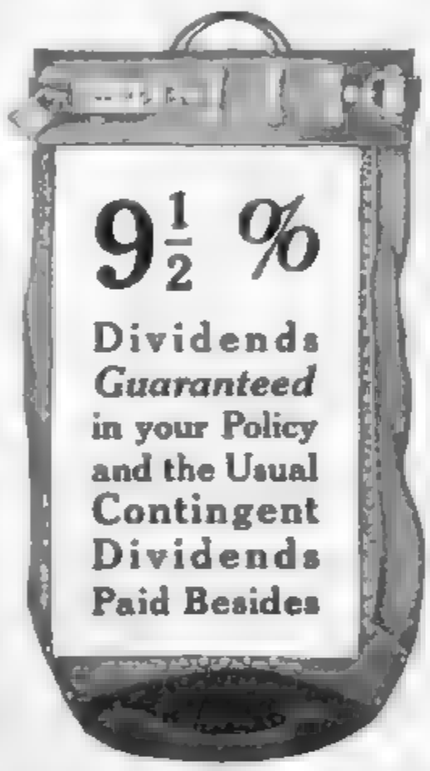
Lawyer: "How's that?"

Judge: "Policies are written for people, direct, all over the country and have been for years. The United States Supreme Court has decided unanimously that life-insurance premiums on such policies are exempt from State taxes. The usual license-fees and charges also do not apply to the Postal. All this helps policyholders."

Lawyer: "Oh, you refer to the Postal Life?"

Judge: "Yes, that Company hasn't any agents and never has had. The applicant deals direct, personally or by letter. The method is good common sense as well as sanctioned by law."

Lawyer (laughing): "Guess you're right. I wrote the Postal once myself just to find out how the Company did business, but never followed it up."



Judge (laughing): "I go you one better; I not only wrote them, but took out a policy nine or ten years ago and have carried it ever since."

Lawyer: "How's the cost?"

Judge: "Lower than in other companies for the same kind of insurance—legal reserve—and besides that they give me a free medical examination each year just so I can keep in trim."

Lawyer: "That's pretty good. You live in Idaho and deal with a New York company by mail. Did you ever look the Company up?"

Judge: "Only to know that it is chartered and licensed by New York State, whose laws are very strict, but I called on them when I was East last year. They're now in their new building on Fifth Avenue."

Lawyer: "So I heard. Believe I'll write them to figure on a policy for me."

Judge: "Don't think you could do better. Life insurance without agents is a distinct public service. The point is made, and I think it is a good one, that the Company is subject to the United States Postal Authorities. The Postal simplifies the business, saves you money, safeguards your health and will treat you right in every way. I'd take another policy myself if I hadn't passed the age limit."

That tells the story. Thoughtful insurers like Judge Kirkland take policies with the Postal and not only hold on to them but are disposed to take new insurance, while those like the lawyer Roberts, who at first write out of curiosity, at last find they can save money by taking a Postal Policy, and they do it.

Find Out What *You* Can Save

You should take advantage of Postal benefits and economies. Call at the Company's office or simply write and say: *"Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in The Saturday Evening Post for March 24th."* In your letter be sure to give:

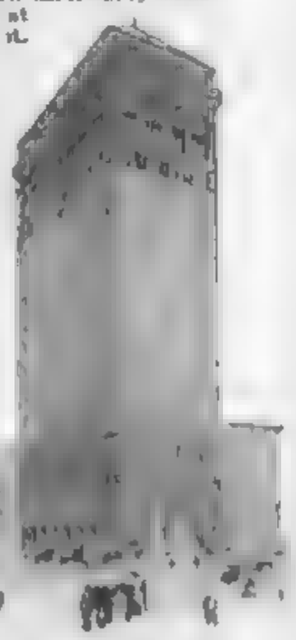
1. Your full name. 2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

You will receive full information based on official reports regularly filed with the New York State Insurance Department. Writing places you under no obligations and no agent will be sent to visit you. The resultant commission-savings go to *you* because you deal *direct*.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 43rd St., New York



New Postal Life Building

Lend Me Three Feet of Floor Space for Thirty Days
I'll Cut Your Ice Bills
ORDER a beautiful White Frost Refrigerator on a month's trial. I'll show you a *real quality* refrigerator—one that will
White Frost
SANITARY
Refrigerator
WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR CO.
Dept. R-3 Jackson, Michigan

Within the next day or two chance gave him opportunity for still further insight into the estimation in which he was held by other members of the Van Nicht family. This happened shortly before the close of a cool and showery July afternoon. Leaving his desk, he took advantage of a lull in the rain to go for a solitary stroll before dinner. He was briskly traversing a side street, well out of the business district, when suddenly the downpour started afresh. He pulled up the collar of his light raincoat and turned back to hurry to the Hotel Brainard, where he lived. Going in the opposite direction a woman pedestrian, under an umbrella, met him; she was heading right into the slanting sheets of rain. In a side-long glance he recognized the profile of the passer, and instantly he had faced about and was alongside of her, lifting his soaked hat.

"How d'you do, Miss Van Nicht?" he was saying. "I'm afraid you'll make poor headway against this rainstorm. Won't you let me see you safely home?"

It was the younger Miss Van Nicht. Her greeting of him and her smile made him feel that for the moment at least he would not be altogether an unwelcome companion. As he fell in beside her, catching step with her and taking the umbrella out of her hands, he noted with a small throb of pity that her cheap dark skirt was dripping and that the shoes she wore must be insufficient protection, with their thin soles and their worn uppers, against wet weather. He noted sundry other things about her: Seen by daylight she was pretty—undeniably pretty. The dampness had twisted little curls in her primly bestowed hair, and the exertion of her struggle against the storm had put a becoming flush in her cheeks.

"I was out on an errand for my sister," she said. "I thought I could get home between showers, but this one caught me. And my umbrella—I'm afraid it is leaky."

Undeniably it was. Already the palm of Olcott's hand was sopping where water, seeping through open seams along the rusted ribs, had run down the handle. Each new gust, drumming upon the decrepit cloth, threatened to make a total wreck of what was already but little better than the venerable ruin of an umbrella.

"You must permit me to see you home then," he said. He glanced up and down, hoping to see a cab or a taxi. But there was no hireable vehicle in sight and the street cars did not run through this street. "I'm afraid, though, that we'll have to go afoot."

"And I'm afraid that I am taking you out of your way," she said. "You were going in the opposite direction, weren't you, when you met me?"

"I wasn't going anywhere in particular," he lied gallantly; "personally I rather like to take a walk when it's raining."

For a bit after this neither of them spoke, for the wind all at once blew with nearly the intensity of a small hurricane, buffeting thick rain spray into their faces and spattering it up about their feet. She seemed so small—so defenseless almost, bending forward to brace herself against its rude impetuosity. He was mighty glad it was his hand which clasped her arm, guiding and helping her along; mighty glad it was he who held the leaky old umbrella in front of her and with it fended off some part of the rain from her. They had traveled a block or two so, in company, when the summer storm broke off even more abruptly than it had started. There was an especially violent spatter of especially large drops, and then the wind gave one farewell wrench at the umbrella and was gone, tearing on its way.

In another half minute the setting sun was doing its best to shine out through a welter of shredding black clouds. There were wide patches of blue in the sky when they turned into Putnam Street and came within sight of the Van Nicht elm, rising as a great, green balloon at the head of it. By now they were chatting upon the basis—almost—of a seasoned acquaintanceship. Olcott found himself talking about his work. When a young man tells a young woman about his work, and is himself interested as he tells it, it is quite frequently a sign that he is beginning to be interested in something besides his work, whether he realizes it yet or not. And in Miss Van Nicht he was pleased to discern what he took to be a sympathetic understanding, as well as a happy aptness and alertness in the framing of her replies. It hardly seemed possible that this was the second time they had exchanged words. Rather it was as though they had known each other for a considerable period; so he told himself.

But as, side by side, they turned in at the rickety gate of the ancestral dooryard and came under the shadow of the ancestral tree, her manner, her attitude, her voice, all about her seemed to undergo a change. Her pace quickened for these last few steps, and she cast a furtive, almost an apprehensive glance toward the hooded windows of the house.

"I'm afraid I am late—my sister and my brother will be worrying about me," she said a little nervously. "And I am sorry to have put you to all this trouble on my account."

"Trouble, Miss Van Nicht? Why, it was ——"

"I shan't ask you in," she said, breaking in on him. "I know you will want to be getting back to the hotel and putting on dry clothes. Good-by, Mr. Olcott, and thank you very much."

And with that she had left him, and she was hurrying up the porch steps, and she was gone, without a backward look to where he stood, puzzled and decidedly taken aback, in the middle of the seamed flags of the walk.

He was nearly at the gate when he discovered that he had failed to return her umbrella to her; so he went back and knocked at the door. It was the elder sister who answered. She opened the door a scant foot.

"How do you do, sir?" she said austerely.

"I forgot to give your sister her umbrella," explained Olcott.

"So I perceive," she replied, speaking through the slit with a kind of sharp impatience, and she took it from him. "Thank you! We are most grateful to you for your thoughtfulness."

She waited then, as if for him to speak, providing he had anything to say—her posture and her expression meanwhile most forcibly interpreting the attitude in which he must understand that he stood here. It was plain enough to be sensed. She resented—they all resented—his reappearance in any rôle at the threshold of their home. She was profoundly out of temper with him and all that might pertain and appertain to him. So naturally there was nothing for him to say except "Good evening," and he said it.

"Good evening," she said, and as he bowed and backed away she closed the door.

Outside the fence he halted and looked about him, then he looked back over the gapped and broken palings. Everywhere else the little world of Putnam Street had a washed, cleansed aspect; everywhere else nearly the sun slid its flattened rays along the refreshed and moistened sod and touched the wayside weeds with pure gold; but none of its beams slanted over the side hill and found a way beneath the interlaced, widespread bulk of the family tree. He saw how forlornly the lower boughs, under their load of rain water, drooped almost to the earth, and how the naked soil round about the vast trunk of it was guttered with muddy, yellow furrows where little torrents had coursed down the slope, and how poisonously vivid was the mold upon the trunk. The triangular scar in its lower bark showed as a livid greenish patch. Still farther back in the shadow the outlines of the old gray house half emerged, revealing dimly a space of streaked walls and the sodden, warped shingles upon one outjutting gable of the peaked roof.

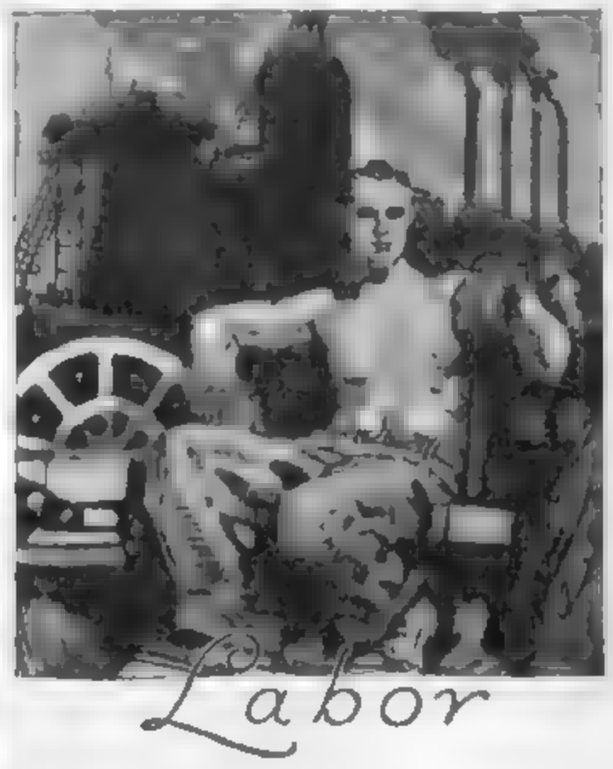
"It's not an honest elm," thought Olcott to himself in a little impotent rage. "It's a cursed devil tree, a upas tree, overshadowing and blighting everything pleasant and wholesome that might grow near it. Bats and owls and snails belong back there—not human beings. There ought to be a vigilance committee formed to chop it down and blast its roots out of the ground with dynamite. Oh, damn!"

In his pocket he had a letter from the presiding deity of the organization that owned the string of papers of which the paper he edited was a part. In that letter he was invited to consider the proposition of surrendering his present berth with the Schuylerville News-Ledger and going off to Europe, as special war correspondent for the syndicate. He had been considering the project for two days now. All of a sudden he made up his mind to accept. While the heat of his petulance and disappointment was still upon him, he went that same evening and wired his acceptance to headquarters. Two days later, with his credentials in his pocket and a weight of sullen resentment against certain animate

(Continued on Page 89)

Progress

Science



Labor

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There is a broad-minded, liberal policy back of each Stewart Product that reaches out and encompasses every bit of Stewart work.

It is a policy involving endless scientific research; skillful, high-grade workmanship and wide-awake, progressive methods.

It calls for optimism and enthusiasm. It makes all previous Stewart achievements merely range lights by which to steer our course towards even greater success.

We are the first and only builders of speedometers, gasoline systems, tire pumps, warning signals, etc., to give national service, with branches and service stations in every motoring center in the country.

Our organization—manufacturing, sales and service—is by far larger than any other in its field.

We are probably the largest advertisers of automobile accessories in the world—as well as the largest accessory manufacturers.

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We perfected the magnetic type speedometer and are the only manufacturers building instruments of this famous type.

We gave to the world the vacuum gasoline system, making possible the streamline body for automobiles and assuring every user a smooth, positive flow of gas at all times.

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Stewart Products

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You can't expect Beaver Board to improve with age. It's the kind of Board you buy

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Sooner or later you will Beaver Board that room.

The one question is whether you will do it at first or at last. For here's a significant fact. A surprisingly large proportion of all the Beaver Board that is made is used for the purpose of covering over cracked worn-out lath and plaster walls.

You never heard of anyone putting lath and plaster over Beaver Board. When a Beaver Board wall or ceiling is up, it's up to stay.

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Why the useless expense?

Why not have your Beaver Board room at first instead of at last and avoid the extra job and extra cost?

Beaver Board is a lumber product built up from the fibre of clean white spruce. It comes in sturdy, durable, handsomely-surfaced panels without a crack, knot or blemish. It will last as long as the building in which it is used. It resists heat, cold and sound better than lath and plaster. It is completely sanitary and easy to apply. Warping is prevented by a special patented *Scalltite* process which no other manufacturer is licensed to employ.

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United States [illegible] [illegible] New York [illegible] Cleveland, Detroit
[illegible]
Manufacturers [illegible]

(Continued from Page 86)

and inanimate objects in his heart, he was aboard a train out of Schuylerville, bound for New York, and thereafter, by steamer, for foreign parts.

He was away, concerned with trenches, gas bombs, field hospitals and the quotable opinions of sundry high and mighty men of warcraft and statecraft, for upwards of a year. It was a most remarkably busy year, and the job in hand claimed jealous sovereignty of his eyes, his legs and his brain, while it lasted.

He came back, having delivered the goods to the satisfaction of his employers, to find himself promoted to a general supervision of the editorial direction of the papers in his syndicate, with a thumping good salary and a roving commission. He willed it that the first week of his incumbency in his new duties should carry him to Schuylerville. In his old office, which looked much the same as it had looked when he occupied it, he found young Morgan, his former assistant, also looking much the same, barring that now Morgan was in full charge and giving orders instead of taking them. Authority nearly always works a change in a man; it had in this case.

"Say, Olcott," said Morgan after the talk between them had ebbed and flowed along a little while, "you remember that old geezer, Van Nicht, don't you? You know, the old boy who wrote the long piece about his family, and you ran it?"

"Certainly I do," said Olcott. "Why—what of him?"

Instead of answering him directly, Morgan put another question:

"And of course you remember the old Van Nicht house, under that big, whopping elm tree, out at the end of Putnam Street, where he used to live with those two freakish sisters of his?"

"Where he used to live? Doesn't he—don't they—live there now?"

"Nope—tree's gone and so is the house."

"Gone? Gone where?"

"Gone out of existence—vamoosed. Here's what happened, and it's a peach of a tale too: One night about six months ago there came up a hard thunderstorm—lots of lightning and gobs of thunder, not to mention rain and wind a plenty. In the midst of it a bolt hit the Van Nicht elm—ker-flewie—and just naturally tore it into flinders. When I saw it myself the next day it was converted from a landmark into the biggest whisk broom in the world. The neighbors were saying that it rained splinters round there for ten minutes after the bolt struck. I guess they didn't exaggerate much at that, because ——"

"Was the house struck too? Was anybody hurt?" Olcott cut in on him.

"No, the house escaped somehow—had a few shingles ripped off the roof, and some of its windows smashed in by flying scraps; that was all. And nobody about the place suffered anything worse than a stunning. But the fright killed the older sister—Miss Rachael. Anyhow, that's what the doctors think. She didn't have a mark on her, but she died in about an hour, without ever speaking. I guess it was just as well, too, that she did. If she had survived the first shock I judge the second one would just about have finished her."

"The second shock? You don't mean the lightning?"

"No, no!" Morgan hastened to explain. "Lightning never plays a return date—never has need to, I take it. I mean the shock of what happened after daylight next morning.

"That was the queerest part of the whole thing—that was what made a really big story out of it. We ran two columns about it ourselves, and the A. P. carried it for more than a column.

"After the storm had died down and it got light enough to see, some of the neighbors were prowling round the place sizing up the damage. Right in the heart of the stump of the elm, which was split wide open—the stump, I mean—they found a funny-looking old copper box buried in what must have been a rotted-out place at one time, maybe ninety or a hundred years ago. But the hollow had grown up, and nobody ever had suspected that the tree wasn't solid as iron all the way through, until the lightning came along and just naturally reached a fiery finger down through all that hardwood and probed the old box out of its cache and, without so much as melting a hinge on it, heaved it up into sight, where the first fellow that happened along afterward would be sure to see it. Well, right off they thought of buried treasure, but being honest they called old Van Nicht out of the house, and in his presence they opened her up—the box I mean—and then, lo and behold, they found out that all these years this town had been worshiping a false god!

"Yes, sir, the great and only original Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht was a rank fake. He was as bogus as a lead nickel. There were papers in the box to prove what nobody, and least of all his own flesh and blood, ever suspected before. He wasn't a hero of the Revolution. He wasn't a colonel under George Washington. He wasn't of Holland-Dutch stock. His name wasn't even Van Nicht. His real name was Jake Nix—that's what it was, Nix and he was just a plain, everyday Hessian soldier—a mercenary bought up, along with the other Hessians, and sent over here by King George to fight against the cause of liberty, instead of for it.

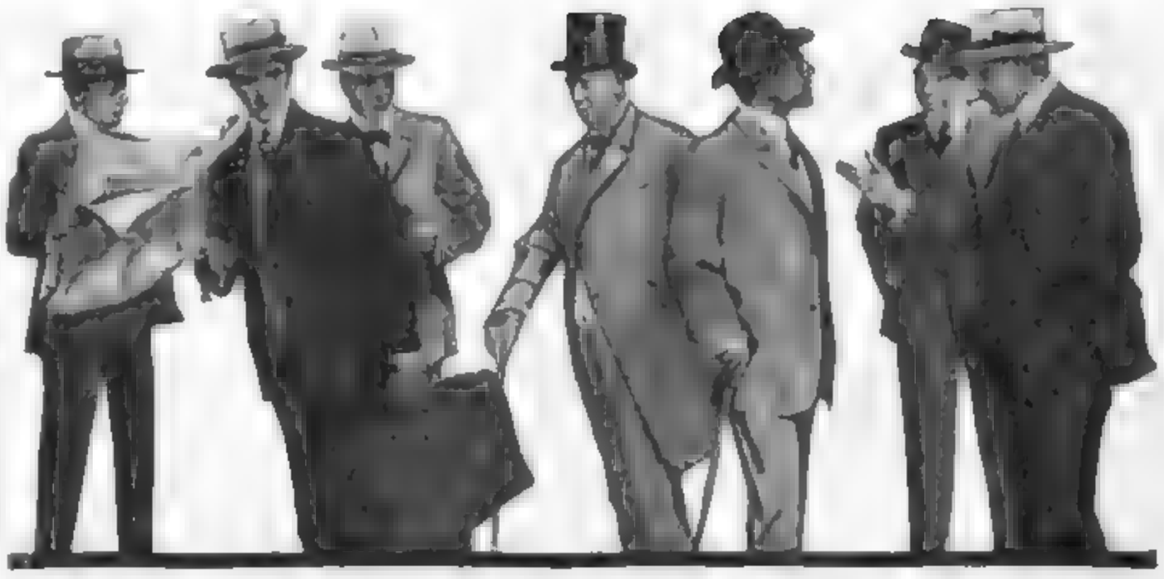
"As near as we can figure it out, he changed his name after the war ended, before he moved here to live, and then after he died—or anyhow when he was an old man—his son, the second Cecilius Jacob, concocted the fairy tale about his father's distinguished services and all the rest of it. The son was the one, it seems, who capitalized the false reputation of the old man. He lived on it, and all the Van Nichts who came after him lived on it too—only they were innocent of practicing any deception on the community at large, and the second Van Nicht wasn't. It certainly put the laugh on this town, not to mention the local aristocracy, and the D. A. R.'s and the Colonial Dames and the rest of the blue bloods generally, when the news spread that morning.

"Oh, there couldn't be any doubt about it! The proofs were all right there and dozens of reliable witnesses saw them—letters and papers and the record of old Nix's services in the British army. In fact there was only one phase of the affair that has remained unexplained and a mystery. I mean the presence of the papers in the tree. Nobody can figure out why the son didn't destroy them, when he was creating such a swell fiction character out of his revered parent. One theory is that he didn't know of their existence at all—that the old man, for reasons best known to himself, hid them there in that copper box and that then the tree healed up over the hole and sealed the box in, with nobody but him any the wiser, and nobody ever suspecting anything out of the way, but just taking everything for granted. Why, it was exactly as if the old Nix had come out of the grave after lying there for a century or more, to produce the truth and shame his own offspring, and incidentally scare one of his descendants plumb to death."

"What a tragedy!" said Olcott. But his main thought when he said it was not for the dead sister but for the living.

"You said it," affirmed Morgan. "That's exactly what it was—a tragedy, with a good deal of serio-comedy relief to it. Only there wasn't anything very comical about the figure the old man Van Nicht cut when he came walking into this office here about half past ten o'clock that day, with a ragged piece of crêpe tied round his old high hat. Olcott, you never in your life saw a man as badly broken up as he was. All his vanity, all his bumptiousness was gone—he was just a poor, old, shabby, broken-spirited man. I'd already gotten a tip on the story and I'd sent one of my boys out to find him and get his tale, but it seemed he'd told the reporter he preferred to make a personal statement for publication. And so here he was with his statement all carefully written out and he asked me to print it, insisting that it ought to be given as wide circulation as possible. I'll dig it up for you out of the files in a minute and let you see it.

"Yes, sir, he'd sat down alongside his sister's dead body and written it. He called it A Confession and an Apology, and I ran it that way, just as he'd written it. It wasn't very long, but it was mighty pitiful, when you took everything into consideration. He begged the pardon of the public for unwittingly practicing a deceit upon it all through his life—for living a lie, was the way he phrased it—and he signed it 'Jacob Nix, heretofore erroneously known as Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th.' That signature was what especially got me when I read it—it made me feel that the old boy was literally stripping his soul naked before the ridicule of this town and the ridicule of the whole country. A pretty manly, straightforward thing. I called it,



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YOU may be the one. Your chance is no better than those of the other six. Protect yourself and your family now while you can. **Three cents a day** will do it if you are in a "Preferred" occupation. The cost of a couple of newspapers brings $1,250 to $3,250 in case of death by accident, $5 to $10 weekly income, $1,000 to $3,000 for loss of two limbs or eyes, $500 to $1,500 for loss of one hand, foot or eye, $250 for death from any cause. ($50 added to above payments for death if you insure while under 40 years of age.) Larger amounts at proportionate cost.

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It isn't only railroad wrecks and shipwrecks and falling elevators you have to fear. One man was hit in the eye by a snapping rubber band. It put him in bed for six weeks. He was Ætna-ized, so he drew his weekly indemnity.

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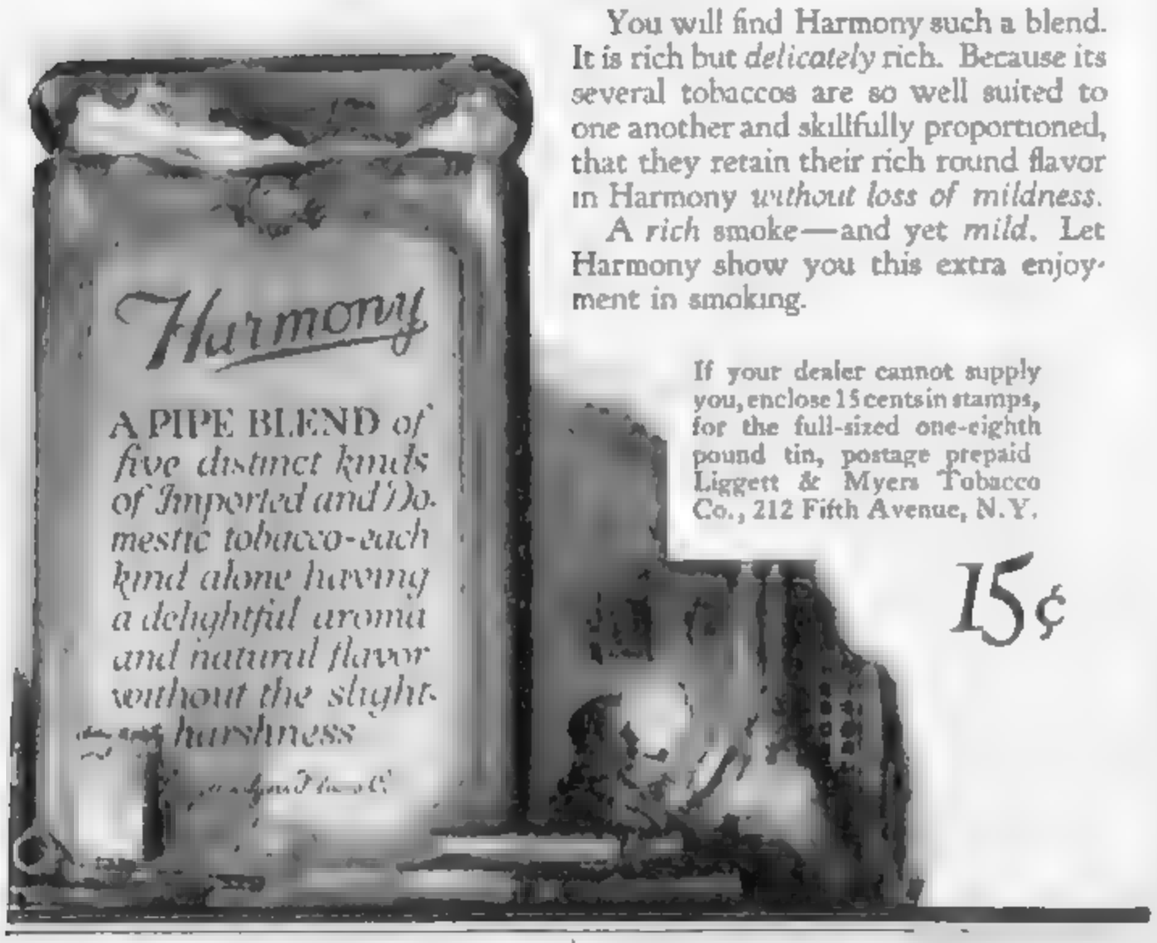
A *rich* smoke—and yet *mild.* Let Harmony show you this extra enjoyment in smoking.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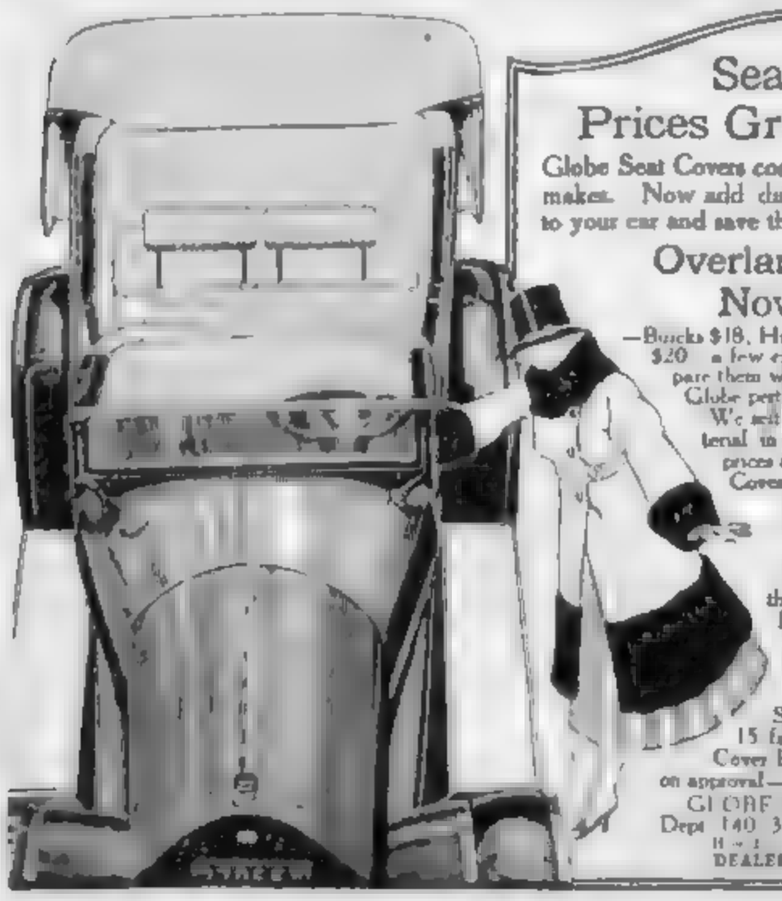

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and I liked him better for having done it than I ever had liked him before.

"Well, I told him I would run the card for him and I did run it, and likewise I toned down the story we carried about the exposure too. I'm fairly well calloused, I guess, but I didn't want to bruise the old man and his sister any more than I could help doing. But, of course, I didn't speak to him about that part of it. I did try, in a clumsy sort of way, to express my sympathy for him. I guess I made a fairly sad hush of it, though. There didn't seem to be any words to fit the situation. Or, if there were, I couldn't think of them for the moment. I remember I mumbled something about letting bygones be bygones and not taking it too much to heart and all that sort of thing.

"He thanked me, and then, as he started to go, he stopped and asked me whether by any chance I knew of any opening—any possible job for a person of his age and limitations. I remember his words: 'It is high time that I was casting about to find honorable employment, no matter how humble. I have been trading with a spurious currency for too long. I have spent my life in the imposition of a monumental deceit upon this long-suffering community. I intend now, sir, to go to work to earn a living with my own hands and upon my own merits. I wish to atone for the rôle I have played.'

"It may have been imagination, but I thought there was a kind of faint hopeful gleam in his eye as he looked at me and said this; and he seemed to flinch a little bit when I broke the news to him that we didn't have any vacancies on the staff at present. I sort of gathered that he rather fancied he had literary gifts. Literary gifts? Can't you just see that poor, forlorn old scout piking round soliciting want ads at twenty cents a line or trying to cover petty assignments on the news end? I told him, though, I'd be on the lookout for something for him, and he thanked me mighty ceremoniously and limped out, leaving me all choked up. Two days later, after the funeral, he telephoned in to ask me not to trouble myself on his account, because he had already established a connection with another concern which he hoped would turn out to be mutually advantageous and personally lucrative; or words to that effect.

"So I did a little private investigating that evening and I found out where the old chap had connected. You see I was interested. A live wire named Garrison, who owned the state rights for selling the World's Great Classics of Prose and Poetry on subscriptions, had landed here about a week before. You know the kind of truck this fellow Garrison was peddling? Forty large, hard, heavy volumes, five dollars down and a dollar a month as long as you live; no blacksmith's fireside complete without the full set; should be in every library; so much for the full calf bindings; so much for the half leather; give your little ones a chance to acquire an education at a trifling cost; come early and avoid the rush of those seeking to take advantage of this unparalleled opportunity; price positively due to advance at the end of a limited period; see also our great clubbing offer in conjunction with Bunkem's Illustrated Magazine—all that sort of guff.

"Well, Garrison had opened up headquarters here. He'd brought some of his agents with him—experts at conning the simple peasantry and the sturdy yeomanry into signing on the dotted line A and paying down the first installment as a binder; but he needed some home talent to fill out his crew, and he had advertised with us for volunteers. Old Van Nicht—Nix, I mean—had heard about it, and he had applied for a job as canvasser, and Garrison had taken him on, not on salary, of course, but agreeing to pay him a commission on all his sales. That was what I found out that night."

Before Olcott's eyes rose a vision of a dried-up, bleak-eyed old man limping from doorstep to doorstep, enduring the rebuffs of fretful housewives and the insolence of annoyed householders—a failure, and a hopeless, predestined failure at that.

"Too bad, wasn't it?" he said.

"What's too bad?" asked Morgan.

"About that poor old man turning book agent at his age, with his lack of experience with the ways of the world."

"Save your pity for somebody that needs it," said Morgan, grinning. "That old boy doesn't. Why, Olcott, he was a hit from the first minute. This fellow Garrison was telling me about him only last week. All that stately dignity, all that Sir Walter Raleigh courtesy stuff, all that faculty for using the biggest possible words in stock, was worth money to the old chap when he put it to use. It impressed the simple-minded rustic and the merry villager. It got him a hearing where one of these gabby young canvassers with a striped vest and a line of patter memorized out of a book would be apt to fail. Why, he's the sensation of the book-agent game in these parts. They stick him on to all the difficult prospects out in the country, and he makes good nine times out of ten. He's got four counties in his territory, with all expenses paid, and last month his commissions—so Garrison told me—amounted to a hundred and forty dollars, and this month he's liable to do even better. What's more, according to Garrison, the old scout likes the work and isn't ashamed of it. So what do you know about that?"

As Morgan paused, Olcott asked the question which from the first of this recital had been shaping itself in the back part of his head:

"The other sister—what became of her?" He tried to put a casual tone into his inquiry.

"You mean Miss Harriet? Well, say, in her case the transformation was almost as great as it was in her brother's. She came right out of her shell, too—in fact, she seemed downright glad of a chance to come out of it and quit being a recluse. She let it be noised about that she was in the market for any work that she could do, and a lot of people who felt sorry for her, including Mayor McGlynn, who's a pretty good chap, interested themselves in her behalf. Right off, the school board appointed her a substitute teacher in one of the lower grammar grades at the Hawthorne School, out here on West Frobisher Street. She didn't lose any time in delivering the goods either. Say, there must have been mighty good blood in that family, once it got a real chance to circulate. The kiddies in her classes all liked her from the start, and the other teachers and the principal liked her, too, and when the fall term begins in October she goes on as a regular.

"On top of that, when she'd got a little color in her cheeks and had frizzed her hair out round her face, and when she'd used up her first month's pay in buying herself some good black clothes, it dawned on the town all of a sudden that she was a mighty good-looking, bright, sweet little woman instead of a dowdy, sour old maid. They say she never had a sweetheart before in her life—that no man ever had looked at her the second time; at least that's the current gossip. Be that as it may, she can't complain on that score any more, even if she is still in mourning for her sister."

"How do you know all this?" demanded Olcott suspiciously. "Are you paying her attentions yourself?"

"Who, me? Lord, man, no! I'm merely an innocent bystander. You see, we live at the same boarding house, take our meals at the same table in fact, and I get a chance to see what's going on. She came there to board—it's Mrs. Gale's house—as soon as she moved out of the historic but mildewed homestead, which was about a month after the night of the storm. The New Diamond Auto Company—that's a concern formed since you left—bought the property and tore down the old house, after blasting the stump of the family tree out of the ground with giant powder; they're putting up their assembling plant on the site. After the mortgage was satisfied and the back taxes had been paid up, there was mighty little left for the two heirs; but about that time Miss Harriet got her job of teaching and she came to Mrs. Gale's to live, and that's where I first met her. Two or three spry young fellows round town are calling on her in the evenings—nearly every night there's some fellow in the parlor, all spruced up and highly perfumed, waiting to see her—not to mention one or two of the unmarried men boarders."

"Morgan," said Olcott briskly, "do me a favor! Take me along with you to dinner to-night at your boarding place, will you?"

"Tired of hotels, eh?" asked Morgan. "Well, Mrs. Gale has good home cooking and I'd be glad to have you come."

"That's it," said Olcott; "I'm tired of hotel life."

"You're on," said Morgan.

"Yes," said Olcott, "I am—but you're not on—at least not yet." But Morgan didn't hear that, because Olcott said it to himself.

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New Pathé Records for April

STRIKING NUMBERS BY OPERATIC ARTISTS

THIS month's list holds a treat in store for the many lovers of Lucien Muratore's golden tenor voice. For Muratore has sung the spirited "Halte-là" from Carmen. This is coupled with a charming French waltz song. Two striking numbers by distinguished foreign artists are also among the novelties offered. And the limpid voice of the young American coloratura, Grace Hoffman, is heard to great advantage in the favorite "Bell Song" from Lakmé, as well as the florid little Dell 'Acqua "Chanson Provençale."

LUCIEN MURATORE, Tenor, Chicago Opera

Carmen (Bizet) "Halte-là" (Halt there!) Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.
Tu ne sauras jamais! (Millandy) Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.
No. 63003. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $3.00

GRACE HOFFMAN, American Soprano

Lakmé (Delibes) "Bell Song," Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.
Chanson Provençale (Dell 'Acqua) Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.
No. 52016. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $1.50

MM. ALBERS, VAGUET and POUMAYRAC, Famous French Artists

Agnus Dei (Bizet) Sung by M. Albers and M. Vaguet, Orchestra Accompaniment
Le Crucifix (Fauré) Sung by M. Albers and M. De Poumayrac, Orchestra Accompaniment
No. 62038. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $2.50

A FAVORITE QUARTETTE IN FAVORITE SONGS

A Perfect Day (Carrie Jacobs Bond) Tempo Male Quartette, Unaccompanied
Good Night (Dudley Buck) Tempo Male Quartette, Unaccompanied
No. 40051. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $1.00

STANDARD TENOR SELECTIONS

The Maid Of Manaar (Coverly) John Bardsley, Tenor, Orchestra Accompaniment
I Loved You More Than I Knew (Ketelby) John Bardsley, Tenor, Orchestra Accompaniment
No. 35165. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

NEWEST PATHE INSTRUMENTAL NOVELTIES

We call special attention to the *organ solos* offered this month. Difficult to record as the organ is, we have succeeded in reproducing not only the complete character of the instrument, but its subtle tone shadings. Be sure to hear this record. Interesting orchestra and band numbers and an instrumental trio are also included.

Halleluia (Handel) Organ Solo, Jean Guillmant
Nocturne (Goss-Custard) Organ Solo, Goss-Custard
No. 35104. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

Light Cavalry Overture, Part I (Von Suppé) Pathé Orchestra
Light Cavalry Overture, Part II (Von Suppé) Pathé Orchestra
No. 35101. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

The Heart's Whisper (Anon) Waltz, Pathé Military Band
Lezginka (Anon) Russian Dance, Pathé Military Band
No. 35102. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

Regrets (Wade) Waltz, Imperial Symphony Orchestra
Have You Forgotten (Rose) Waltz, Imperial Symphony Orchestra
No. 40063. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $1.00

National Emblem March (Bagley) H. M. Scots Guards Band
Cavalleria Rusticana (Mascagni) "Intermezzo," Pathé Symphony Orchestra
No. 35098. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

Simple Aveu (Thomé) Violin, Cello and Harp, Ackroyd Trio
Tannhauser (Wagner) "O Star of Eve," Cello Solo, C. Warwick Evans, Orchestra Acc.
No. 40064. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $1.00

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HYMNS

That Sweet Story Of Old (West) Henry A. Mix, Tenor, Organ Accompaniment
Why Is Thy Faith, O Child Of God, So Small? (Sherwin) Henry A. Mix, Tenor, Organ Acc.
No. 20077. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

A NOVEL WHISTLING RECORD

Le Canari (Polackey) Whistling Duet, Wills and Lawrence, Orchestra Accompaniment
Havana (Palen) Waltz, Whistling Solo, Guido Gialdini
No. 35103. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

TWO NEW HAWAIIAN NOVELTIES

Hawaiian Hula Medley (Hawaiian Fox Trot) Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Troupe
He Lei Kaiulani (A Wreath for Princess Kaiulani) Waltz, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Troupe
No. 20102. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

THE MONTH'S POPULAR VOCAL HITS

Keep Your Eye On The Girlie You Love (Gerber, Johnson and Schuster) Ruth Roye, Soprano, Orchestra Acc.
Drip, Drip, Drip West The Waterfall (MacDonald and Carroll) Joe Remington, Baritone, Orchestra Acc.
No. 20136. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

The Trail To Sunset Valley (Gilbert and Muir) Duet, Campbell and Burr, Orchestra Acc.
Inari (Vivian Burnett) (Japanese Song) Joseph Phillips, Baritone, Orchestra Acc.
No. 20138. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

Watermelon Moon (Frost) Duet, Campbell and Burr, Orchestra Accompaniment
Waiting At The Old Church Door (Tony Jackson) Henry Burr, Tenor, Orchestra Acc.
No. 20096. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

On The Road To Paradise (Brennan and Ball) Joan Roger, Contralto, Pathé Salon Orchestra Accompaniment
In The Garden Of Romance (Reynolds and Kaiman) Gordon MacHughes, Baritone, Orchestra Accompaniment
No. 20089. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

NEW DANCE RECORDS THAT ARE STRIKINGLY PATHÉ

Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose (Whiting) Fox Trot, Mata's Blue and White Marimba Band
I've Saved All My Love For You, from "Ziegfeld Follies of 1916" (Buck and Stamper) One or Two Step, Mata's Blue and White Marimba Band
No. 20117. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

Havanola (Hugo Frey) Fox Trot, Sherbo's "Castles By The Sea" Orchestra
They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii (Goodwin and Mohr) One or Two Step, Sherbo's "Castles By The Sea" Orchestra
No. 20139. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

DEALERS EVERYWHERE ARE SELLING ATTACHMENTS TO PLAY PATHÉ DISC RECORDS. BUT HEAR THEM ON THE PATHEPHONE, ITSELF, FIRST.

A Few of the Many Famous PATHÉ Artists

THE CHECHAKO WIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

Mrs. Brent had given Tom a very extra special session; and, to Linus' loyal defense that there was a lady of fine principles, McGrath said she made him tired—a chechako woman always began to make over a camp that had done nicely before it ever heard of her. Tom smiled as he offered Eve moose chops at supper, but she declined overtures and angrily pushed the platter across the oilcloth.

"See here, if we was wastin' meat like a Montana elk-teeth hunter, you could land on us, girlie; but when it's all brought to camp and even the bones boiled up—fat tried out for grease too—you better just eat your grub an' be glad old Sureshot kin go git more for you," contended Bill, visiting the brown tent, where Tom and Eve sat silently. "Use your brains!"

Eve suddenly began weeping. Tom rumpled his fuzzy whitish hair, dismally regarding her; but Bill resolutely talked on until Tom exclaimed:

"Quit, can't you? And don't sit there and laugh—it's mighty real to her!"

"What'll I do—cry with her?" demanded Bill. "She's only cryin' 'cause we won't give in to her."

"I am not!" said Eve, conquering her tears to look at him. "But the law ——"

"We're going to get beef as soon as a passenger ship with cold storage will bring it from Seattle," said Tom. "I tried to contract for some on Kadiak, but the brown bears have gone after those herds till there's none to spare. Would you rather go Outside, and come back when we get things better shaped up?"

"No; she wouldn't," said Bill. "Let her stick home in camp an' learn to bend when she's gotta; an' pretty soon we'll build her a shack an' put in a sink, so the plates kin be swabbed off, an' she can set in the window watchin' the big buckets bringin' ore down an aërial tram an' dumpin' right into ships' hatches."

"Us two had to live on candle fish all one winter when the ammunition was gone; and so was everything else! I guess a little meat's coming to most everybody here if they can get it," said Tom.

"I'll never, never eat unlawful meat!" sighed Eve.

She began to use only soaked salted salmon bellies, and to appease the gnawings of appetite tried more sourdough hot cakes, corn-meal mush and rice than formerly, and was soon horrified to feel a constant inner hotness and to view a spotted face. The dried fruit was gone. Another shipment, with vegetables, waited on the dock at the port of Kodiak, far eastward on Kadiak Island; but, though the sun shone brilliantly from azure skies, wolf winds blew from Cook Inlet into the Strait. Eve became hysterical when Tom wanted to try to send the launch through the turbulent flood to get food that his wife could successfully eat. Linus had planted a garden for her, and Mickey cooked young fireweed and fern tops, those succulent greens of the North; but Eve looked hungrily at the fresh steaks and savory roasts that the rest daily gobbled.

"No; I will not 'try a little ptarmigan'—that's out of season too," she pettishly said of a plucked and dressed offering of birds humbly presented by Bill.

She now looked upon Tom as a sorrowing mother at a loved and wayward child. She would labor over mining costs and typewriter until, depressed and headachy, she got up and into rubber boots that would take her dry-footed through the vivid green tundra of the great flat back of the beach. Wild hyacinths were fragrant white spires among the green; and, gathering them, breathing that clean vivifying air with the feel of the whole spacious Northland in it, she relaxed. Resentment left her under the influence of a picture peaceful and vast, and she yearned to be wholly happy in this little camp of a few human creatures, dwelling on the rim of the wilderness.

She thought warmly of Tom and Bill and the men, and always reached home energetic and smiling. It was after one of these trips that she found a can of black paint, and, toiling with Mickey's kindling ax, wrecked milk boxes until she had material enough to make signs for various doors, reading "Throw All Waste in This Box and Make a Neat Camp." She set the boxes in place and waited. Linus, Bede Moore and Pop at once made deposits; but McGrath dug under bunks and swept thoroughly, next strewing papers, discarded rubber boots, overalls and tobacco cans on the beach above high-tide mark.

"Hey! The leddy vants order on dis beach, an' dose goes in der boxes!" shouted Linus, discovering Mac, who retorted:

"You must be the new chief of police! Well, stop me throwin' stuff where I feel like! Does she think us guys are slaves? You stop me, will you?"

He was a black excitable Irishman, and Linus had all the red passion of the Swede, so they were rocking like two vicious bears when Tom came by. McGrath was whipped before Linus would let go, and Tom had a wrenched wrist from ripping them apart before the Swede could set more marks on Mac. Eve sadly removed signs and boxes, informing McGrath that neatness wouldn't have hurt him.

"Excuse me, but you ain't my boss," he said hotly. "Buttin' in on a workman's rights! Eternal law'n order, world without end—do I come bustin' in when you're runnin' over to the cookhouse for one of them pots o' tea you're f'rever drinkin', tellin' you to lay off it before you git the shakes proper? Oh, I'm married personally; an' she's like you, hittin' the teapot an' runnin' other people's games for 'em!"

"Why, how—how dare ——" Eve stopped; and as he eagerly made ready for verbal battle she astonished him with "You're right, Mac; I do drink too much tea. And I'll take less. You see, I've been rather nervous, all round, with the moose flies and typing things with my head in a black fly net. And they go up my sleeves too."

"You play that old machine too much," said Mac in a calmer tone. "The bugs are fierce; an' you're not a strong woman, or uset to this. Keep to walkin' out an' pickin' the flowers."

They began to like each other; and Eve reformed conscientiously as to tea, and expected Mac at once to gather the refuse and at least drop it where the tide would clean the beach. The old boots lay untouched until Linus mutteringly did the chore, and Mac did not change a single slovenly habit; but he found the first wild roses for her, and said she was to mail all of his first check to his wife, who also meant well, in her way. Snuff in the stores had puzzled Eve, until the Russians and Finns came to have many ounces charged against their wages, wadding the powder under mustached lips as they strode off. To Nils Lindquist, Eve gently said that was such a degrading habit, and wouldn't he promise, like a nice good boy, to stop? Nils mashed a gnat against a shiny red brow, and after reflection resumed his head net, and answered:

"No, ma'am. Her's a free country, here."

Stepan Gagoff listened sullenly while she pleaded; and, evading her without impolite reply, because a bookkeeper pays off and a manager's wife has fearsome possibilities, he ran to his bunk and made up his bed roll, crying to the Serbian Nicks and Mikes that if one but came to Niklik to be beneath another czar, then let them give him a time check that night! Tom had to talk fast and promise unlimited snuff before the agitated Stepan hung his ikon over his bunk and went to work.

"Say, we'll soon be workin' three shifts here—one comin', one goin', and maybe one in the mine!" said Bill; and Tom looked rueful as Eve said:

"These people resist every effort toward civilization."

"By golly, I believe you are a percissy after all! Can't you live-an'-let-live a little?" Bill joked. "Poor Linus is 'most ready to come back to the hot bunkhouse, after gittin' his tent up so's he can live alone an' not have the poker game keepin' him awake—don't dare touch anything after he's cleaned up, for fear Eve'll come visitin' an' see he ain't neat."

"She just gets sick stewing over things that are all right," said Tom.

"She's got the makin's of a good fella—just the makin's," said Bill, winking before he gave his pony laugh. "Sore at me, Eve?"

But Eve would not fight him. It was one of her droopy days, and she refused to go to the messhouse for dinner, requesting Tom to bring some bread and butter.

"That ain't enough, hon; and I'm going to take the launch to-night and get you some eggs and beef, or some darned thing to

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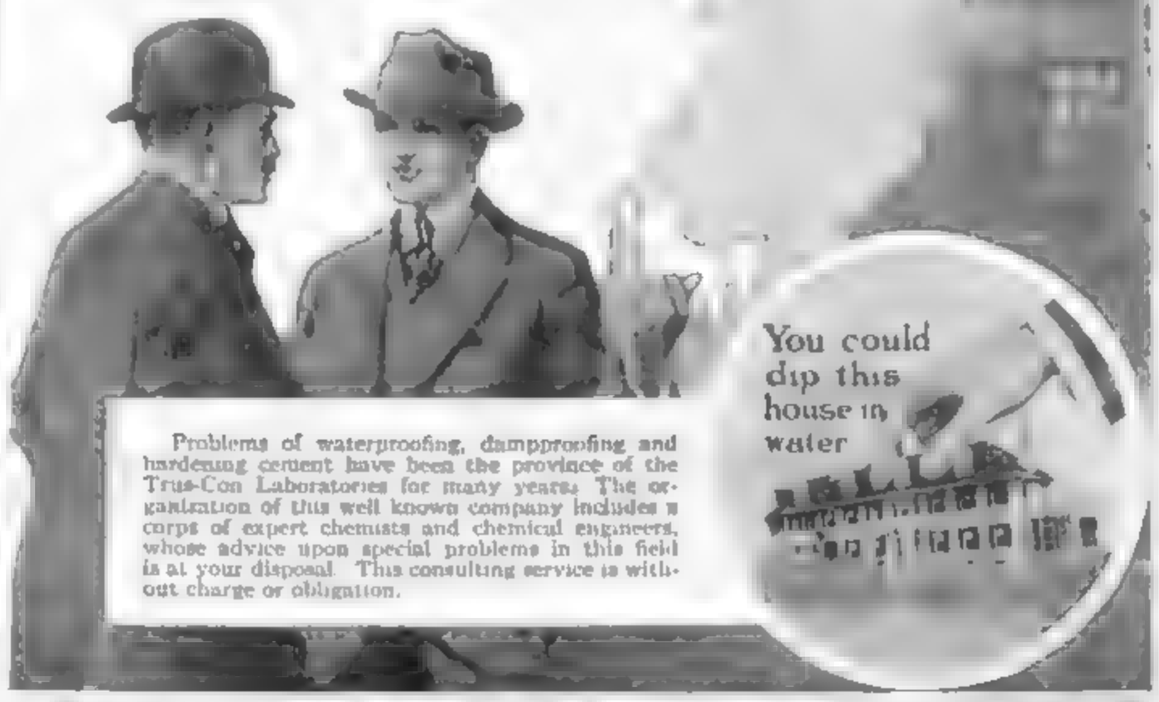

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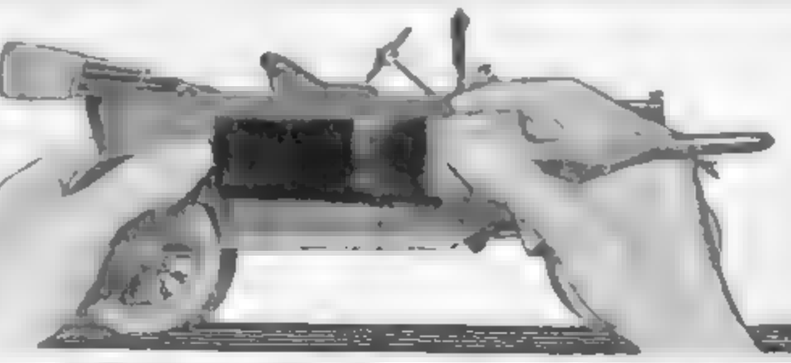

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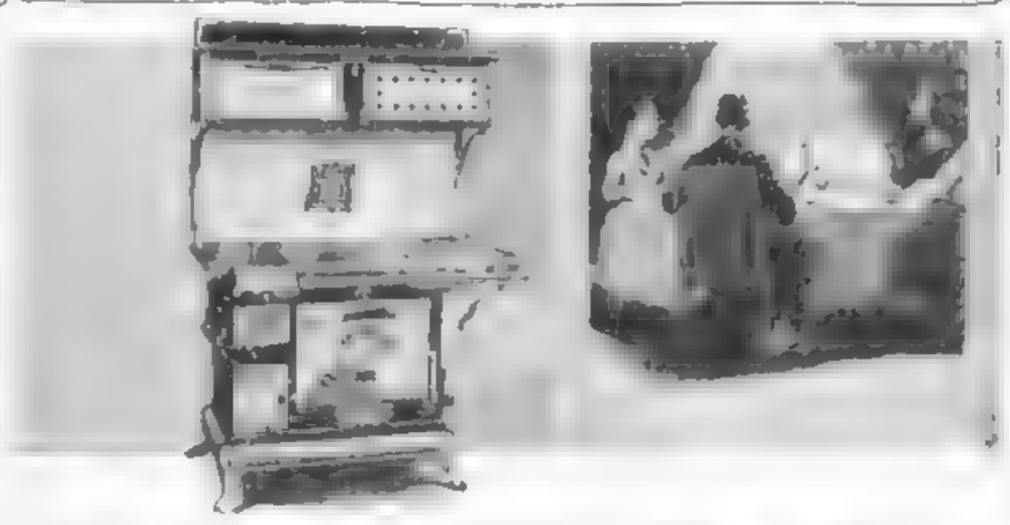

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help you—wind's changing, anyhow; and I believe the summer calm's going to begin."

"Oh, I'm so worried! You're sure the doctor will come back with you?"

"You bet he will, dearie! Doc Baughman's mushed many a hundred miles to a patient; and he's there right now, waiting for the launch so he can get to my little girl," said Tom tenderly. "And Bill's here to take care of you."

"He hates me," said Eve miserably. "They all hate me!"

"Who, Bill? He thinks a heap of you, and so do the boys. They know you don't understand the country. It's a fine land, hon, when you know it; but you're all shot to pieces, baby—pretty soon it'll be all right, and we'll plane the mean places down."

"Hurry! Hurry home, Tommy," Eve whispered, hanging to him. "I've stopped the office work; and it'll be so lonesome. But I can go and see Linus—he's off nights since last change day."

"I'd leave the old sport alone for a day or so, dearie. He didn't show up this morning, and Mac saw a native's bidarka up the beach—Linus must have got some hootch from him; and when that Swede starts drinking we just have to leave him alone, you know, and finish it—thinking about the woman, you see."

The waves smoothed until the screeching of gulls was the biggest sound in the summer stillness. After supper Tom took the mail bag and rowed with a native helper to the launch. The engine coughed uncertainly, then steadied; and Eve sat in the brown tent's doorway, waving as the launch disappeared round the high reef. Westward, toward the Arctic, the mist-hung peaks of Popof Island showed. Across the wide Strait sunlight flowed down austere white hills. The Niklik side was darkened by shadowing Mount Niklik, but the sun gleamed on the water, flashing on thronging king salmon that leaped in the bay, trying to rid their shining skins of parasites. Mickey was rowing a dory through them, taking in a net thickly hung with big fishes.

Eve rose, pulled a parka of reindeer-fawn skins about herself, and moved slowly through crowding gnats along the beach. She waved at Mickey, now rowing ashore, and smiled at a few men of the day shift who were leather-soling rubber boots or pitching rope quoits before the bunkhouse.

"Ain't goin' over to Linus' tent? He won't lay off the hootch till he's got a-plenty, Mis' Brent," called McGrath.

"If I talk to him I hope he will," said Eve; and with languid pace she took the trail, through tall beach grass and wild celery, toward the remote spot where Linus had decided to bunk alone.

"Who in time's shootin' so close to camp? Is he daffy?" exclaimed McGrath as a heavy-caliber rifle shot sounded. "He—— Listen! Come on, boys! Hear that?"

Another shot, and a woman's desperate scream. McGrath darted inside, tumbled out with his rifle, and ran. The cook rolled a stone on the dory's painter; and, snatching an ax from his wood tent, his long legs took the trail.

"Help! Mac! Bede! Help! Help!" Eve screamed; and Mac roared: "We're comin'! Run this way; we'll git you!"

The men plunged into a jungle of salmonberry and alder as she wailed:

"Help! Hurry, Mac! He's killing—he—— Let him go, you fiend! Let him go, I tell you. I—let—give me that knife! I'll make you; I'll make—— Help!"

Her anguished voice rustled into silence; the big lean cook swung his ax and cursed as he passed shorter McGrath and lit in the cleared space before Linus' tent. Eve was clutching a stoutish gray-haired man, who wabbled so that Mickey Dugan thought it was he who had been hit. Panting, she hurled an opened jackknife into the brush; and with a wild look she gasped:

"He's murdered Linus! I—I saw it! Hold him—oh, Mickey!"

"Git the girl out o' this," said McGrath; and with a snarl he pounced upon her captive as Mickey with a reluctant backward look rushed her down the trail.

Linus Larsen, half out of the tent, from which gushed a hot stench of stale whisky and the acrid sharpness of gunpowder, was flat on his face, grunting weakly. Blood from a hole in his head sopped his yellow hair and, propped against Bede Moore's knee, a knife gash in his breast spurted redly.

"Helga! Two year to-day he stole—stole—vife," he mouned. "Daly!"

"He took that guy for Daly," said somebody.

"He's Daly," panted Linus painfully. "Stole vife—poke—nine black—foxes, vorth——" His eyes finished it, and young Bede said gently:

"Linus, ol' kid, us all wants yo' to tell fo' suah is this guy who done fo' yo' Doc Daly, from the Inside? Nod yo' haid, boy, fo' yes."

Linus nodded violently—and died.

"Frisk him for a gat," said McGrath, driving a hand under the wabbly prisoner's dirty tan canvas coat. "Nothin' in the pants? Here's a leather case."

"No, no—mustn't touch," said the wabbly one sleepily. "No, no—naughty!"

"We ought to bump this bird off now an' done with it," said McGrath savagely, and excited young Bede cried that was the stuff!

"Killed Linus; an', befo' that, spoiled his life, an' likely throwed the woman to the lions!" he said with a sob. "I'll yank the rope on him!"

"No, no, no!" said the prisoner, yawning as he reeled forward under the prods of his captors. "Set upon, gentlemen—very, very sleepy now—grub first, though—no grub, three days, I think. Don't pinch like that, dear chap—brutish, rather, your clutch."

McGrath fiercely swore at him, and the prisoner turned a white, fattish whiskery face about, observing:

"Dear, dear, dear—but a poor musher in sad case needs grub, boys—lost pack—glacial flood—wandered—skunk-cabbage roots and ferns, boys—heard blasting, this morning, I fancy it was. Nice reception this, to lost man!"

"No; keep back, Bede, I been thinkin' we won't hold a miners' meetin', though we could, bein' isolated; an' sentence'd go," said McGrath, warning Bede's menacing hands away from the prisoner. "The Floatin' Court ought to be by here, goin' to the westward; an' they got marshals, judge, lawyers an' all aboard, to clean up the winter cases in these coast camps. He kin git his quick if we flag the revenue cutter when she's passin'."

"Good notion, Mac," decided old Pop Paley. "More legal too."

"Say, we'll be legal enough to tickle Mis' Brent," said Mac as he kicked the stranger into the cookhouse. "Sit on that stool an' eat, then, you rat! Though we ought to let you starve! Got some cold chuck, anybody? Huh?"

"Coffee," sighed the captive, resting on the long table. "Hot, black, strong! Larsen died—didn't he, my friend?"

The men stared at each other as he smiled drowsily upon them; and Bill Dixon, summoned from the mine, where he had gone to start the night shift, came in as, answering a demand from Bede, the prisoner said:

"Daly? Oh, yes; that's my name. But about coffee, boys?"

"I remember him from Cleary Creek," Bill said. "It's Daly."

"Well, Mis' Brent herself glommed him. Talk about a game girl!" said McGrath proudly. "We'll suit her book for once, you bet; an', with her ideas an' her witness of it all, he'd have a swell chance not to swing!"

Pop Paley had started a fire, and the savor of boiling coffee made Daly sniff avidly. As he sank his white unhealthy face into a pint cup of hot liquid the roomful discussed the case: was it only manslaughter when the deed was not premeditated?

"Say, fellas; Eve'll have all that dope. She used to type all her pa's briefs, an' she's a sharp on law," said Bill.

"Pretty fine we got a woman like her that goes hungry rather'n be illegal—an' her the witness!" exulted McGrath. "This here's murder; sure it is."

"Now the Floatin' Court might be a month to the west," said old Pop, gazing over his spectacles at the unconcerned Daly. "When Tom comes with the launch we'll send this man to the Kodiak jail."

"Guardin' him meantime—all right!" agreed McGrath; and the rest nodded.

Daly finished his food and sprawled limply on the table, blinking at them while one hand pawed toward the leather case that was in his dirty coat. He fumbled at the spring as, from the door, Mickey cried shrilly:

"Anny man here married? Mis' Brent's baby's goin' to be born!"

Bill started up; then flushed and glared hopelessly about, while McGrath faltered:

(Continued on Page 97)

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(Continued from Page 94)

"But I ain't got no kids, Mickey—rest of the mob's all single. Will I row to the native fish camp an' see if there's a squaw could be got?"

"Natives don't give no help; they just let 'em suffer," said a voice.

"'Tis thir-rty miles there an' back, anny-way," said Mickey, heaving. "She must have help right here, min. Do we want Tom comin' home to no wife because his min did nothin' to aid?"

"I'll do sumpin'," said Bill, pale and stricken. "Can—can she speak? I d'know how it takes them."

Mickey put up a hand for quiet, and stabbing cries came through the canvas walls. The prisoner set fat fingers on Bede Moore's shrinking shoulder and uncertainly stood, blinking at Bill, as he said:

"Go tell her doctor's coming. Put hot water on the stove."

"Doctor—they called him Doc on the creeks; but he never did any doctorin'," Bill said, advancing. "Daly, don't kid this outfit—were you one?"

"Marine surgeon, once; formerly genteel family practice," said Daly affably.

He shrugged out of his coat, disclosing a nearly fresh white undershirt, a sleeve of which he pushed up with a purr of discontent when it refused to pass a bulge of fat. Bill ripped the sleeve, noting that the man's nails were trimmed and clean, though the skin of his hands was scratched, bitten and cracked.

"Little shot of hop will liven doctor," Daly muttered, and drove in a potent needle from the case. "One wears off, doctor takes another. Ah—good! Bring dish pan, string, blanket, hot water—boil scissors full ten minutes. Got oil?"

"He shan't go to her—want her to be shocked insane, seein' him?" shouted McGrath; but Bill exclaimed:

"Shut up! Just so he savvies doctorin'. You, Daly, march! Take his other arm, Mickey—you other guys git what he told you, fixed ready."

Passing out, Daly reached for Mickey's clean apron, hanging from a wooden peg. Bill urged him toward the brown tent, and the good cook, audibly praying to certain friendly saints, stuck a solid arm under Daly's. The latter smiled uninterestedly at the calm Strait, aglitter in the night sun, and at the misty white hills beyond the water. It had been months since he had really thought. Sensations stirred him briefly, and, passing, left him sodden. He had been wildly drunk when he stumbled from a Lapp camp on the Unalaklik mail trail, after stealing the shaman's two best work dogs, his grub and wolf robes.

The kind Eskimos had been sheltering Daly as thanks for setting a boy's broken wrist. He might have had the loot as a gift, but the impulse came, so he stole. The dogs sneaked away while he lay sucking at a dark bottle, also stolen, and he dozed for days in a caribou wallow, staggering on, finally to lose his insecure pack in a creek that was in flood.

Then he lived on green moss berries and a porcupine slain with a club. At last he saw blue water from the rising slopes. He smelled greedily when he crawled downhill and stopped by the Larsen tent; and giving a joyous hail he went in upon a man glooming at his ghosts.

It was only liquor refused that Daly fought for when he snatched Linus' rifle and opened his own knife—he had long forgotten Helga Larsen. He fired as Eve peered into the tent.

"Help's come, Evie—got a doctor, little girl!" Bill called softly as Daly moved confidently to her door. Eve gave a moan of terror as her tortured eyes sought the man who entered.

"Bill! Not you! Go 'way—oh, wretch!" she gasped.

But Daly did not go. He felt a sudden hot uplifting desire to succor and to save, and he said gently:

"I am skilled and careful. Just think hard that in a few hours you will be well and happy! I have helped lots and lots of little babies into life."

Pop Paley had been breakfast cook, to spell a worn Mickey. The dinner potatoes were boiled to soup and the meat scarce boiled at all; but the lanky cook smirked and grinned so mysteriously that no one complained except to joke:

"Hey! Your bannock's all raw in the center!"

"Thin call ut cr-ream puffs," said Mickey, dropping a mess of rice and raisins with a

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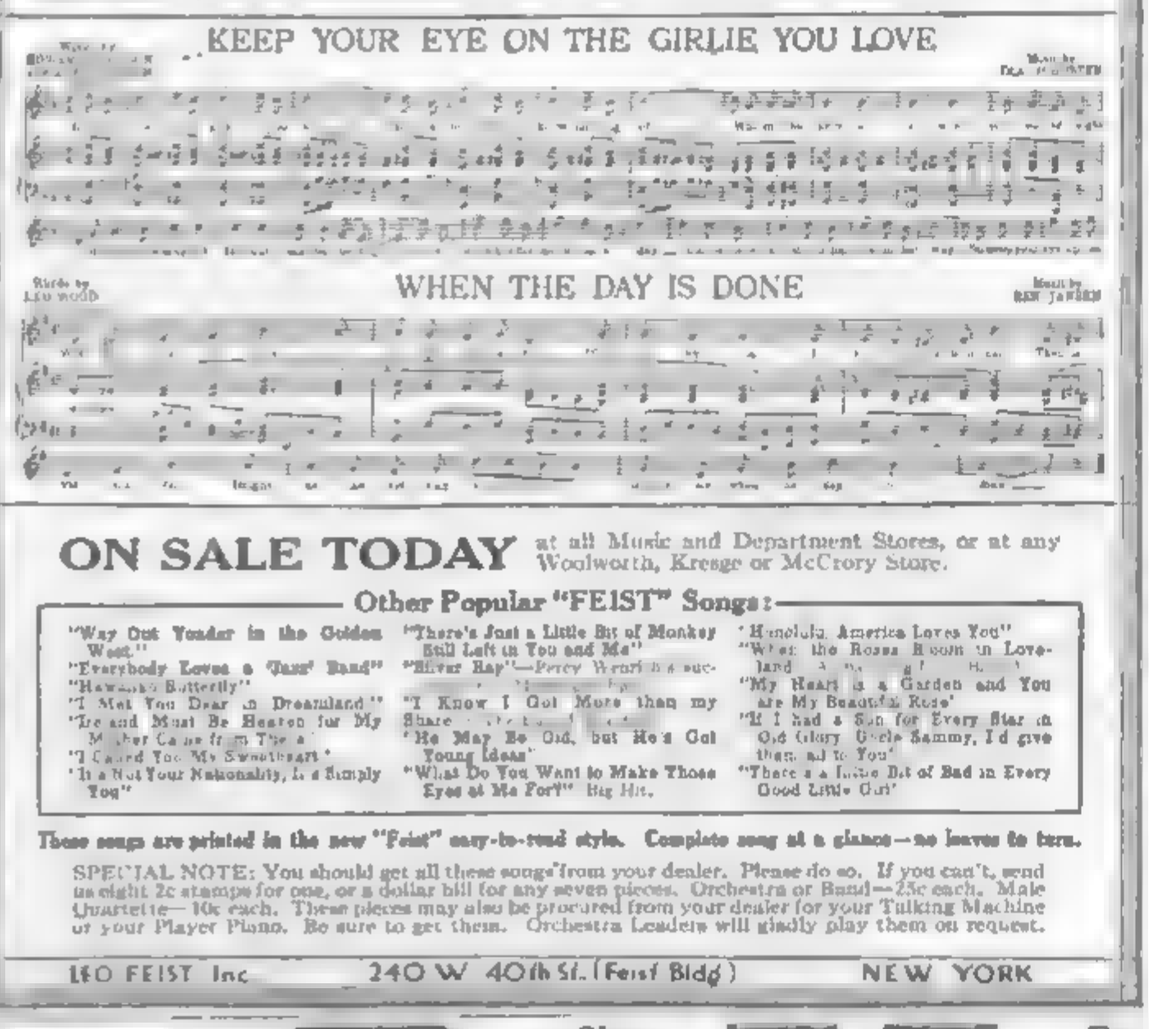
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thud. "Gwan wid you, Glover! I'm up'n the air, an' who cares? Well, hurroo! He's br-ringin' that dish pan at last!"

Bill Dixon came cautiously into the mess tent, holding a great blanket-draped pan before him; and he set it gingerly upon the table.

"Fellas, there's two of 'em!" he cried. "Evelyn Niklik an' William Thomas Brent. Now then, peek careful—ain't they swell?"

Large shy hands put back corners of the light cover and the men, in turn, engrossedly regarded two small crinkly faces and a fuzz of whitey hair.

"Is it twins just the same when both aren't the same sex?" demanded Glover, the timberer. "An' say, is there plenty of canned cream for the extry one?"

"Why, the maw feeds both, you poor rummy!" said Bill. "An' Doc says she got through fine, too, considerin'—she told me when I went in she couldn't 'a' even tried to live without Daly helpin', boys. Her heart quit on him twice, an' he had us dig up the chloroform that was in the assay office, when he saw it was goin' to be bad. Where would this camp 'a' been without that doctor? We would 'a' been no use!"

"Sure, he was a mother an' ministerin' angel, he was—look at the size of the mitt on this divil!" said Mickey; and while he displayed the tiny hand of a snoozing twin he sent a crafty look at faces that had darkened at the prisoner's name.

"It was him committin' murder drove the girl to her trouble before it was due," said McGrath. "Are you weakenin', Dixon? You know the guy's got to swing."

"I'm huntin' lumbuh to make a cross fo' Linus," said Bede Moore.

"Mis' Brent's the witness; there's the strong point," said McGrath. "We know her principles—follow the law! I'm the night guard."

"Oh, I'm with the gang," said Bill cheerfully; but, leaving the tent, he shuffled his feet noisily in the shale, then stopped, listening anxiously to the talk that began when somebody asked if it wouldn't be safest not to pick Dixon for a guard.

Doc Daly was sleeping, with a stolid Finn as keeper. He was imprisoned in Tom's wood tent, adjacent to the one in which Eve lay quietly gazing through an open door at satiny waters, where the salmon jumped. A wedge of wild white swans flew low, scattering the gulls that screeched and swooped above the fish. Her pet blue jay sweetened its song as it flew in to light on a canful of purple iris, brought by Stepan Gagoff, unregenerate user of snuff.

The light breeze held the smell of the sea when it blew from the Strait; but when a warmer breath came from the tundra flat, back of the camp, the roses and wild hyacinths seemed close. She thought of the black night in which she had come to Niklik; of the mine; and the freighter that was due soon; of her garden that she could not visit for a week—the garden that kind Linus had made. Occasionally a snore made her start. A groan always followed; then a long silence.

"Won't you swally the broth, pettie lamb?" purred Mickey, creeping in with a bowl, from which a pleasant beefiness reached her. "Ah, now; don't mind ould Section Thir-rty whin you're wantin' str-rength to care for the angels, mem."

Eve began to weep into her pillow, repenting:

"No, Mickey; no. Just rice and a very little tea—oh, Mickey!"

"What is ut, pettie? Will I git the good doethor? Bless him!"

"No, no," she said miserably. "He—he's guarded, Mickey?"

"Wid a pair of come-alongs on his wrists too. McGrath had thim in his kick, it seems. I'll set the broth here, annyway; there might come a fancy to dhrink ut."

The bright sun shone on the smooth water and the warm breeze came; but as the day went Eve felt herself in a mental night, where thoughts came foggily. To Kodiak; to justice! And the law would take its proper course. Her hands were clammy as she felt for the precious twins, snug in their padded dish pan—the babies that Daly had saved.

"He killed Linus. I saw him!" she told herself feverishly. "I must reason. I know it's right for them to take him."

Mickey consulted with Bill when she failed to eat the lunch he dressed with flowers and the first salmonberries, and Bill gravely besought her to let him stay close that night. Wouldn't she feel better with the dear twins where Uncle Bill could hear their littlest wail?

"No, Bill; I want—I'll be better by myself. I could call if I'm worse, and the guard could bring in the doctor."

"All right," said Bill heavily. "But I'll be up, girlie."

"Oh, no—go to bed, please. Please!" said Eve queerly.

"All right; I will, then. Just don't worry. Think of the twins."

"Yes, I—oh, I'm thinking," said Eve with locked fingers. "Thinking—thinking!"

She heard Mac take the Finn's place, and shuddered when the former's voice told somebody there was no danger of his going to sleep, even if he hadn't had any the previous night and had drilled rock all day.

"Tom'll be home to-morrow; an' we'll take no chances on him gittin' loose. He'd never git by me," boasted McGrath.

With William Thomas cuddled at her breast, Eve listened to Daly begging tobacco, and Mac replying that murderers could go without!

The flat cars, loaded with sacked ore, rattled downhill to the beach, and she heard the voices of the trammers shouting. Then the supper shots from the hill—eleven o'clock! The rose of the night sun was setting the tents aflame. She knew the trammers were eating in the blacksmith shop by the main tunnel of the mine. The day shift slept. And suddenly she was aware of a sleeper in the wood tent—steady snoring, unlike the infrequent grunts that Daly made when turning over on a hard wood bunk.

She slipped weakly from bed, a small pathetic figure in her white gown. She had to stay on her knees at first, and then painfully drag herself upright. From the door she could see the interior of the wood tent—and McGrath sat on a box, asleep, while the prisoner stared musingly at him. Shakily Eve's hand found a cup and a bottle. Her brown eyes glowed strangely as she wetted a piece of cotton with the chloroform with which last night the doctor had won for her surcease from agony. He had made her hold it to her nose and breathe. When the cup fell, he said, she would be "under."

Only Daly's sharp black eyes spoke when the white form glided behind tired McGrath and a slim hand advanced the cup. Mac breathed louder in a moment; then the raucous intake ceased and he lumped against the canvas wall.

"The key to these things is in his pocket. O woman, are you a saint, or just all heart?"

Eve was fumbling at the cruel steel cuffs that bit the fat wrists, and abruptly she freed him, whispering:

"It's suppertime and no one is on the beach. There are but two boats in camp; my husband's got the skiff with him. Row one and tow the other—and row west toward that small island. Look—see where I'm pointing? Natives there have an outboard engine and this money'll buy it. Good-by! Good-by!"

"Get into bed; you mustn't stand—I'll carry you," said Daly tensely; but Eve panted: "Don't mind me. Fly, doctor, fly!—and thank you for my babies!"

"They'll never head me in the hills; and I'm going to live better, be a better ——"

"Fly, man! He might come out of it! The boats are kept over there—in the lagoon! Good-by!"

He raced through the shale to the lagoon and, standing on the shore, pulled madly at the anchored dory.

"Hold on! Take the little skiff; you can't make time in the dory, alone," said Bill Dixon, back of him; and to Daly's gulp of fright he said: "It's all right, Doc—them twins are why I'm goin' to bust the bottom out of the dory, while you row for it in the skiff. Go to it!"

Eve was a huddle of white in her doorway when the skiff rode the tidal creek flowing from the lagoon and moved swiftly westward on the flood tide of the sun-reddened Strait. She stared until the black shape of the boat was merged in the deeper red of the distance. Once she tried to inch herself toward the bed, but strength was lacking; so she sat there, weak but starry-eyed.

After a long wait she smiled and reached a trembling arm for the bowl of moose broth that Mickey had left upon the bench. Then she drank, and, still smiling, crawled across the tent and slowly got into the bunk. Her hand found the twins, warmly snoozing in their dish pan; and, with a long sigh, she slept.

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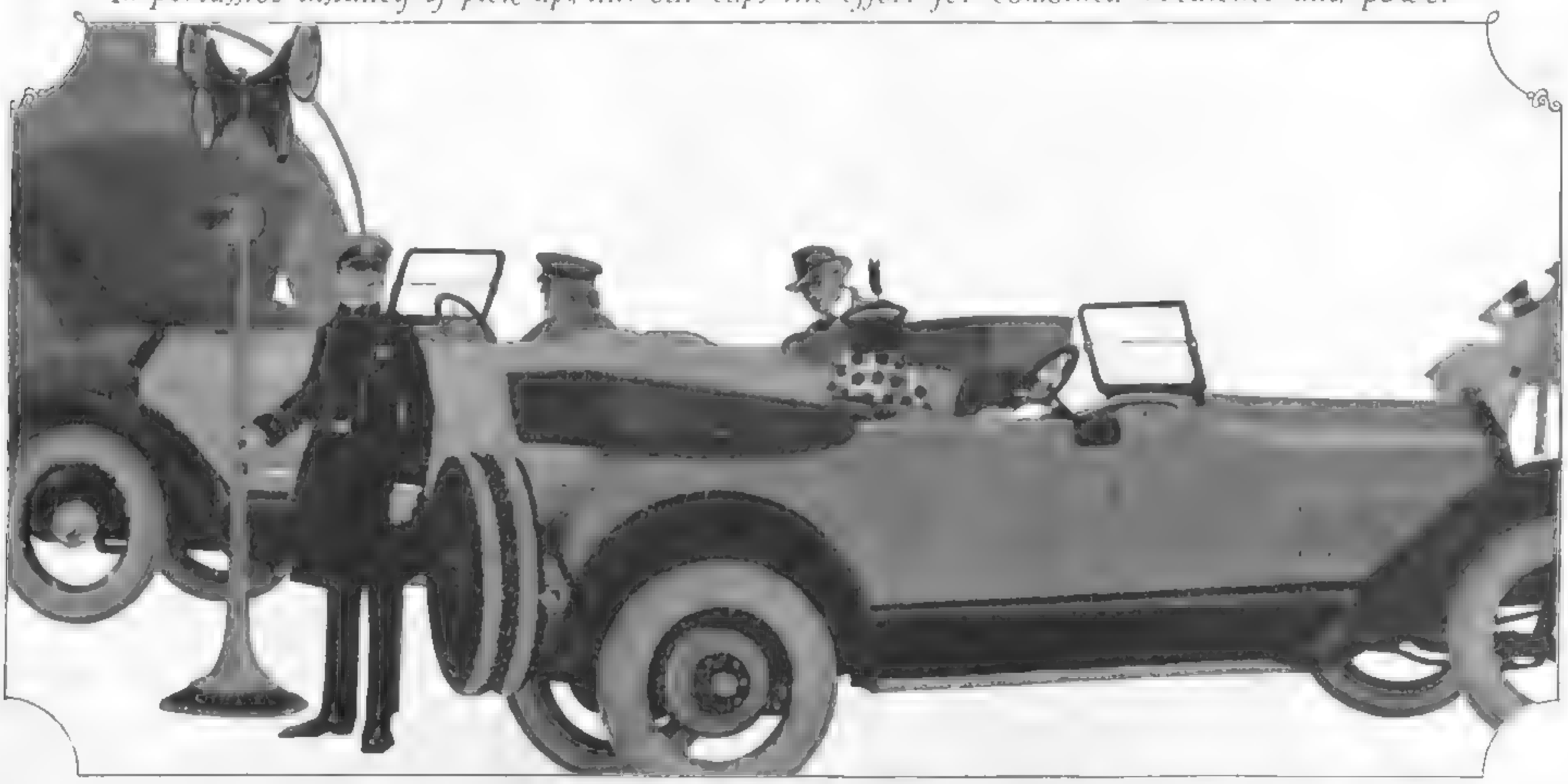

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BRINGING OUT BARBARA

(Concluded from Page 23)

to let slip a crucial opportunity, on the ground that "people were looking!" Oh, how trivial, how incorrigibly trivial he was! How right Mrs. Winslow had been!

"Just one turn!" he urged, more and more uncomfortable.

"Certainly," I said, and let him swing me away.

We had not progressed ten feet before Johnny Hargrave cut in. Thus Allan, no doubt to his intense relief, was most opportunely released from an embarrassing situation.

I received two impassioned notes from him during the course of the next morning, begging me to see him at the house; and these having elicited no reply, he followed them in the afternoon with a third, in which he actually suggested a clandestine interview in the park—which was going pretty far—for Allan.

That evening I went to mother's room to tell her that I had determined to give him up. She had finished dressing, and was walking to and fro before her cheval glass, scrutinizing over her shoulder the details of her costume, while Yvonne stood silently by. When I whispered that I wanted to speak with her alone she sent the latter away; and I announced my decision. Her gratification knew no bounds. Never had I seen her so elated.

"You'll get twice as much out of your social opportunities now!" she exulted.

Then she seemed to forget that I was there and started walking up and down again, but not before the mirror this time. All at once she stopped and hung poised on an arched foot. Her clasped hands, with their rosy nails, supported her delicate chin; below them her breast rose and fell in an accession of pleasurable excitement; triumph was on her lips, and in her eyes were dreams—of dukes.

Poor mother! My heart went out to her, and I longed to protect her—from life. Since our ideals were irreconcilable, it was inevitable that I should disappoint her at every turn—again, and again, and again. Between us lay the intangible forces of the Imponderables, holding us forever apart.

As I passed her on my way out I touched an end of the filmy tulle she had wound about her throat, with lingering fingers full of compunction, tenderness and regret.

I stayed at home that night for the first time in many weeks and seated myself in the upstairs sitting room beside the fire, with a book. But in my unsettled mood the tale I had chosen ran its course too deliberately; and as for the fire, it soon became unbearably hot. I moved away; but the walls of the room seemed closing in on me, giving me a sensation of suffocation. The artificial system of heating worked too well; though the month was February, so carefully had drafts been excluded that one could hardly draw breath. I went to the window and gave it an energetic shove. It flew upward, letting in a vigorous blast that stung my temples deliciously.

Fifth Avenue was still pulsating; busses rumbled, motors hummed; pedestrians went by, walking briskly, their necks muffled in their collars. This was no night for lingering.

Only one man—that slim one there—did not seem to be in any hurry. I watched him until he was out of my field of vision. A moment more and he was within range again, retracing his steps. Directly in front of the house he paused, looking up, and in the glare of the arc light I saw John Randall's face—off guard. What I read in it caused me to dash out of the room headlong and run down the stairs two steps at a time. He had not moved when the heavy grilled door yielded to my hand.

"Come in!" I said peremptorily. He made no motion to obey. "I was going to write you," I said slowly. "It's over—the thing we were talking about."

He came in then; and when I had closed the door behind him he said:

"How awfully hard for you!"

"Not any more!" I answered quickly. "It wasn't—the real thing. I think I felt that subconsciously all the time."

In the sitting room, since the window had remained open in the interval, the air was thoroughly changed.

"Why," I demanded abruptly, "couldn't you have rung the doorbell and asked for me? If I hadn't opened the window just then I should never have known you were there! Oh, John Randall, why will you always stay outside?"

His eyes pricked mine.

"Because I'm an outsider," he retorted; "and I never trespass on private grounds. I only skirt them occasionally."

"I'm an outsider too," I said gravely. "I always suspected it, and now I know it. I don't belong here any more than you do. Some day or other I'm going to discover where it is that I do belong!"

He took a deep breath and his eyes glowed.

"I wanted to hear you say it," he avowed. "I just wanted to hear you say it! They've put you in a mold—and you've come out retaining your own shape. It staggers belief! I couldn't have done it. No one could—but you."

"Do you remember," I asked quietly, "the imitation lobster, that night we met? The wolf in sheep's clothing?"

"Yes," he nodded. "And I remember your comment. 'That's what they're trying to do with me,' you said."

"Do you remember your answer?"

"How can I remember what I said?"

"Well, then, I do. You said: 'Don't let them.' And if I haven't, you're more than half responsible."

As I spoke I could see his reserve—that provoking reserve which had so long deflected our lives out of their true course—breaking up, like ice before spring freshets.

"You'd have done it, anyway," he averred. "You've got a nature that would pull out of anything! And there's no ruthlessness in it, either; that's the beauty of it. How you were able to curb it, to hold it down as you did, to defer in every way to your father and mother, to give their system a fair show instead of taking the bit in your teeth, is a marvel to me! And I'm not the only one, either. You ought to hear what Mrs. Winslow thinks about it! You ought to know what she thinks of you, anyway. She thinks you're the straightest, the cleanest-minded, the safest and the most earnest girl she's ever seen. Besides that, she thinks ——"

"Oh, pooh!" I cut him short. "Mrs. Winslow never said that!"

"Some of it she did," he affirmed, the eyes that had been all steady light suddenly atwinkle. "Anyway, I didn't say she said it—I said she thought it!"

We threw back our heads and laughed.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" I challenged teasingly.

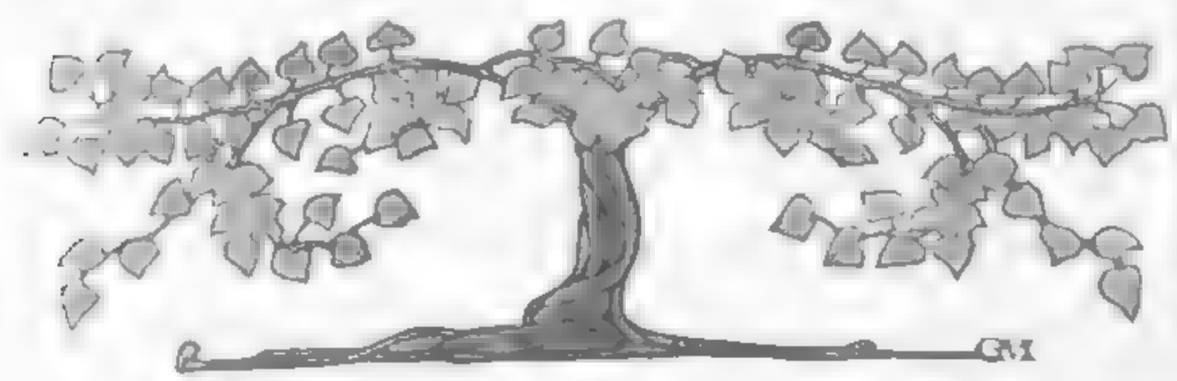
But he stopped laughing and trembled from head to foot.

"It's the money!" he blurted out with a boy's abruptness. "That's what it is, if you want to know."

"But the money's an accident!" I cried, wondering. "An incident! Why do you make it so important? We needn't use the money I'll have for ourselves. We can use it for foundations of some sort—or hospitals. We'll see," I ended contentedly, "what we'll use it for. And meantime we'll be living on yours. You'll have enough to keep me in smocks—if I paint too. Haven't you just made a stupendous success? Haven't you got orders it'll take you two years to fill?"

With one cry he sprang toward me and crushed me in his arms.

(THE END)



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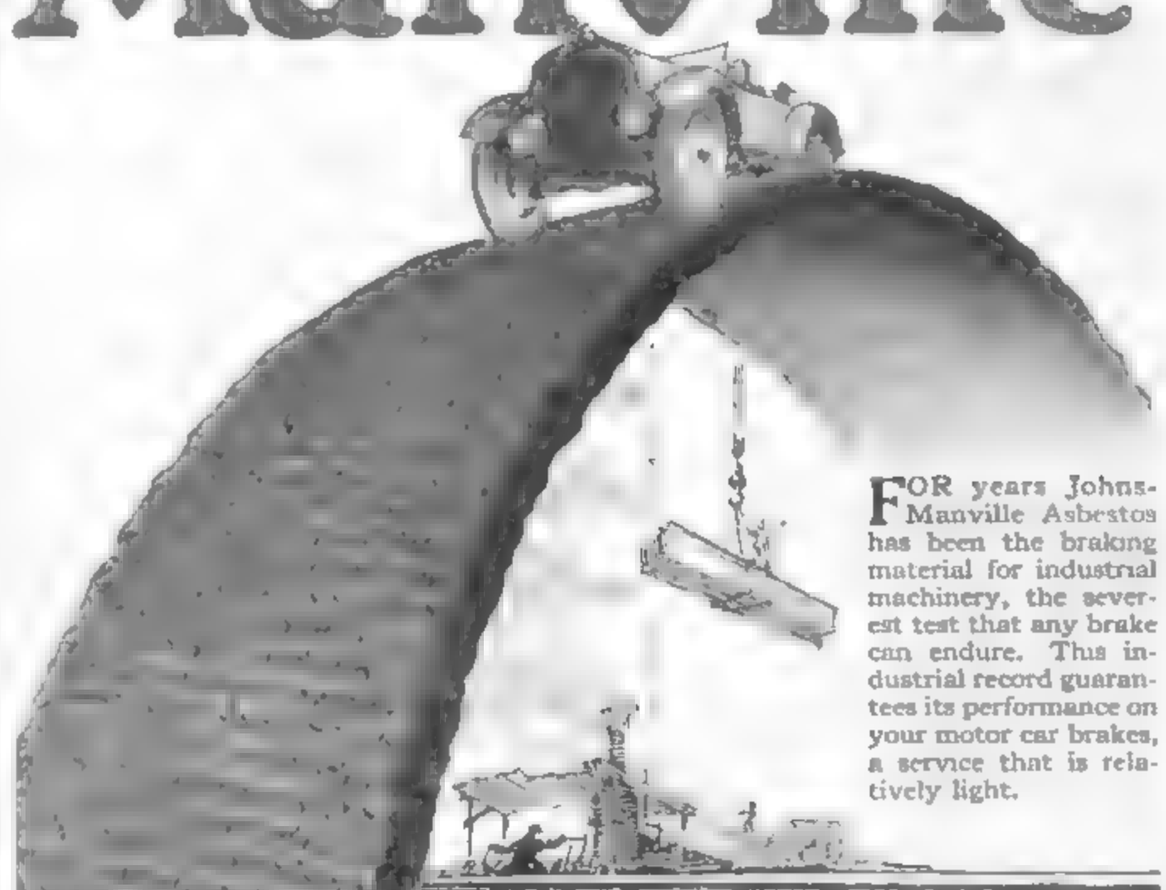

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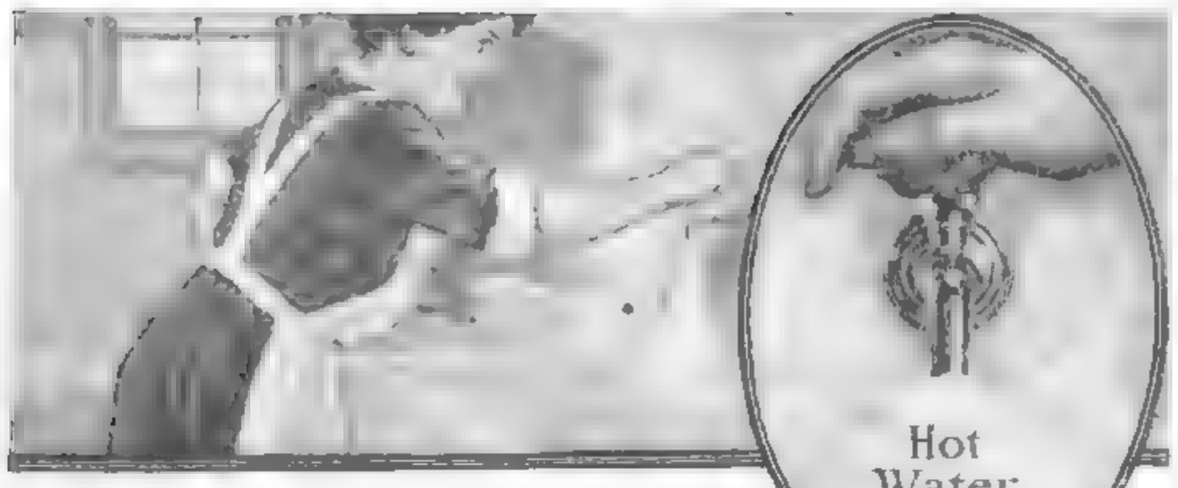

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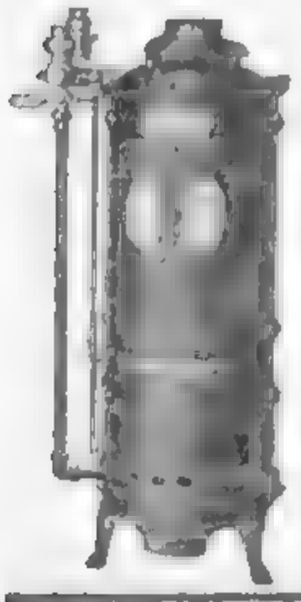

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THE SOUND OF MILLSTONES

(Continued from Page 25)

challenges an unknown man in the dark, bayonet lowered and finger on the trigger, uncertain whether the person be foe or friend; but this was wearing off. Toward Hosea himself, even though the farmer's pretentious sentences still jarred a little on him, he began to feel an affectionate tolerance. With the motherless son and daughter he was getting along well. Frank, a tall lad of twenty-four, with his father's suspicious look, couldn't understand why he came away from the city.

"Can't make it out," he would say to Harris. "Appears to me you got a better time up there—theaters, and hotels, and everything. Moment I can get a little money I'm not going to stay here. Not on your life!"

"I like this better," Harris would laugh.

He was too wise in his generation to attempt to explain things to one who couldn't understand.

"Police aren't after you?" Frank would hint sheepishly.

"Not that I know of," would be the answer.

The daughter, Mildred, a thin anæmic girl, tall as her brother, white in the face, with large blue eyes, overhigh forehead and scant hair, would smile demurely at him as he brought in the milk foaming in its pails night and morning. Between him and her there was little said.

"It must be a great change from the city," she would suggest.

"Thank God it is!" he would say fervently.

The few neighbors round seemed to regard him with tolerant suspicion; old Sam Robideau, for example, eighty years old and tough as oak, a little runt of a man with a short beard; and Captain Martin, half landsman and half sailor.

"I suppose you come down to work on a farm so's you take an examination on that Board of Agriculture?" they would try to sound him.

"I came down to be a farmer," he would tell them brusquely. But they would not believe him.

May had gone and June had come, a glowing, golden month with still a touch of cold in the air. At night now for a half hour or so he would go out to the top of the cliff behind the house and look over the Sound. A soft, velvety dusk would come up a half hour after sundown, and through it he could see distinctly the lights of the traffic on the water. A little after nine the passenger boats would go up to New England from New York—three of them, flashing with yellow light, and looking like three golden argosies off on some mystic voyage. The haze of the Bridgeport lights would reflect itself dimly in the sky, and from somewhere across the water a lighthouse revolved solemnly with a swinging saffron gleam. From beneath him would rise the little chanty of the waves on the beach, a delicate minor of sound that suggested somehow the chink of silver.

A great feeling of happiness and freedom would sweep over him, something that he did not attempt to formulate but was content to feel, something big and comforting and balmy, like the smell of pine trees; and occasionally when he felt so he would think of the days on Second Avenue, and the thought of them would sear him like a burning iron. Thank God all that was behind him, he would say, and never again to be opened! At last he was in the light of the candle and at last hearing the millstones' sound.

He would return to the house, past the little millpond where the bullfrogs croaked unceasingly through the night—a queer, unharmonious sound that he liked, broken only by the whang of some mysterious bird and the soft plud of turtles as they splashed from the bank or from logs into the water, or the rustle of a rabbit through the grass—and at times he would stretch his arms out and come near to sobbing, so great was the happiness in him and so far away was Second Avenue.

He was passing through the kitchen one night on returning from the cliff when he heard voices in the living room.

"Sure can work," Frank was agreeing with someone.

"What did I say?" Hosea asked exultantly.

"Queer how he handles that horse," the son ruminated. "It sure will do things for him it won't do for me; and Bill"—Bill was the Irish terrier, an aggressive, uncertain dog with a great barrel of a chest and a fine muzzle—"Bill has certainly taken a shine to him. Follows him round like he belonged to him. Took a bite out of my leg last time I tried to take him out."

"It appears queer to me," old Sam Robideau broke in with his high falsetto, "him being a pawnbroker, as you say, and a Jew ——"

"That'll be all," Hosea raised his voice. "None of that, Sam. None of that. A man's a man, and when I meet a man I take off my hat to him; I do, sir. That boy is as good as me and you, Sam, and I won't hear anything to the contrary. I'm broad-minded ——"

Harris didn't go in. He crept upstairs to sleep, and somewhere about his heart there was a warm glow, as of a comfortable fire, and the faint note of music, like the chiming of delicate bells.

She was not beautiful, that daughter of Hosea Tucker's, and Harris knew that. She had little mentality; his own mind was too incisive for him not to recognize it. But to him she symbolized the fresh air, the green fields, and the rocks among the trees, even as Ceres typified the growing corn and the fruitfulness of earth, for every ideal must have a human embodiment. Along Second Avenue there had been none of that freshness; there had been sophistication. It was, in the main, innocent; but it existed. And to him it came home, with the force of a climax in a play, that here was a woman who used no coloring on her cheeks but what Nature had given her; who was ignorant of the seductions of dress; who knew nothing of the uses of lip stick, or eyebrow pencil, or enamel for the skin, or paste to gloss the nails. This was woman, he thought, as God made her; not the artificial product of the beauty parlor; the helper of, not the lure to, the male.

It was only natural that alone there for months, and undergoing, as he was, this violent sea-change, surcharged with emotion and vibrant as an electric medium, he should unconsciously have sought some object to cling to. And suddenly he found himself thinking about her nearly all the day. It was refreshing to see her in the morning bustling about the spotless kitchen; to return to the house for meals, to find her waiting there for her father and brother and himself. A little mist of glamour interposed itself between his eyes and her features, until it had refined away the anæmic whiteness of her face, making it only pure; had taken the harshness from the high brow, until he saw there only lack of artifice in dressing her hair; had changed the expression of her eyes, which were as furtive and suspicious as her father's were, into one of modesty and timidity.

Her father had strong ideas about her marrying.

"I have figured it out," he said in that large way of his, "and Mildred is going to marry a man, a man from the feet up. She's not going to marry one of your city dudes. No, sir! If a millionaire came round here to-morrow I'd say to him: 'Get out of here. You're half dead. I don't want you.' I want that girl of mine to marry someone who's a man. He may be a carpenter, a farmhand, a road laborer, but he must be hard-working and a man. I've got no fool ideas."

"I think you're right there," Harris would agree.

"To be sure I'm right," the farmer would tell him.

And he thought of her in a new light after that, as a guerdon to be won for manliness and sincerity, as difficult of attainment and as desirable as the king's daughters, whose hands were for the victors in the tourneys and joustings, for the captains who saved their nations in war, for the knights who slew dragons.

She would thank him for doing little errands, jobs for her, in that low voice of hers, and give him a demure glance from underneath her brows, and he would feel a little thrill at that.

"There's simplicity for you," he would say to himself. "In New York they've lost that."

He was affected, too, when after a hard day's work she would press his supper on him.

"Go ahead and eat," she would tell him. "You've been working all day. You need it."

(Continued on Page 105)

THE TEST OF TESTS

The illustration on this page is from an actual photograph of Signor Ciccolini *actually* singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of his voice, thus adding to the already overwhelming proof that the New Edison Re-Creates the voice or instrumental performance of any and all artists with such literal fidelity, that the original cannot be distinguished from the Re-Creation. Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Anna Case, Giovanni Zenatello, Jacques Urlus, Arthur Middleton, Otto Goritz and Thomas Chalmers are among the other great artists who in a similar way have proved the infallibility of this wonderful new invention.

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"the Phonograph with a Soul"

is conceded by the music critics of more than three hundred of America's principal newspapers to be incomparably superior to all other devices for the reproduction of sound. This remarkable new musical invention brings into your home a literally true presentation of the art of the world's great musical artists. After you have heard the New Edison you could scarcely be contented with a talking machine. In your locality there is a merchant licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate this new instrument. You will not be importuned to buy.

Write us for the booklet "What the Critics Say"

Please do not ask an Edison dealer to sell you Edison Re-Creations if you intend to attempt to play them on any other instrument than the New Edison. No other instrument can bring out the true musical quality of Edison Re-Creations. Furthermore, injury to the records is likely to result if you attempt to play them on an ordinary phonograph or talking machine.

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CICCOLINI, *the Italian Tenor*, a great favorite of Milan and Paris, who has just completed a triumphant tour of America. Signor Ciccolini has already achieved a brilliant career, and seems destined to win the highest laurels in the world of opera.

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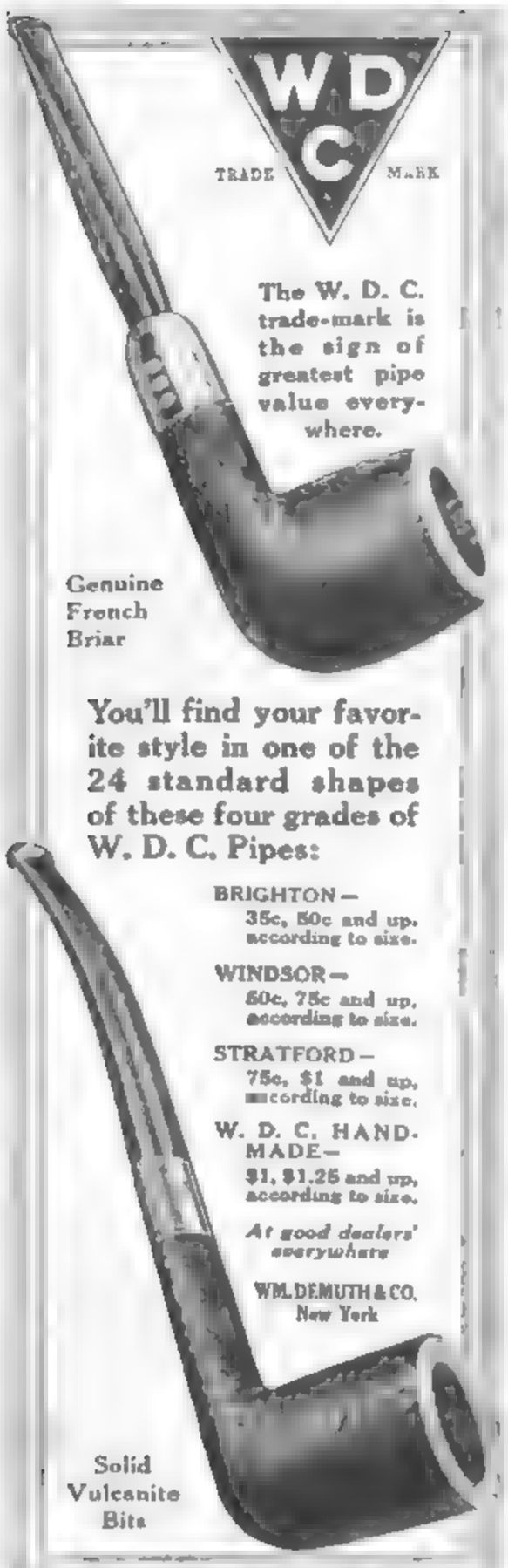
We say "samples" because Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is made in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed, and we honestly don't know which you will prefer. Both forms have their enthusiastic devotees.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 25c and 50c for larger tins, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice are 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00.

Send your name and address on a postcard (and the name of your tobacco dealer, if you have one, please) and we will immediately send you generous samples of Edgeworth. It is sold in practically all tobacco stores. Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.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(Continued from Page 102)

That was perfectly good farm economics, but he read into it a certain personal tenderness for himself that struck harmony in him, like a delicate touch on harpstrings.

Occasionally, as they grew to know each other better, she would ask him about New York. She had never been there. Hosea Tucker—although twice or oftener in the year he made a visit to New York and investigated Broadway completely and with elaborate detail—would never allow his son or daughter to go up. New York was no place for a young man or woman. That was one of the things he had figured out. But in her there burned a fierce and consuming desire to know the city she read of in the papers—its lights and gayety, its skillfully dressed men and beautiful women, its theaters and its cabarets. She would have thrown away her comfort at home to go to New York and work there endlessly at the most menial occupation, simply to be there and of it. But she had not the courage to gainsay her father and assert herself.

"Tell me something of New York," she would ask with careful distraction. There was that in her, and from her father she got it, which urged her to conceal her feelings, when concealment was unnecessary; a quality of vanity which believed that the world was meddling with her affairs; the inherent strain of deceit.

"You should see Fifth Avenue on Saturday afternoon," he would begin, and then he would tell her of the crowd that swarmed like an army with banners. He would tell her of Second Avenue at night, with its line of hawkers' carts illumined by sputtering naphtha torches, and strange commodities being offered for sale in strange, discordant tongues. Eloquently he would tell her of Broadway, noisy and a-glitter; of the brooding river beside the Drive; of the hooting traffic in the harbor; of the great bridges of stone and steel. He liked telling her of these things, to amuse her and to pass her time, as one might tell a child a fairy story, like the story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, or of Aladdin and the Potent Lamp, or of the Caliph and the Kalendars of Bagdad.

"Is that so?" she would comment blankly, biting short her sewing thread. That was all.

"She doesn't care for it," he told himself exultantly. "She's content where she is. Thank God, there's one woman who doesn't want excitement and cabarets!"

A certain intimacy was growing up between them, an intimacy of gayety and banter. Once or twice their hands met over the milking pails; once they clasped while he was driving her into Port in the buggy. Each time she blushed, but said nothing.

"Why aren't you married?" he questioned her jokingly.

"Nobody asked me," she smiled at him.

"Supposing I were to?" he smiled back.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, and she laughed gayly. A sudden resolution took him, but he checked it.

From then on, for a few days only, he ceased to joke with her. The thought of marriage appalled him. For that one of the prejudices of his race, high as a walled city and impregnable as a tower of brass, still clung to him in a thin but unbroken thread. If he married this girl of an alien people, he would cut himself loose from his own. His father would call down the lightnings of Sinai to strike him. His mother would hardly dare think of him. To the whole of his family his name would be silent, like the name of one ignobly dead. He must live alone and die alone.

"But is it right?" he asked himself quickly. "Is it right?"

He couldn't decide about that, but of this one thing he was sure—that for himself, at least, it was only proper to drop the ancient prejudice. He had come out here as a man, to do a man's work, and to adopt the customs of the folk with whom he was. If this girl were of his own race, would there be any obstacle? There would be none. Well, then, let the obstacle not exist! It had been, he felt, that offensive defense of his people against the outer races which had narrowed them into the back streets of Europe; that clinging to provincial habit and ethics which had singled them out and drawn attention through the ages. He might be wrong, he granted, but so it appeared to him.

He met her at the gateway of the orchard and spoke to her as she was coming through.

"About that question," he said: "I'm going to ask it of you."

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If you fuss with two pairs;

Or if you wear the old style bifocals with the conspicuous seam or hump—

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A dish of Pettijohn's—a delicious dish—each morning.

It will bring you bran in its most efficient form.

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It will introduce a dish so luscious that you'll never wish to miss it.

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A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

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"What question?" she asked furtively. He did not notice the furtiveness. He thought it only modesty.

"I am going to ask you to marry me, Mildred," he told her with simple directness.

"You must ask father," she said nervously, and ran into the house.

Hosea was not home yet. He had been to the county fair at Riverhead, with Frank and old Sam Robideau, and might return at any minute. September had come in now, with a touch of cold in the air, and over the ridge of the hills westward the harvest moon was rising like a great gold coin. It seemed to flood the country with a golden light that was like a liquid, and cut the porch of the house into a sharp chiaroscuro of object and shadow. In the woods about the house the katydids were chattering incoherently, a presage of frost. Here and there in the darkest corners could be seen the faint red glow of fireflies, like the sparkle of minute rubies.

Harris moved unconsciously toward the shore of the Sound, passing the little pool from which a misty haze was rising, like some misty emanation from a sacred well. The high elm trees threw shadows before him that seemed like great logs thrown in his way. He came to the brink of the cliff and stopped.

Before him the Sound lay, a great stretch of glasslike water, calm and cold beneath the moon. Beneath him he could hear the lick and swish of the incoming tide and the faint grinding of pebbles.

So the die was cast, he said to himself. There was no going back now—not that he wished to. He was to marry this girl, this wholesome country maiden, fresh as the springtime itself; and there close to the land he would live with her to the end of his days, well-ordered, healthy, happy. Forever the grinding chaos of Second Avenue was put away. Here he would take a wife and live.

"'The voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride'"— he quoted to himself softly—"'the sound of the millstones, and the light of the candle.'"

He looked round at the swelling hills behind him, silvered by the moon, at the tall trees and the fruitful fields. He at last had found Zion.

"Zion!" he murmured to himself, awed by the great name.

And then suddenly the idea exploded within his brain that here was not only his Zion, but the Zion of his people. Not in Africa, not in the Mesopotamian valleys, but here in America, by the land and sea. Not in the gullies of the East Side nor in the sweatshops of Williamsburg, but right here by the kindly earth. Here were fields as fruitful as the olive gardens of Bethlehem; trees as mighty as ever grew by Lebanon hill; fishponds as well stocked as any of Heshbon; grazing land as bounteous as any by Kerith stream. Here might they till their fields and tend their kine. Here might they grow in grace and favor, loving and well beloved.

"Zion!" he shouted aloud in ecstasy. "Zion!"

He would go forth to his people, he said, go forth and preach to them. He would go down into Second Avenue and lead them out. He would take them from the sweatshops and the peddlers' carts. No longer should they dream of a torrid home in Africa or dicker for an Asian valley. No longer should the terrible litany be recited at the Temple's wall. They would come here in peace and good will, leaving aside their ancient prejudices and intensive cult, and mingling with the dwellers in the new land.

"Zion!" his voice rang over water and wood like the trumpet of Jericho. "Zion!"

And she would be with him in his work—she, the white and ruddy one! A great flood of tenderness and love and adoration swept over him. Fair as the moon she was, clear as the sun. As a bundle of myrrh she was to him. Behold, she was fair, his beloved; she was fair; she had dove's eyes. . . .

As he passed through the kitchen he could hear and distinguish the voices in the living room—the booming and inflated tones of the farmer, the shallow baritone of his son, and the mellow, salty voice of old Robideau. The farmer was speaking:

"I'll allow I was wrong in that first trotting contest. I'll allow I was wrong. When I'm wrong I give in. I'm not stubborn or bigoted. Yes, sir, that horse was a surprise to me ——"

Harris strode into the room.

"Well, Ben boy?" Tucker greeted him. "What's on your mind?"

In the center of the room on the table the big green-shaded lamp threw a circle of yellow light and faintly illumined the remainder of the room outside it. The heavy old furniture loomed up in bulky shadows here and there. The sea-beached logs in the great fireplace flared up with sudden spurts of yellow and green and purple. Beside the fire old Robideau sat, leaning on his oak stick with his gnarled brown hands. The farmer sat by the table, with Frank across the way from him. In the shadows Mildred was knitting. She looked up, a little startled when he came in.

"Mr. Tucker," he said boldly, "I want to marry your daughter Mildred."

"Eh?" The farmer looked at him in a puzzled way, as if he had not heard aright.

"I want to marry Mildred."

"You want to marry Mildred!" Tucker repeated with his mouth agape.

"Yes," Harris nodded. "I do."

The farmer got up slowly and looked at him. Suddenly the gaping look passed from his face. The mouth closed and the corners drew back. The eyes narrowed and the false geniality went from them, and an expression came into them like the expression of an untrustworthy dog.

"You want to marry Mildred!" he repeated. "Well, of all the damned impertinence!"

He turned to the old man at the fire and laughed raucously.

"I knew it would come to this," he said. "I knew it! I pick this thing out of the gutter. I take it down here. I give it a home. And now it wants to marry Mildred!"

"You did none of these things," Harris snapped back at him; "and why shouldn't I marry Mildred?"

Tucker's face became purple with passion. His eyes protruded and he beat furiously on the table with his hands.

"Why shouldn't you marry my girl? Is that what you ask?" he thundered. "Do you know who you are and what you are? And you want to marry my daughter? Go back to your own kind, you scut! You and your fleabitten, dirty, cheating tribe come over here and eat the country up. Keep to your filthy pawnshop—that's the place for you."

He paused for a moment, out of breath. His son had risen and stood beside him threateningly. In the shadows the girl still rested immobile. The old man by the fire laughed with a horrible, wheezing cynicism.

"Do you know anything about this?" Tucker asked of his daughter fiercely. "Did he say anything to you?"

"No," she answered frightenedly. "He said nothing."

"Get out of here!" the farmer shouted at him. "Get out of here before I kick you out! I've a mind to get the horsewhip for you. Get out!"

"Go back to your pawnshop," the son snarled at him, and again the old man laughed.

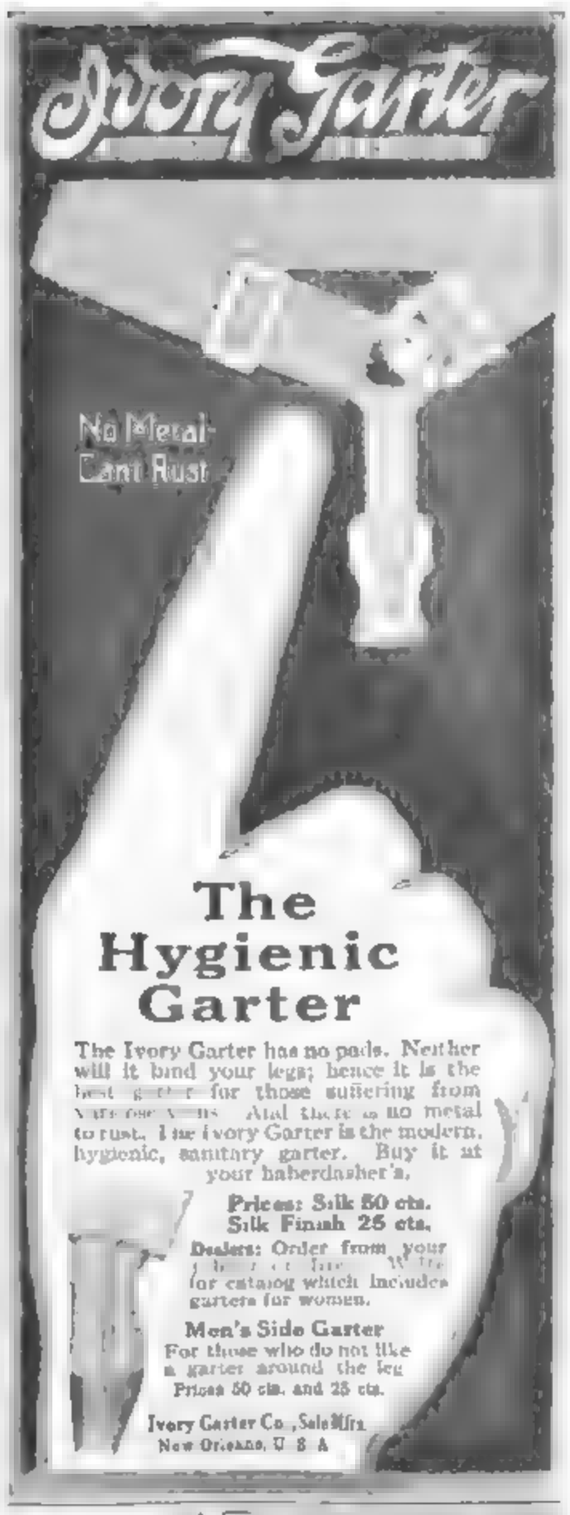
He stood for an instant looking at the four of them with a glance so fierce that it stopped the words in their mouths like a drawn sword, and then turning on his heel slowly, dignifiedly, carelessly, he went through the door out.

A minute it might be he stood in the moonlight, dazed, before starting on the road to the station. The high voices inside still rose passionately. Once more the old man laughed in his grating, grinding way, and it seemed to Harris as he listened to that cynical cacophony that somewhere was the sound of millstones revolving, and that he was only a grain of corn being crushed to powder beneath their ponderous, unrelenting motion.

III

OLD Aaron Harris cannot understand why his son should so suddenly have become reconciled to business. Above all, he cannot understand how Ben, who used to be so lax about the proper valuation of pledges, about the lapsing of tickets, about the four per cent per month interest, should turn so fiercely shrewd in driving bargains and so savagely implacable in his demand for the fulfillment of the bond. No, he can find no explanation for that.

But the folk of the vicinity, the Little Russians, Esthonians, Courlanders and Finns—that whitish-haired, heavily built, stolid people with dumb eyes, who bring in their clothes, their tools, their jewelry to pawn—they have an explanation. "It is the Jew breaking out in him," they say, and their features become distorted with futile rage. "If he were only in Russia now," they snarl—"the Black Hundred. . . ."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A printer gave this firm the idea, and the printer got it from our portfolio, "The Signal System."

This portfolio shows how, by availing yourself of the 12 colors and white in which Hammermill Bond is made, every form or inter-office communication identifies itself before it is read.

When the color of a form tells you its general character you can plunge right into the message it carries. Your mental attitude is automatically adjusted to the contents of the message. You can concentrate on the message itself immediately.

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Prince Albert's quality gives joy that makes smokers glad they're on the job!

Flashes such flavor and fragrance into your smoke-system so quick and so friendly-*like;* tips you to bang away so heartily that you feel you must hire-a-hall and sing-a-song that'll be heard from Boston-to-Bombay!

We have always preferred to give *quality!* And, me-o-my, how smokers have come across and backed our judgment! Every P. A.-pal has wised up to his personal smoke-satisfaction that the speedier he opens up his smoke-throttle the better he likes Prince Albert! For, its *quality*-flavor and *quality*-fragrance are right there—and P. A. won't bite or won't parch, no matter how fast you push it! That's because our exclusive patented process *cuts out bite and parch!*

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Prince Albert has brought thousands of men to know the happiness of the smoke-pastime! *It will win you* on its downright goodness, due to its quality, if you'll stand-by-for-a-spell and take at 100 per cent what we tell you about P. A., or what smokers all over the civilized world will tell you!

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You buy Prince Albert *everywhere*—like you find men in all walks of life smoking it—*everywhere!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

FIRST AID TO AMERICA

(Continued from Page 7)

"The French system seems to me the better—at least, for us. It would better suit our way of doing things. Then there are special reasons. The British plan gives the manufacturer no incentive except patriotism, which may or may not be strong enough in him to make him increase output. The French plan does; and since France insists that employees on this work shall not be underpaid or overworked, it has not been any less just to the workmen, so far as I can learn, than the British. The proof of its efficiency is that the French, with only one-third as much shop capacity as the British, were for a long time making more munitions and equipment. Further, in many factories, converted from commercial to military use, not more than two-thirds of the plant, say, serves for making munitions. The remaining third must be idle or partially so under the British 'controlled establishment' plan. Under the French plan the manufacturer—unless he be short of labor—can keep that remaining third running just as well as ever. This helps to maintain the normal industries of the country, a thing very desirable in war.

"The German system resembles the French. They had a great initial advantage in their Krupp Works and other munitions factories—the best and most extensive, before the war, in Europe. These are the assembling factories under the German system. The great munitions makers let out subcontracts, under government supervision, to factories, foundries and shops. Russia was not much of a manufacturing nation before the war. She has been forced to build large munitions factories.

"Now I've worked round to the answer to your question. The Constitution makes the President commander in chief of the army and navy in time of war. If we adopt the French system, or something like it, a Federal statute would have to be passed giving him power to commandeer factories, or at least to make them yield precedence to government work in time of war. Such a statute might be constitutional or it might not. That is according to whether the command of the army and navy is stretched to include authority over supplies for the army and navy. Though armed with such a statute, the President, or a department under him, need not necessarily command. The manufacturers, judging by the experience of Europe, will probably have enough patriotism to go to work gladly. The law would be merely a club to hold over those unpatriotic enough to refuse or to object to the government terms. If we fully adopt the French system, with its adjustment of prices, we can prevent individuals from bringing reproach on us by making huge fortunes out of a national peril."

The Shops Behind the Army

"Under such a law the Department of Munitions should form committees, as the British have done, from the best available technical experts in each main line. Their job would be to treat with the manufacturers, to inform and educate them, to keep them up to the scratch. Enough detail work will be needed! The number of articles needed to equip a modern army is bewildering—not only cannon, rifles, grenades and bombs, but uniforms, caps, boots, belts, aëroplanes and aëroplane parts, motor trucks, gun carriages and caissons, field kitchens, field bakeries, pontoons, 'grub cans,' canteens, duplicate maps, wire, field telephone apparatus, surgical appliances, wireless installation—a thousand things.

"If we follow the French plan our arsenals, prepared for rapid expansion, should be the main assembling depots, with subsidiary depots in various centers. And here is another preliminary job. Most parts of munitions can be made with the machines and machine tools at present in commercial use; but certain munitions parts require machinery and tools never used for any other purpose. I think at this moment of rifles. Woodworking shops can turn out the stocks. Probably factories now making commercial goods can fashion, with a little adjustment, every separate part of the lock and magazine. But special machinery is necessary to bore a rifle barrel. Owing to our manufacture of munitions for use abroad, we have more of this machinery than in 1914. But we have not enough. Moreover, there are certain parts of certain munitions that have never been made in this country. A necessary part of the preliminary work would be to install as much of this special machinery as possible in our arsenals.

"When you think it all over you are bewildered by the detail. Has anyone in this country thought much about the question of repairs? Equipment is forever being damaged, especially in action. Some parts wear out before other parts, which can be saved and used in a new article. Broken and worn-out equipment is all the time going back from the Western battle Front to the great repair shops the French, the Germans and the British have set up behind the lines. Probably they keep three or four rifles going for every man at the front. One rifle comes back with its bore worn out through firing, but with a perfectly good stock. One comes back with its bore in good shape, but with the stock splintered by a bullet. Secondhand rifles are reassembled and tested at these depots and returned as good as new. And the rifle is one of the smallest and simplest things used in modern warfare."

"All that," I said, "presupposes that we must create an army and use it. But what about the present situation?"

The Present Situation

"It is the present situation, in a way," he said. "The first year after this war may be our period of greatest national danger. The European nations will emerge into peace almost bankrupt, loaded down with taxes, overrun with men displaced, in mind for any abnormal occupation, ready for any national adventure that will help them to recoup. Also, they will have veteran armies, fully equipped.

"There is Mexico. It holds heavy investments, at present unproductive. If we don't enter this war in some fashion no sentiment will keep any European nation from enforcing what it believes to be its rights in Mexico, or demanding that we enforce them. There is South America. Germany had her eye on that region before the war. Universal disarmament should be our goal. But we shall carry little weight in a demand for disarmament if we are in the position of asking it because we cannot defend ourselves. We shall need an army at the close of this war much more than we need one now.'

"But the present situation ——" I insisted.

"All that is according to what we propose to do. If you ask my opinion on the future, it is unlikely, in case of war, that we shall make a political alliance with the Entente Allies. After all, our objects are different. We shall, no doubt, have to resist pressure from them toward a larger participation in this struggle. It is more likely, judging from the temper of Congress and the country, that we shall simply go in to protect the rights we have laid down in the President's notes. That will mean helping to police the seas and convoy ships, which will call for as large a mosquito fleet as we can get together—fast, armed motor boats, and fast, modern destroyers, rather than heavy ships or submarines. Fortunately we have been building many of these fast boats.

"If we wish to work still more closely with the Allies I should advocate this: The French Army, which is the most expert in Europe, has probably passed its zenith in man power. We might assist and encourage the enlistment of Americans in a special corps to be trained in France, by French officers, and drafted into the French fighting corps as soon as it was available.

"It would take at least a year—probably longer—to raise, to train under modern methods, and to equip an army for service abroad. Very likely the war will not last so long as that. Moreover, when the time came to transport it, the Allies would have great difficulty in finding the ships, in view of the present crisis on the seas. But a force of this kind could be sent across gradually, as it was recruited. Within four or five months after these men arrived, the expert French officers, with intensive modern methods of training, could have these men ready to be scattered among more experienced troops at the Front.

"I advocate France not only because she needs the men but because most Americans sympathize with her more than with any other European nation, and because Americans usually get along well with the French.

ACORN RANGES

Dinner bells are joy bells!

—when a first-class cook
has a first-class range!

Biscuits with creamy sides and crisp tops lightly browned!

An inexpensive cut of meat made into a dainty dish that tastes good and looks good and makes you ask, "Why can't we have this oftener?"

Mashed potatoes. Mashed! What an absurd word for anything that looks like whipped cream.

Just one other vegetable, your favorite, cooked your special way.

A simple dessert that will just barely touch the small spot still left after second helpings.

Coffee—a second cup, please!

A simple menu: biscuits, meat, vegetables, dessert, coffee—a simple menu, *but what a dinner!*

And opposite you sits the little lady that did it all, with the cheery smile that betokens pleasure in skill interestingly displayed.

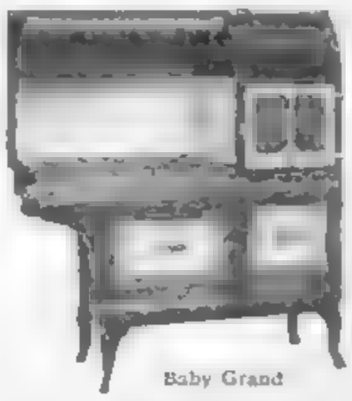
One way to *get* a first-class cook is to get a first-class range.

"Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."
—*Macbeth.*

The chief purpose of a kitchen: A Good Place for a Good Range.
—*Acorn*

Made for 87 yrs— Acorn RANGES —always Improving

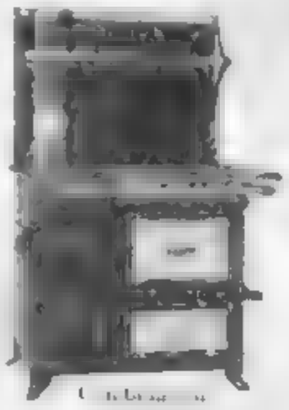
Gas, Coal, Combination and Electric



Baby Grand

The Acorn Baby Grand—gleaming with white, nickel and glass on black—graceful in form and compact—two baking ovens, one broiler oven, warming oven, six top burners. "What a perfectly *beautiful* range!" you'll exclaim.

If you have to use coal part of the time, see the Acorn Combination Range for both coal and gas. In one style, a lever does it all. Lever up, coal stove; lever down, gas stove.



If gas is not available, let your hardware or furniture dealer show you an Acorn Coal Range designed to cut down coal bills. He knows what it saves your neighbor.

The Acorn Electric Range, a joy and pride to the housewife who is so situated that electricity is the fuel she ought to use. So thoroughly attractive it would not be inappropriate in the dining-room itself. The charm of the chafing dish and the utility of a range combined.

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We have made Acorn Stoves and Ranges for 87 years

ARROW
form-fit
COLLARS

THIS IS AN IMPROVEMENT of recent introduction that collar wearers will appreciate. Both the top and the band of ARROW *form fit* COLLARS are curve cut to fit the form. It is an exclusive patented feature. The form-fit collars sit better, look better, and feel better than ordinary collars. *2 for 30 cents*

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*, TROY, N. Y.

The American Boy of 1630

DAISY
AIR RIFLES

LOOK back over American history, and see how in every generation—from the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock down to your own grandfather and father—the American boy has been trained to handle a gun and shoot straight.

It's a natural instinct in every American boy, inherited from many generations of hardy, keen-eyed ancestors, to want a gun—to know how to use it properly and to excel in marksmanship.

Your boy should have this training—with the best and safest gun made for boys, the Daisy Air Rifle. Millions of American men learned their first lessons in concentration, self-control and love of manly, out-door sport from the Daisy. For over 27 years it has been recognized as the favorite rifle of the American boy, and today, in its latest models, keeps pace with the highest art and science of modern rifle design.

The Daisy Pump Gun, in the hands of the upper boy in the picture, is a 50-shot repeater, with the same modern pump action found in the highest type of modern sporting rifle.

The Military Daisy, also a 50-shot repeater, follows the latest military lines, with carrying strap and removable bayonet.

Both guns are [illegible] with oil-stained walnut stock, and sold at all dealers for $3.50

Other Daisy Models, ... 50c to $2.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, any Daisy model will be sent direct from factory on receipt of price. Send for descriptive circular.

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PACIFIC COAST BRANCH
Phil B. Bekeart Co., Managers, 17 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OTHER REPRESENTATIVES
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DAISY LIQUID PISTOL
The fun-making sensation of the [illegible] automatic
Single Shot 25c 5 Shot Repeater 50c

There is something in common institutions after all. Again, this force, trained by the 'headiest' fighters in the world, would be very valuable in case of trouble after this war. It wouldn't be a bad thing, either"—here Jones smiled—"to have, as nucleus for a new American Army, a body of men accustomed to a democratic system of discipline, which suits the army of a republic—as the present system does not.

"However, that's impinging on military affairs. Our most valuable help to the Allies—everybody is saying that, and I agree—would be financial and industrial support. Let's look into the financial question. We have profited enormously by this war—profited to a degree that is dangerous in view of the envy it will create. The profit on exports for war purposes is large: for every dollar's worth of goods we ship to Europe we have been adding fifty cents to the national wealth.

"We can pledge some of that, if not all of it, to the Entente Allies by what I may call 'banking encouragement.'

"For example, if the Federal Reserve Board, instead of discouraging loans to those nations, as it does now, would rediscount British and French treasury bills up to some proportion of the capital of the member banks, it would open up an immense avenue for easy Allied finance. The money so raised would be used for the purchase of munitions and supplies here. Even if we eventually lost from a third to a half of this money—which is unlikely—we should not lose a dollar from our national wealth, because of that profit on shipments to Europe."

The Parasitic Woman

"Next, in the way of financial and economic coöperation, comes the service we could render in solving the shipping problem. It is little enough, perhaps; but, besides crowding all force on to ship building, we could help in other ways to provide transportation space. Neutral shipping might have to be coerced, which may be arbitrary; but it is war. At present the British have the only available supplies of coal on their side of the water. They have been refusing to coal ships of neutral companies that would not agree to give a certain proportion of their tonnage to supplies for the Allies. However, many ships have taken to coaling for the round trip in American ports—we have the only supply on this side of the Atlantic. With our coöperation this rule could be made absolute.

"The food blockade on Germany has its leaks; and the policy, if debatable, has gone too far to be dropped now. We could do much toward stopping the leaks. Supplies of food are still going into Germany from the native products of adjacent neutral countries, to be indirectly replaced with supplies from the United States. Were we in coöperation, we could export food to such countries only upon an agreement with them not to send equivalent native supplies into Germany.

"If the link with the Allies is made tighter, if the war should come to the point where it began to pinch our resources, some national scheme of curbing the extravagance that has been running riot in the past few years would become immediately necessary.

"You know, I regard war, on the whole, as an evil thing. I cannot go any distance with the militarists. It is tolerable only in those pinches when it must be a choice between war and some greater evil. But it has its partial compensations; and the fallacy of the militarists lies in making the evil seem less than its compensations. Chief of these, perhaps, is the spirit of nobility and self-sacrifice it brings in the civilian population; and second, the development of new and tried leaders among the people. If we are to have war, with its hatreds, its disturbances, its check to all good causes—perhaps with its spilling of our strongest blood—we should at least have the compensations. So far as we can, we should check extravagance in living, dress, travel and amusement, and set the people to saving. It will be good not only for the conduct of the war but for our souls.

"To begin with, there is our useless and extravagant eating and drinking in public places. I have heard it estimated that in New York two hundred thousand dollars a night is spent in restaurant suppers alone. I can easily believe it. At the lowest estimate we must spend a million dollars a day in useless eating—just 'going out to dinner' at public places. It is probably nearer five million dollars. Almost all that money, from the point of view of nourishing the human frame, is wasted. And five million dollars a day would carry on a good-sized war.

"We can't pass sumptuary laws under our Constitution, I suppose. They aren't exactly necessary. But much can be done by national propaganda to limit extravagance in eating, in dress and display. The British tried that. With their energies taxed in every direction, they hadn't time to give the matter much attention or energy. The propaganda went no farther than influencing the newspapers, putting out a poster or so, and encouraging discussion. Even at that, it accomplished a great deal.

"We could give much more energy to this matter by a central bureau in Washington, with subcommittees all over the United States. That is one place where we could use our women to great advantage. We are good advertisers. A few phrases, too, would help turn the trick—the world lives by phrases, and we most of all perhaps. 'The Parasitic Woman'—that turn of expression alone has done a lot, I suppose, to make women of the well-to-do class turn to something useful. We need some phrase that puts the stamp of shame on wasteful eating, dressing and display of jewelry.

"Though we could not bring the law to bear on this, but only educate and direct public opinion, we could restrict extravagance in another way—by banning certain imports, such as wines, spirits and jewels. We admitted forty-four million dollars' worth of diamonds and other precious stones into the United States last year—a useless luxury. Those imports could be stopped. So we might stop the importation of fresh fruit from Europe. Though not exactly a useless luxury, this imported fruit is not necessary to national well-being in view of the fact that we raise enough oranges, lemons, grapes, apples, peaches, prunes, pineapples, and the like, to keep our public in good health.

"Fruit is a bulky commodity. It occupies entirely too much valuable cargo space. In the restriction of imports we might take one thing into account—the industrial state of some of the people we should be trying to help. The French keep things running as best they can, and they manufacture many luxuries. The diamonds come mostly from South Africa; and, though that is a British possession, very little of the money they bring in gets to the central finances of the empire. A special commission might be necessary to adjust these questions.

"This leads up to the food question—interlocks with it, as a matter of fact. Before the year is past, we may have to face some kind of restriction and regulation of food consumption, especially if we have even a nominal declaration of war and ally ourselves, even loosely, with the Entente. The world is short on food, which is the main cause for increased prices here."

Hearty Eaters

"Leaving out Germany and Austria, whose problem is their own and does not affect that of the outside world, the crops in the Western Entente nations have been low rather than high; for lack of fertilizer and labor the Russian supply is cut off; there was a bad harvest last year in North America, and some of the world's grain supply has gone to the bottom in torpedoed ships. Troops at the Front need much greater quantities of animal food than the same men consumed in peacetime. This has lowered the supply of meat, because the world has broken into its breeding stock.

"We may have to do our part in conserving the world's supply. We eat a great deal more than we need. Food experts do their reckoning in terms of assimilable calories. The average person in the United States consumes four thousand calories a day. In rationing the German people some of the specialists reckon that an average ration of nineteen hundred calories a day will keep the population in health. Allowing liberally for our habit of ample fare, and for the robust physique of the American people, we could get along very well on twenty-four hundred calories. Our possible saving, then, is forty per cent. We can't reach that point short of such an emergency as Germany is facing now. That, perhaps, goes without saying.

"As a general rule, control of affairs in war demands intense centralization. There are exceptions, however; in some departments decentralization works better. This

(Continued on Page 113)

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

Prophecy and Fulfillment

Four years ago the advertisement at the right announced fulfillment of a Timken-Detroit axle-building policy. But it didn't stop there—it anticipated a greater fulfillment that has since been realized in the commercial car axle of today.

THERE'S nothing so good that it can't be improved. Building for the future is the greatest inspiration for turning out good work today.

That principle is responsible for Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axles today as it was for their sturdy chain-drive predecessors of 1913.

The 1913 axle was the fulfillment of a Timken-Detroit ideal for which we have been working in co-operation with far-sighted truck builders since the beginning of the industry.

Briefly, that ideal was to build axles strong enough and serviceable enough—*even though they cost the truck builder more money*—to have them stand up to the severe emergency conditions of commercial haulage.

We knew that trucks would be overloaded—that drivers would take the shortest road, no matter how rough—that "empties" would come back at a speed far beyond the builder's intentions.

In 1913 the battle had been won, the necessity of special engineering requirements for commercial car axles was accepted by the industry.

But even then Timken-Detroit engineers were working on something still better, on axles that would, with equal strength, have greater simplicity, fewer parts to get out of order, more efficient, noiseless operation

Again there were skeptics to be convinced and manufacturing problems to be overcome, but the principle would not be denied, because it meant dollars in the truck owner's pocket

That battle, too, has been won, and *worm-drive has come into its own.*

According to a competent authority, 61% or more of all motor trucks built in 1917 will be equipped with worm-drive

But no man can say the limit of perfection has been reached, and some day we may again remind you of Timken-Detroit prophecy and fulfillment.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

Lee Union-Alls—Needed By Every Man!

ANOTHER victory for civilization! A work garment vastly superior to the old-fashioned two-piece overalls! So great an improvement, indeed, that four big factories can hardly supply the demand. Just as union underwear has superseded shirt and drawers, so are one-piece **Lee Union-Alls** superseding overalls and jacket. More comfort! More convenience! More service! No belt to bind; no tiring, chafing suspender straps; no double thickness at the waist, no jacket tails to get in the way! No matter what your trade, profession or employment in life, if you wear old-fashioned overalls in your daily work, or only periodically for odd jobs around your automobile, about the house, or in the garden, you'll find **Lee Union-Alls** indispensable, the most useful satisfactory garment in your whole wardrobe.

Men in all trades are spending every working hour in them. Motorists carry suits in their cars to slip on when emergency demands. As an outing or vacation garment for men and children (yes, and women too) the advantages are enumerable.

HONESTLY and sturdily made to the last stitch, with reinforced strain points, triple-sewed seams, riveted buttons, and highest quality material, **Lee Union-Alls** reduce the high cost of living because they save clothing and laundry bills; besides, they give far more satisfaction than old-fashioned two-piece overalls. **Lee Union-Alls** are made of khaki, heavy blue denim, express stripe, pin check or white twill.

Lee Union-Alls are at first class dealers' everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you send your order direct to any of our factories enclosing money order and stating size and material desired. Sent prepaid to any address in the United States.

UNION Lee MADE
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TRADE MARK REG.

Take No Substitute!

There is none "Just as Good."

MEN'S, 34 to 50 Chest, .	$3.00
YOUTHS', 12 to 17 years,	2.25
BOYS', 7 to 11 years, .	1.75
CHILD'S, 2 to 6 years, .	1.50

Lee Union-Alls For Children are made "just like Dad's," a complete suit that looks and fits fine and [illegible] Every kiddie wants one—a regular man's suit with six splendid big pockets.

DEALERS:—If you are not supplied with **Lee Union-Alls** write us today for information about the fastest selling work garment ever manufactured.

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY,

Factories and Branches At: Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kans., Salina, Kans., Waterbury, Conn., South Bend, Ind.

(Continued from Page 110)

seems to be the case with food control. The German system has been a failure. It was run from the central government. Agents were sent to every corner of the empire with hard-and-fast rules. They knew nothing of local character, conditions, tastes and prejudices. They caused friction, resentment, hoarding of food, sullen evasion of the rules. The plan of the Relief Commission has worked better. Though there is central control and supervision, the distribution for each town is in the hands of a local committee, which knows the people and understands their ways. It takes a big staff, though."

I was able to put in my oar at this point, since I have been interested in the Commission for Relief in Belgium from the beginning.

"Fifty-five thousand Belgians, among the ablest people of the kingdom, are volunteers in this work. There are nearly fifty thousand paid employees—like warehousemen and cooks in the public ration stations—or a staff of at least a hundred thousand people. Belgium now has seven million five hundred thousand people within her borders. At that rate, we should need a staff of about one million four hundred thousand!

"Of course that's impossible," I added; "but the condition is impossible too."

If Distilleries Were Closed

"Of course," responded Jones; "but the Belgian experience merely illustrates the value of decentralization in these personal aspects of a nation at war. We could do some of this work, just as we could reduce personal extravagance, by a propaganda organization, the work being done by local committees; in fact, the two campaigns would interlock.

"Here, again, there could be some indirect measures, and more important ones than the limitation of imports too. If I were dictator in this war I should stop all brewing and distilling for beverage purposes, at once. They consume enormous quantities of the grain that Europe needs so badly. The product adds little or nothing to human nutrition—at best, it is a luxury; and the by-product is merely cattle feed—and that can be found in other ways. The effect on national efficiency I need not describe. . . .

"We can't do that directly by Federal statute, I suppose. We could, however, approach it by means of a prohibitive excise tax. If brewing and distilling were stopped we should lose much revenue. We could make that up in other ways. The important thing is to conserve the food supply.

"There is the question of flour milling. Owing to our habits of eating we waste a lot in that industry which Europe utilizes nowadays. We mill up to seventy per cent."

"I wish you'd explain that," I interrupted.

"Wheat contains about eighty-two per cent of recoverable human nutriment. If you mill out seventy per cent twelve per cent goes to fodder. However, the less you mill out the better the flour suits our taste. The standard milling in England, since the conservation measures were put into effect, is seventy-six per cent, and the German and Belgian standard runs a little over eighty per cent. Understand, this seventy-six to eighty per cent flour has just as much food value to the pound as our seventy per cent flour. It is solely a matter of taste.

"The German and Belgian standard, besides its economy, has another advantage. On the English standard you can still make what food experts call 'bread de luxe'—such things as Vienna rolls, pleasing to the palate, and, therefore, an encouragement to overeating. On the German and Belgian standard you cannot.

"The by-product of our flour mills goes for cattle feed. Of course, if we begin high-grade milling, if we stop brewing, we shall have to find other ways of feeding cattle in order to keep up the meat supply. There are other ways—for example, utilization of pasturage, so commonly wasted in this wasteful country, and of our surplus corn.

"Since the wheat supply is limited, the European peoples have been mixing other cereals with their wheat flour—what we call 'war bread.' By saving ten per cent in milling and adding fifteen per cent of other cereals, we could save twenty-five per cent of the wheat. Indian corn, which we produce in abundance, makes one of the best mixtures ——"

I added my testimony at this point. In Italy, last year, I ate war bread, made of high-grade milled wheat and corn, for six weeks, and liked it exactly as well as the pure white bread I had been eating in France.

"That is my experience," said Jones. "Rye doesn't make a very good mixture. However, we don't produce much rye in the United States, though we should have a good deal of barley available if we stopped or limited brewing. But corn would be our national mixture. The famous potato flour of the Germans—wheat ground with dried potatoes—has not turned out well. It has a low nutritive value and is nasty stuff. As I have said, it is positive economy not to make war bread too palatable; but one can go to the other extreme. If it is really repulsive it loses some of its nutritive quality, because it doesn't get assimilated. That war bread incidentally has been one cause of German hatred for England. When the average German sits down to a breakfast of this stuff he remembers that it is the British blockade which has forced it upon him, which keeps the fires of hate alight.

"All the European food directors have found that it does not pay to raise the percentage of milling too abruptly. Both millers and bakers have to be educated. The bakery methods that would work with first-quality flour won't go at all for a high-percentage flour mixed with some other cereal. An abrupt lifting of the standard would cause waste by both bakers and housewives in the item of spoiled bread. A campaign of education must go along with any measures we might take.

"Here, again, we run against the Constitution. I doubt that we could accomplish this nationally—and it must be done nationally if at all—by direct Federal measures. But we can approach it, as we can approach the suppression of brewing and distilling, by the excise tax—put a prohibitive tax on the fancy grades of flour, and gradually raise the percentages until, if necessary, we have taxed out of existence all flour not milled on a high percentage and mixed with some other cereal.

"As for meat—that is just as important, in view of the shrinking world supply. The Europeans have experienced more trouble in reducing meat consumption than in regulating cereal consumption. The plan of 'meatless days,' enforced by Germany and other countries, hasn't worked very well. In experience it leads rather toward waste in household consumption than toward economy, though it does reduce consumption in public places. Ordinances forbidding anyone to serve more than one course of meat at a meal and more than two meat meals a day have worked rather better. They do not much affect the poor, don't reduce the nutrition of workingmen, and do bring economy into the big hotels and restaurants, and the large private establishments."

Inspected Meats

"Probably we can't get at this by Federal law, but must depend on the uncertainties of state laws, municipal franchises and propaganda. We can perhaps go farther with laws to prevent the killing of young meat. Veal, lamb and sucking pig, you know, have just about disappeared from the tables of Europe. Most nations have passed laws forbidding the slaughter of animals below a certain age.

"Something can be done by control of cold-storage houses, packing houses, and the like; in fact, if the Government should take charge of these establishments it could make a pretty good try at reducing prices. They are the prime markets for the farmer, and an intake price could be fixed as well as a selling price. The farmer would kick, no doubt; but the consumer would get some of his own from both farmer and middleman."

"To regulate this, with our imperfect social machinery—it's an appalling picture of muddle!" I said.

"Nevertheless," replied Jones, "we do those things pretty efficiently when we set to work. Do you know how well our system of government meat inspection has turned out in this war? Those government and relief buyers of Europe, who are not handicapped by absolute laws, contract for American meat without inspection—solely on the government tests. If you buy, in Chicago, ten thousand bacon sides of a certain grade on the government test, you get exactly what you bargained for. If you buy them in the Argentine Republic, or

Flour Facts

A poorer, cheaper grade of Pillsbury's Best is never sent out to catch the cheaper trade.

We absolutely refuse to lower the quality of Pillsbury's Best flour in order to meet a lower price.

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No one, anywhere, can buy better Pillsbury's Best flour than you can buy. Pillsbury's Best is always the same—always Pillsbury's Best—everywhere—all the time—at the grandest grocery—or at the crossroads store.

We believe this policy will win in the long-run.

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SELECT a Style of the Times for your next pair—distinguished up-to-the-minute shoes, backed by a high standard of quality, the same today as heretofore.

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The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.

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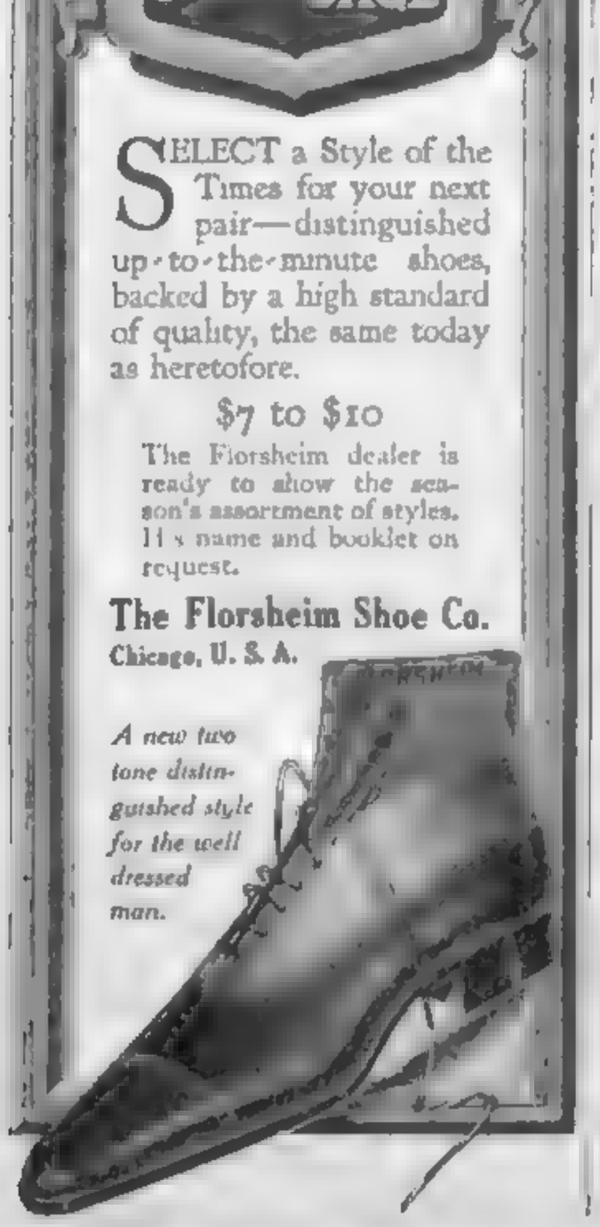


almost any other meat-producing country, you have to inspect the shipment personally or you will get a proportion of bellies and backs. Even after this war, there is bound to be a shortage of meat owing to the slaughter of breeding stock. The breeding stock is the capital of meat production and the young stock is its interest. The world has been breaking into capital.

"The value of animal food to a balanced diet lies in its proteids and assimilable fats. I think the great change in the world's diet during the next ten years will be the substitution of vegetable fats for animal fats. They have exactly as much nutritive value; in fact, the change has begun in Europe."

Dutch Nut Butter

"Take the case of margarine, or vegetable butter. The base is vegetable oil—mostly nut oil. Holland has been driving a thriving trade by purchasing nuts from British sources, making margarine, and shipping the product to England for sale. You know, people have got used to the taste of butter and demand the natural flavor in any substitute. That flavor is obtained without the use of chemicals by the Dutch method. The cream represents the animal fat in milk. Skimming and churning are only crude methods of extracting this fat and making it usable. When the Dutch butter is made the creameries have enormous quantities of skim milk—a by-product for which no very profitable use has been found. They add their vegetable fats to the skim milk, re-treat the mixture and turn out a product with the exact flavor of cow's butter. The only thing about it that could be called an adulterant is a little vegetable coloring matter. It has two advantages over cow's butter—it never gets rancid and it never carries disease.

"The ordinary palate cannot tell it from the real thing. I know a rich man in England who confided a secret to me: Ever since the war began he has been using on his table the highest-grade Dutch vegetable margarine instead of butter. He says that no guest of his has ever perceived that he was not eating good creamery butter. There is no comparison in price. English dealers have told me that they dare not sell margarine as low as they can, because the public would be suspicious of it.

"Our law provides that margarine cannot be sold as butter—it must be properly labeled. That is fair enough; the consumer has the right to know what he is buying. But we might remove the 'queer' on this really valuable food product by renaming it.

"Europe, under the pressure of war, is just beginning to get at some of the most useful vegetable fats. Here's a queer anomaly. One great privation of the blockaded countries is the shortage of soap, to make which takes vegetable fat, at present useful for food. The Belgian chemists knew that Indian corn, imported to dilute the wheat bread, contained three per cent of vegetable oil. By experiment they found, also, they could extract that oil without in the least impairing the food value of the corn! In the grain the oil is practically nonassimilable. Most of the Belgian soap is made now from this corn oil. The corn-oil-soap industry would bring about a great saving in animal fats and more valuable vegetable fats. This instance merely illustrates what we can do with vegetable fats.

"Sugar in sensible quantities is a necessary food; but in larger quantities it is the best-known tickler of the palate and encourager of overeating. It is comparatively bulky; and our supply, being mostly imported, takes much cargo space. In order to save sugar and reduce useless expense the Europeans have here and there prohibited the manufacture of confectionery, cakes and sirups, or certain articles de luxe in this category. Perhaps we could not and would not go so far. There is this to be said, however, concerning food regulations: Even the minor ones have an effect on the public mind; they call attention to the necessity and rouse a patriotic spirit.

"Probably we shall not get down to rationing unless this war goes farther and affects us more than I think possible just now."

"However, let's hear about it," I said.

"Well, that takes a great machinery and many agents, as the German and Belgian plans show. We've already discussed that.

"England until lately was repressing sugar consumption by rationing the retail dealer. Each was given a weekly or monthy supply in proportion to his trade in sugar, as shown by his books, before the war. He was not allowed to sell more than a certain quantity to each customer. Nothing in this plan prevents the customer from going from one dealer to another for a double supply; but, in practice, dealers, with their limited supply, tend to refuse these floating customers in order to keep on good terms with their regular customers. It isn't an extreme measure, but it works pretty well.

"The plan of household cards goes farther. If it is determined to control the sale and use of various commodities, like bread, meat, butter, and so on, the controlling authority issues to each householder a card listing the controlled commodities. The retailer must enter on the customer's card the amount of each sale, which is limited to a certain quantity in a week or a month. This quantity is not entered on the card, because food supplies vary from time to time; but it is fixed by proclamation. The card does bear, however, a statement of the number of rations to which the family is entitled. The authorities calculate, for example, on a full ration for a workingman, a three-quarter ration for his wife, a quarter ration for a young child, and so on. Restaurants and hotel supplies are fixed by calculating the number of customers they serve in a typical period."

The German Plan

"The German plan goes a stage farther even than that. Under the system I have just described a householder may buy in one day his supply for a week or a month. In Germany a purchaser must give the dealer, when he makes any food purchase, a coupon good for a fixed and carefully calculated quantity, and for that single day. On certain days coupons are not issued for certain foods—the meatless days, for example. Egg coupons, as all the world knows, are now good only once a fortnight. The retailers must turn in the canceled coupons to the wholesalers, who pass them on, in turn, to the governmental authorities. Wholesalers and retailers can get renewed supplies only on the basis of canceled coupons. To this is added a rigorous system of inspection. It saves more than the food-card plan I have just mentioned; but it is cumbersome and causes much friction.

"Finally there is the Belgian plan, most rigorous and economical of all, but inapplicable to any other country, owing to the peculiar conditions. As the whole imported supply enters Belgium through one organization, it can be controlled all along the line. It passes from central stores to local stores, from which the rations are distributed. Half of the Belgians are objects of charity. A large part of these are fed from public soup kitchens and canteens, where the most rigid and enlightened economy—especially in the use of meats—can be enforced. This plan is possible only in the last stage of national privation.

"We'll never come to that; but we should probably have to attack the food problem efficiently and scientifically within a year after we went to war, because the food supply of Europe will steadily shrink. Since all this is new to us, we should be studying European methods as a measure of preparation.

"That introduces another thing: Our official means of communication with Europe is weak. If we want to get a fact from Italy, say, or to arrange some small matter of agreement, we send word to our ambassador at Rome. Unless the matter is very important he assigns to the job a secretary, who calls on a secretary of equal rank in the Foreign Office. This Italian secretary, in turn, arranges the affair with the proper department and finally reports back to our secretary, who reports to the ambassador, who reports to the State Department, which reports to the proper department of our Government.

"When it is a matter involving consent or sanction of all the Allied governments it takes a process correspondingly slower and more complex. It is a chain. You can haul things out with a chain; but you can't push with it. What we need is a rod. In the event of cooperation with the Entente we must have a new department stationed abroad, headed by some man of cabinet rank, and staffed with experts on all the subjects pertaining to the conduct of this war. In the event of an understanding, our interests become at once their interests. They would be glad to give these experts all the advice and information possible. This is essential to a practical working agreement. It would not take away in the least from the power and prestige of our ambassadors and ministers. They have enough to do, as things stand.

"Well," said Jones, summing it all up, "we've been caught, without much social machinery, in a situation where we are up against the most complex and specialized social machinery—scythes against improved harvesters, or something like that. We've got to build the machinery, and our legal system—state rights, and all that—is rather in the way, I think. You can spin out possibilities all night. There are four million unnaturalized Germans and Austrians in the United States. They might make trouble, as a body; though very likely they wouldn't.

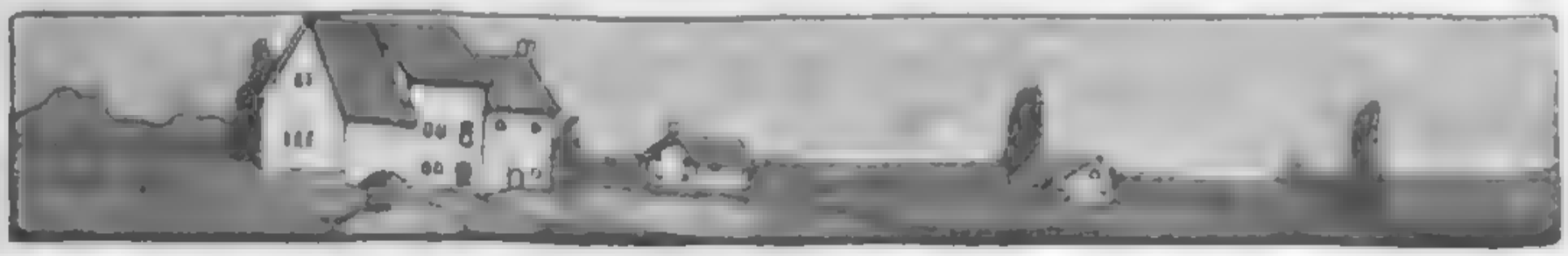
"However, individuals will. We may find it necessary to repress them. Internment of so great a number is impracticable. If they showed a tendency to disturb the peace we should have to limit their movements by ordaining that none of them should travel, without special permission, from the district where he was registered as residing. The European countries, largely as a result of conscription, have perfect birth and residence records. At any moment, and in the smallest town, the police could ascertain the nationality and birth date of all the persons in any given house. Guests at hotels, even, were obliged to give full statistics when they registered."

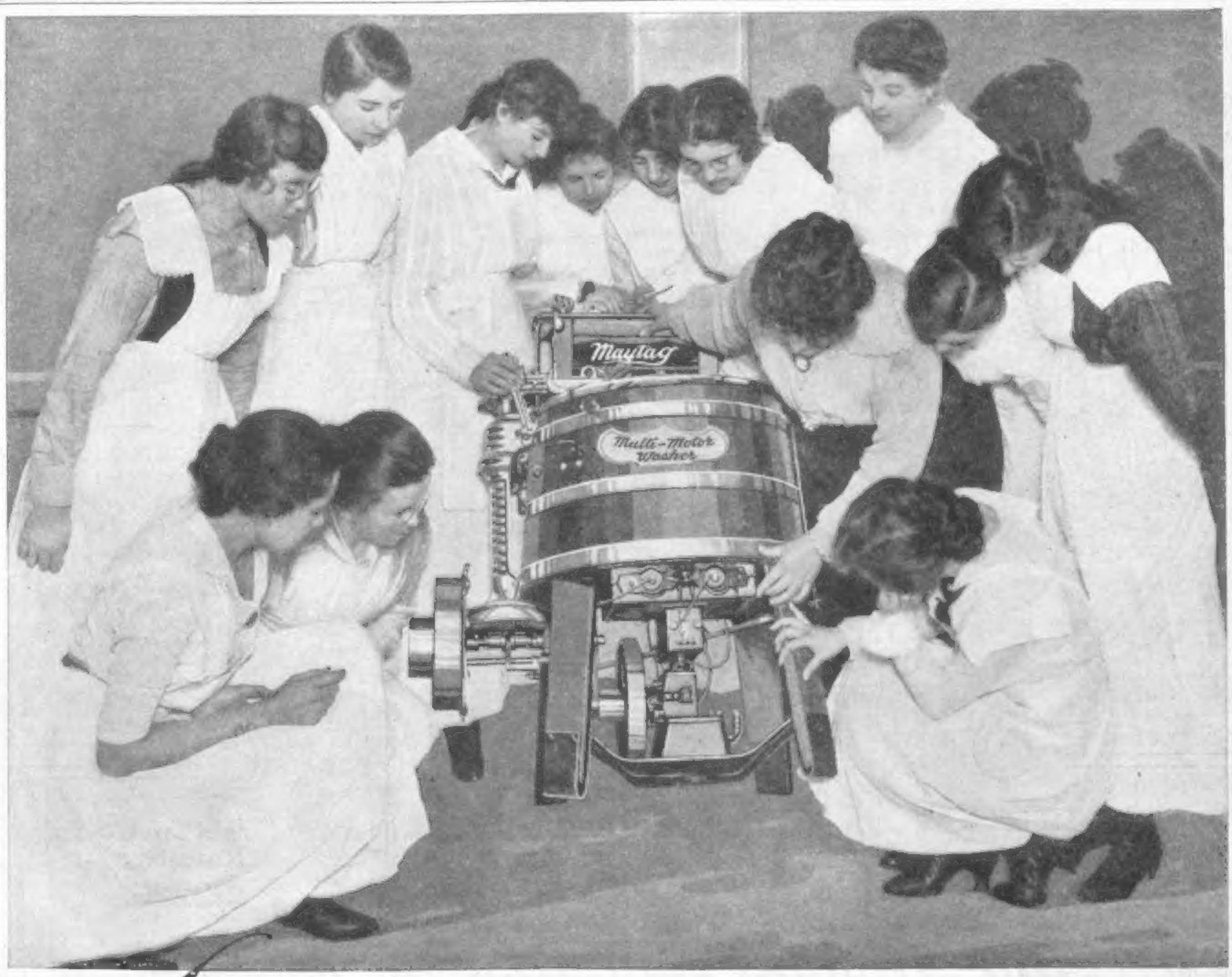
Beware of Half Measures

"Now I was born in a small American town; and I'll wager that to save myself from being shot as a spy I couldn't prove my birth by any record or document. We'd have to make these enemy aliens register, and we'd have to investigate every corner of the country to assure ourselves—without real means of proof—that they were obeying the law. To get the effect we want we should have to apply the penalties sharply for the first violations. Now the infliction of these penalties would be in the hands of local officials, with local feelings, prejudices and pulls. We simply could not get the sharp universal action necessary to control this situation with the minimum of trouble.

"And one thing more," concluded Jones: "Paradoxical as it may seem, we shall do best for democracy if we make our regulations of all kinds strict rather than easy—if we lean to the side of a rigorous control while the emergency lasts. Every democracy has realized that in time of war there must be some kind of centralization. Some man or group of men must take nearly absolute control of practical measures, because in the speed of events there is no time to govern by a force as slow as public opinion. When the war is over democracy wants to go back again to the fullest practical measure of personal liberty.

"Now any democracy has its enemies from within—the people who want to make themselves an oligarchy of blood or money or position. If we adopt half measures, not noticed as especially galling in the general anxiety and discomfort of war, then people may succeed in keeping them in effect when the war is over. Full measures, strong enough to hurt, produce a reaction; when the war is over the people insist on abolishing them entirely."





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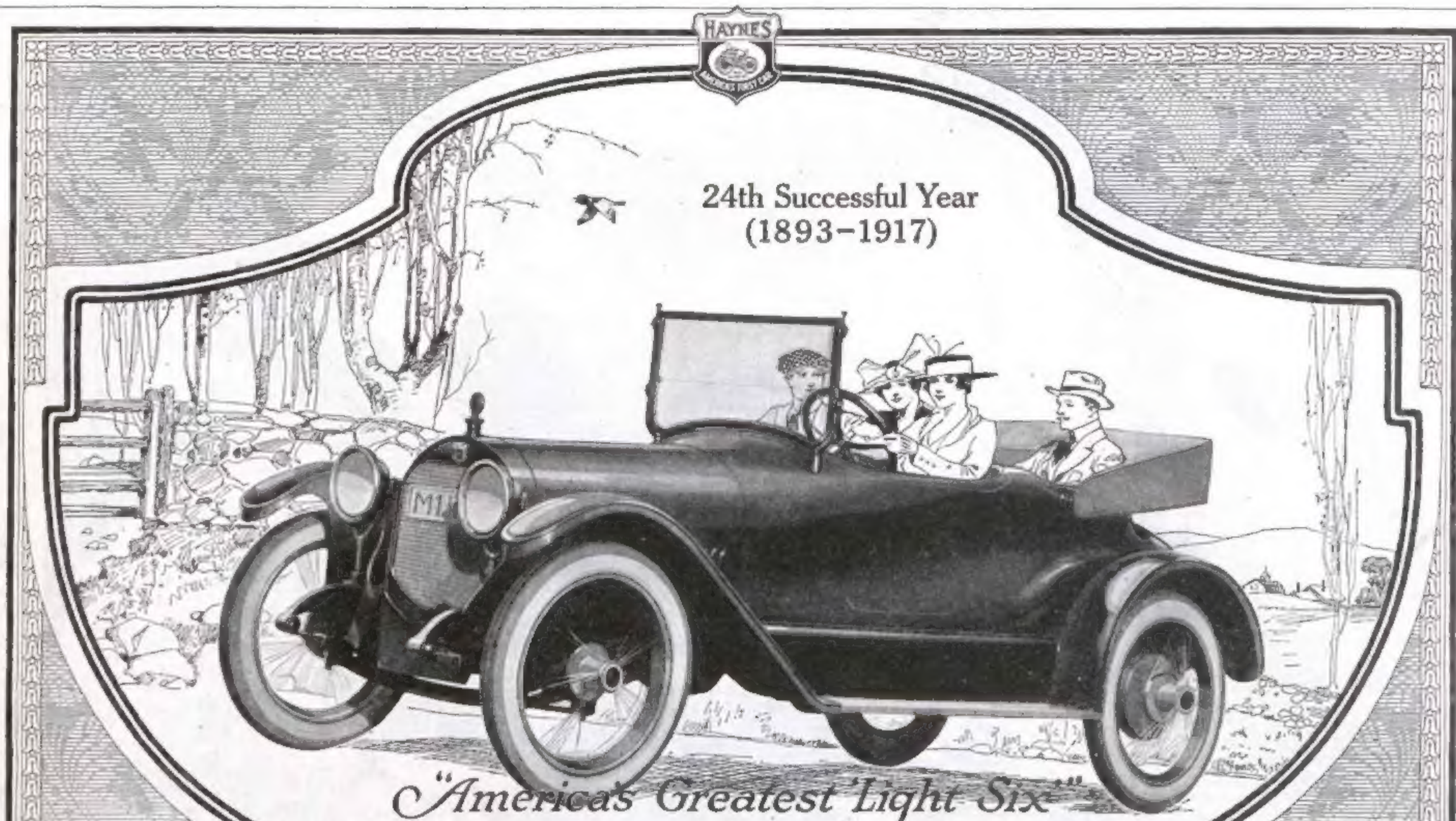

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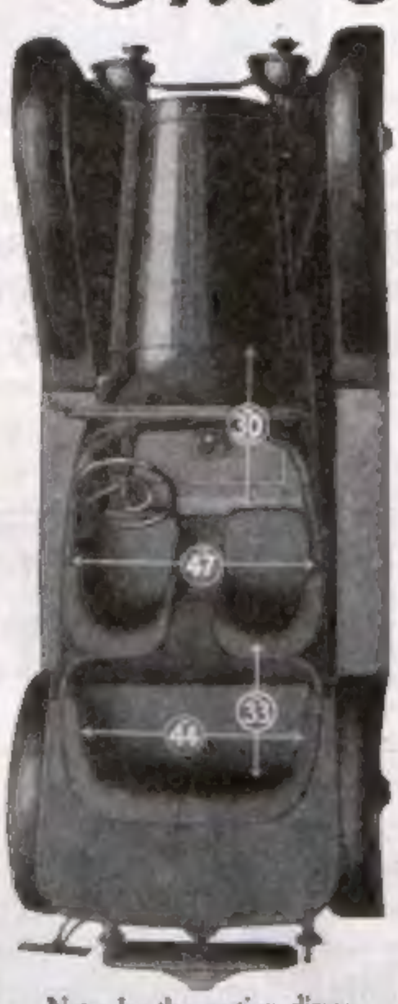

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